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THE SMALL SINS OF CONGRESS.

STROLLERS about the Capitol at Washington frequently pause to admire the ingenuity and the studious habits of a certain respectable colored man who serves as door-keeper to an august national court. It is an established principle at Washington that an American citizen visiting the capital of his beloved country shall never be allowed to open a door for himself; and, consequently, wherever there is a door, there must needs be a door-keeper. A being more superfluous than a door-keeper to the room in which this high court is held it would be difficult to imagine. The door has been provided by a grateful nation with a convenient loop or handle of brass, adapted to the meanest capacity, and with a spring which causes it gently to close without the interposition of human hands. It closes, too, upon something soft, so that there is no danger of the deliberations of the court being disturbed by a bang. Most of the persons who enter the room are familiar with all its arrangements; and if their hands should chance to be full of papers, they could easily thrust out one little finger, and,

inserting it in the handle, pull the light and unlatched door wide open. Nor does the door-keeper show to a seat the awe-struck visitors who are occasionally attracted to the apartment by curiosity. Within the room other officers, white in color or higher in rank, stand ready to prevent ladies from rushing forward to the bench of the judges or losing themselves among the lawyers within the bar. The sole business of that respectable colored man from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. is to open a light door which shuts itself. Being a man of resources, he has provided himself with a chair and tied a string to the handle of his door. He goes to his place every morning provided with reading-matter, and there he sits, holding his newspaper or book in one hand, and the end of his string with the other. When any one approaches, he knows it by instinct, and gives the string a mechanical pull, without looking up or being mentally aware that he has performed an official duty.

Behold the typical man in him! He represents a class in Washington. He

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is one of the small sins which Congress permits and commits.

The sins of this kind which Congress commits are worse than those which it permits. After satisfying the curiosity of the ladies with a view of the Supreme Court, — a work of three minutes, — you naturally ascend to the gallery of the Senate. This is the paradise of door-keepers. I think I counted fourteen doors to this gallery. There are doors which admit only ambassadors, door-keepers' friends, and other privileged persons. There are doors which exclude the public from the Reporters' Gallery, writing-room, and telegraph office. There are many doors which admit ladies, and many more that open into the portions of the gallery used chiefly as a warming-place by unemployed negroes. Each of these doors consists of two leaves that swing together, and are kept shut by the attraction of gravitation. What a field for door-keeping is here! At nearly every leaf of these numerous doors sits or stands a door-keeper, his hand inserted in his brass loop, — one man outside to let in the coming, and another inside to let out the parting guests. From their keeping such a tight clutch upon their handles, I think there must be more door-keepers than there are doors. Every man seems afraid that if he should let go his handle another might get hold of it, and thus rob him of his slight pretext for being on the pay-roll. Half a dozen locks and a hundred latch-keys would deprive of all semblance of pretext the gentlemen who exclude the miscellaneous public from the Ambassadors' Gallery and the Reporters' apartments: and the rest of the door-keeping could be well done by two men. But that would never do in Washington. The pretext for being on the pay-roll is the very thing wanted.

If the visitor is rash enough to hint that two men to each door is rather a lavish expenditure of human force, considering the scarcity of labor on this continent, he is silenced by the question, How could two or three or half a dozen men "clear the galleries"? They

could not. Nor could forty, if the auditors were determined to sit fast. But the Speaker's simple order, addressed to people habituated and wholly disposed to obey properly constituted authority, clears them with all requisite despatch. If not, there are thirty-three bored, yawning, inexpressibly idle men about the capitol, in blue uniform and steeple-crowned hats, who are styled the Capitol police. They have a captain and two lieutenants, to head any onset upon a stubborn public which the Speaker might order, and it would relieve the monotony of their existence to be ordered upon any duty whatever.

Congress has, indeed, furnished itself most liberally with servants. The Senate, which consists of seventy-four members, is served by at least one hundred officers of all grades, from secretary to page. The House, which numbers two hundred and fifty-three members when the States are fully represented, has not less than a hundred and fifty officers, although the investigator does not find so many in the published list. We observe a considerable number of persons employed about the Capitol whose names elude the search of those who pore over the Blue Book of Mr. Disturnell, or the useful and excellent Congressional Directory of Major Ben Perley Poore. If we add to the officers employed about the two chambers the printers and binders who do the work of Congress in the public printing-office, we shall find that Congress has many more servants than members. It may be that most of these are necessary. The Secretary of the Senate may require the assistance of twenty-one clerks. The heating-apparatus of the Capitol may be of such a complicated and tremendous nature that it is as much as fourteen men can do to manage it. Members may read and consult such a prodigious number of books and documents as to need the assistance of more librarians than are employed in the Mercantile Library of New York, which has ten or twelve thousand subscribers, as well as an in-

mense reading-room. Including the librarians of the library proper and those of the sub-libraries and document-rooms of the two houses, there are twenty-four persons in the Capitol supposed to be chiefly employed in ministering to the intellectual wants of members of Congress. All these persons may be indispensable, but they do not seem so to the casual observer. The casual observer receives the impression that the servants of Congress, like those of the government generally, would be improved if two very simple and easy things were done, — the salary of the chiefs doubled, and the number of their assistants reduced one half.

I can show the reader, by relating a little incident which I witnessed in Washington last winter, how it comes to pass that so many more officers get appointed than seem to be necessary. While resting in the office of the public printer, after going over the most admirably complete and efficient printing-office in the country, a well-dressed, polite young man came in, and presented a letter of introduction to the superintendent. Clouds gathered over the face of that functionary as he read it; and he invited the bearer to be seated in a tone which implied that he wished he was in Jericho. I was afterward favored with an explanation of the scene; and that explanation applies to a large number of the names in the Blue Book. A few days before, the superintendent had discharged thirty compositors because he had no work for them. This nice young man, who was one of them, went to one of the senators from his State, stated his case, and asked the senator to procure his reappointment. That senator, not considering the gross impropriety of his interference, but complying with the established custom, wrote a letter to the superintendent, of some length and much urgency, asking him to put his constituent back to the place from which he had been removed. I am afraid that this most improper request was complied with; for the officer to whom it was addressed was a servant of Con-

gress, who might one day want that senator's vote. It is of no consequence whether he complied or not. Every reader acquainted with governments or with human nature knows that nine men out of ten, in that superintendent's place, would have found work, or a pretence of work, for that man. Nor can we so much wonder at the conduct of the senator. He also looks to re-election. He also desires to make friends. This pleasing young man may have an uncle who controls a newspaper or an iron-foundry in the senator's State, and it is convenient, at a critical time, to have the hearty support of a few uncles of that description. The difficulty is, that at Washington there is no rock of security anywhere in the system, against which applications like this can strike and be repulsed. If that superintendent were properly secure in his place, he would have shown the young man to the door, just as any other printer would have done, with the simple remark that he had no work for him.

Some time will probably elapse before the people gain such a triumph over the politicians as to secure permanency of appointment to government officials. Meanwhile members of Congress should disdain to listen to applications like this; especially members whose position has some basis of security.

A stranger to politics and to Washington is astonished to observe how general the feeling is, that a public man is justified in gratifying an impulse of benevolence, or in discharging a private obligation, at the cost of the public. Some time ago, General Grant chanced to be looking out of a window while a salute was firing in his honor, and he saw a man lose one of his legs by the bursting of a cannon. When the man had recovered his health, General Grant was President of the United States. What more natural than that the President should ask Mr. Boutwell to give the unfortunate man, if convenient, a watchman's place in the treasury? He pitied the man, and he had the power to give him effectual relief at the public expense. Most men would have yield-

ed to this impulse of benevolence, as General Grant did, and most men perhaps approved the act. Nevertheless, it is just in this way that the Capitol, the departments, the post-offices, and the custom-houses get clogged with superfluous persons. It is thus that one-legged incompetence pushes from its place two-legged ability. Some one, *who cannot be refused*, asks the appointment, and then one of two things must happen, — either a man must be summarily and unhandsomely, if not inhumanly, thrust from his post, or two men must be set to doing one man's work. Generally, both these things are done. The two men go on for a while, until some new broom sweeps one or both away, to make room for the favorites of another irresistible personage.

An entertaining writer, some weeks ago, favored the public with reminiscences of former administrations, in order to show that the people cordially sustain a President who indulges his personal feelings at the people's cost. He told a story of General Jackson, which might have been true, the incident being entirely characteristic. "General," asked an old friend of the ex-President, at his Tennessee Hermitage, "tell me why you kept yourself and all your friends in trouble, through your first Presidential term, by keeping Mr. Gwinn Marshal of Mississippi?" To this General Jackson replied: "When my mother fled with me and my brother from the oppression of the British, who held possession of North Carolina, we were very, very poor. My brother had a long sickness (occasioned by a wound received from a British officer because he refused to do some menial service), and finally died. In the midst of our distress and poverty, an old Baptist minister called at our log-cabin, and spoke the first kind words my mother heard in her new home; and this good man continued to call, and he finally made our house his lodging-place, and continued to prefer it, when better ones in the neighborhood were at his service. Years rolled on, and this good man died. Well, sir, when the news was

brought me that I was elected President, I put up my hands and exclaimed, 'Thank God for that, for it will enable me to give the best office under the government to the son of the old minister who was the friend of my mother, and of me in my youth'; and I kept my promise, and, if it had been necessary, I would have sacrificed my office before he should have been removed."

The feeling was natural and noble. The only question is, whether a man should requite at the expense of his country services done to his mother. The relater of the anecdote appends to it this commentary: "General Jackson was triumphantly re-elected to a second term." It is true; but it was in spite of such errors as this, not in consequence of them. Members of Congress who can remember that mad period of our political history will not justify personal government by the example of General Jackson.

Few of us, perhaps, have an adequate sense of the superior sacredness of public property to private, of public trusts to private. Little things betray our sluggish public conscience. No man, except a thief, would think of taking a sheet of postage-stamps from the desk of a banker or merchant; but, in Washington, it seems to be only men exceptionally honorable who scruple to use, or even to take, franked envelopes, which appear to be lying about everywhere. Still fewer have a proper sense of how much worse it is to steal from all their fellow-citizens than it is to steal from one of them. In everything relating to the government, a citizen of the United States should feel that he is upon his most sacred honor. We are here in double trust. Our difficult and still doubtful experiment is for mankind as well as ourselves. I would not magnify a small sin into a great one; still less would I assume to be more virtuous than others; and yet it seems to me that a citizen of the United States should shrink from accepting a proffered frank, as he would avoid touching only enough pitch to defile the tips of his fingers. I would not blame, but



forgive, a Frenchman for cheating his government, which is itself a cheat; but the citizens of free countries defraud and despoil themselves when they do or permit an action which implies that public property is less sacred than private.

A special calamity of the small sins of Congress is, that their results are exceedingly conspicuous, and bring upon Congress an amount of odium or ridicule that ought to be excited only by great transgressions. I have mentioned the superfluous door-keepers and the swarms of officers everywhere to be seen about the two chambers. The amount of money wasted upon these gentlemen is not great; but the waste is obvious and striking. The dullest visitor comprehends that a small party of ladies can gain admittance to a gallery by a light and easy door without the assistance of two able-bodied men. Some of the small sins of Congress entail effects still more glaring, and fix a permanent, unconcealable stain upon the nation itself. Not a stain upon its honor; but such a stain as a lady incurs when her dress comes in contact with a freshly painted railing. We do not want fair Columbia to be thus disfigured. We wish her to be spotless and glorious even in the garments that she wears and in the ornaments that adorn her. We desire her to be tasteful in her splendors.

The reader has probably often asked himself, while wandering about the Capitol, what could possess Congress to throw away the public money upon some of those pictures that disgrace the western continent, and human nature generally, in the Rotunda. He has, perhaps, also, after giving up that conundrum, essayed to conjecture why no member has risen superior to the clamor of economists, and proposed an appropriation of two dollars to white-wash them from the view of mankind. It was bad enough to put them there; but to keep them visible, year after year, and give new commissions to the painters who produced them, are acts almost too abominable to be reckoned

among the small sins of the national legislature.

Congress no doubt interpreted correctly the wishes of the people in making the Capitol stately and ornate; and it was an exquisite thought to go on decorating and completing it while the hosts of the Rebellion were intrenched within sight of its rising dome. Every building that belongs to the nation, every object that bears upon its surface the letters "U. S.," should have something in its style and appearance that will convey to the mind of the beholder a feeling of the imperial grandeur of the country's mission and destiny. Those nasty and cheap sub-post-offices in the city of New York, and those conspicuously shabby, rusty, cast-iron lamp-post letter-boxes, are an abomination in my eyes; not merely because they are stupidly inconvenient, but because they are mean in appearance; because I desire that whenever American eyes rest upon an object bearing the stamp of the nation, they should rest upon something which they can contemplate with satisfaction and pride. Hence, it is always a pleasure to get round to the front of the Capitol, and turn away from the shanties, the shops, the sand-heaps, the general dilapidation and shabbiness of the region, and gaze for a while upon the magnificence of that vast range of architecture, with its avalanches of snowy steps, that glorious dome floating lightly over the centre, and the small, brilliant flag above each wing, denoting that Congress is in session. In this brave attempt to express in marble the grandeur and glory of the United States, we see the prophecy of those chaster splendors, that simpler magnificence, which will enchant and exalt our grandchildren when they visit the future and final capital of the country. It was an excellent thing, perhaps, after all, to try our 'prentice hand on Washington, and exhaust all the possibilities of error there.

The interior of the Capitol is chaos, of course. That is unavoidable when a large building is erected over a smaller one. The visitor forgives and is

amused at the labyrinthine intricacies in which he is continually lost; and when at last he stands beneath that beautiful dome, which hovers over him like an open balloon of silk illuminated by the sun, he experiences a renewal of the joy which the exterior afforded him. Doubtless, we are running too much to domes; we are putting a dome over every building of much magnitude, — it is such a fruitful source of contracts. But this one justifies itself, and startles the coldest spectator into admiration. It was also a fine conception to place under it in that perfect light a series of large historical paintings. Nor was it necessary that they should be of the highest rank as mere works of art; because it is not certain that there are now living upon earth artists capable of executing paintings of that magnitude in a truly excellent manner. No artist in these times can get the many years of large practice which is necessary for the attainment of the large manner; and, I suppose, the best we can hope for, at present, in pictures of great size, is correct, refined, excellent scene-painting. But some of the paintings in the Rotunda, besides being singularly hideous as pictures, are historical falsehoods, which any school-boy might be able to detect at a glance. That one, for example, which is supposed to have been suggested by De Soto and his men discovering the Mississippi River, — what a curiously ridiculous lie it is, with its display of superb costumes, its well-conditioned horses, and its plump cavaliers as fresh and gay, in their silk and velvet, as if they were careering in the streets of Madrid on a day of festival! What is better known than that these Spaniards reached the banks of the Great River in woful plight after a wearisome march of many months through the wilderness! It is also particularly recorded that De Soto was sparing in expenditure for gay apparel, and that every rag of clothes, except what his followers wore, was burnt after one of their bloody encounters with the Indians. An hour's research in the library of Congress, un-

der the intelligent guidance of the librarian, would have put the painter in possession of all the picturesque details of the real scenes, and given him subjects for several pictures of peculiar interest. A picture could have been composed for that panel which would have such fascinating power as a mere exhibition of truth, that few would have cared to criticise it as a work of art.

But the question recurs, Why are such artists employed? The shameful answer is, Because they lobby for a commission and know how to lobby with effect. It is not an honest ignorance of art and history which has thus disfigured the Capitol; for these paintings are the constant theme of ridicule among members as they are among private citizens. One artist won his commission, it is said, by assiduous flattery of the wives and daughters of members of Congress. While artists of merit were toiling after excellence in distant studios, this wiser man in his generation was enjoying elegant leisure in the drawing-rooms of Washington, where he made sketches in the albums of ladies who could influence votes, or painted their portraits in some Italian or Spanish costume from his portfolio. He is thought to have secured votes by pretending that the excellent but not beautiful wife of a member of Congress reminded him constantly of an exquisite model he once had in Rome, — one of the loveliest creatures in the world. He had, moreover, some little talent in small album-sketches and little fancy portraits in costume. This, doubtless, deceived some members, who did not reflect upon the infinite difference between a grand historical painting and an imitation of the velvet in a cavalier's doublet. If that man's claim to the highest honor which the nation can bestow upon an artist had been openly discussed in committee, his name would never have reached the House at all. It was private lobbying that brought this dishonor upon art, upon Congress, and upon the national taste.

It has been proposed to introduce the rule that no man shall be appointed

to office who seeks office. Congress may rely with certainty the most complete upon this, that no artist capable of worthily filling one of the panels of the Rotunda will ever lobby for the commission in the drawing-rooms of Washington. If that artist should ever be wanted, he will have to be looked for and solicited.

The reader has perhaps wondered also why Congress should have selected for the execution of the national statue of Abraham Lincoln a person of no standing or experience as an artist. Miss Vinnie Ream is a young lady of perfect respectability, and, no doubt, highly estimable in her private relations. No one can blame *her* for her good fortune. She has done little more than open her mouth and let the plum fall into it. But what has Congress done? Here was a piece of work to be given out, — the statue of a man as little statuesque as any we can imagine, — which required in the artist a combination of artistic skill and *judgment*, love of the man, and love of truth. The work was to be seen by hundreds who had been familiar with the subject, and by tens of thousands who would take a kind of affectionate interest in the artist's management of its difficulties. The Abraham Lincoln of future generations was to be created. In the selection of the artist a national fame was either to be conferred or enhanced. Congress assigned this work to a girl who had the rudiments of her art still to learn, and who had given no proof of her capacity to acquire those rudiments. She exhibited a model. It was about to be overlooked. She burst into tears. The results to her were, a ten-thousand-dollar commission, a universal celebrity, and two years in Europe, — three immense boons, either of which had been a fit requital for long-tried excellence. And, as if this were not enough, a room was given her in the Capitol itself in which to execute and exhibit her work. Congress bestowed upon this unknown and untried child honors which it has persistently withheld from artists who have

conferred upon the country whatever name it has in the world of art, but who hardly know what the word "lobbying" means. Recognition one tenth as distinct and emphatic as this, how it would have cheered the early years of the excellent sculptors of whom the country is proud! Such caprice does not harm *them*; for when Congress confers distinction thus, it parts with its power to confer honor, and sensibly lessens its own.

Five minutes' conversation with Miss Vinnie Ream explains this ridiculous behavior of Congress. She is one of those graceful, animated, bright-eyed, picturesque, undaunted, twinkling little women, who can make men say *Yes* to anything they ask. She also wore a pretty blue, turban-like covering for her hair, which was killing at five paces; and there is that in her manner which puts men in the humor of uttering *badinage*, and at the same time gives them the idea that she is a helpless little body who would cry if she could not have her own way. The visitor to her room in the Capitol had but to stand apart and see the modest audacity of her demeanor, and observe the assured, lively manner in which she held a circle of men in conversation, in order to comprehend why Congress, in its easy, thoughtless good-nature, should have granted to her the most signal honors it ever bestowed upon an artist.

Men are naturally susceptible to the picturesque in woman. It is natural also to feel like caressing and protecting whatever reminds us of tender, graceful childhood. Members had done well to give a private commission to this agreeable young lady by way of encouraging her to attempt acquiring some skill in modelling. But they were false to their trust when they gave her an important public work to execute. Men who are charged by their fellow-citizens with the adornment of national edifices and the bestowal of national honors are much to blame in allowing a blue turban, a pair of speaking eyes, a trim waist, and a fluent tongue

to carry off prizes due only to tried merit. Members can form little idea of the dishonor, nay, the contempt, which they bring upon Congress by indulging a whim of this kind. Millions witness the result; only a few individuals see the bright excuse; and of those few only one sex admits that it is any excuse at all.

There is an impression in Washington that a great deal of legislation is influenced by female lobbyists; and the easy success of this young lady gives countenance to the idea. A woman of attractive presence and of a certain audacity of manner, who should be able to live and entertain in handsome style, could no doubt win favor and votes for some measures. Many members come from homely homes, the ladies of which have expended their vivacity and beauty in that American phase of "the struggle for life" which Fanny Fern style, "grappling with Erin." Such members, when they find themselves in a drawing-room next to a lady who expends *her* vivacity in entertaining them, and arrays *her* beauty in all the charms of novel costume and bewitching decoration, are only too apt to surrender to the fascinating influence. But such women cannot be hired to go lobbying. It occasionally happens that a circle interested in a scheme contains one such who will render the service required. Generally speaking, however, the female lobby is small and insignificant. A lady informed me last winter that she had defeated international copyright; and, indeed, she was the Washington agent of the weak opposing influence. But a pebble can stop a six-horse coach when it is going *up* a steep hill, and the horses are tired, the driver indifferent, and the passengers asleep.

Of all the smaller sins of Congress, there are none, perhaps, which excite so much odium as that multitude of petty transgressions covered by the words "Contingent Expenses." The mere running expenses of Congress, including its share of the public printing, amount to about twice the revenue of the government under President Washington. I have tried in vain to

get at the total cost of a session of Congress. The mere list of the Contingent Expenses of the House fills a volume of two hundred and twenty pages, and there is no hint anywhere of the sum total. It is certain, however, that a session of Congress costs the country as much as four millions of dollars, including pay, postage, printing, and contingent expenses. "Will the honorable member from Ohio allow me five minutes to make an explanation?" asks an honorable member from Somewhere Else. If that request is granted it costs the people of the United States a little over six hundred dollars. The chaplain's prayer, which usually lasts one minute, consumes one hundred and thirty-eight dollars' worth of time every morning. Calling the Yeas and Nays, an operation of half an hour, comes to over four thousand dollars. Allowing six months for an average session, and twenty days a month as the average number of meetings, Congress costs us something more than thirty-three thousand dollars a day. Who would begrudge his share of this great expense, if it were necessary? It is not necessary. A vigorous man of business, who should have the contract for running Congress, could save enough in the three items of printing, postage, and contingencies to double the salaries of members, give a decent compensation to the justices of the Supreme Court, the judges of the Court of Claims, and heads of departments, and have a handsome surplus for himself. Nothing is so extravagant and undemocratic as to pay such salaries to the judges, cabinet ministers, and members of Congress as to exclude from those high and honorable posts the great body of able men who are neither rich nor reckless. A fraction of the mere waste of Washington would support them all respectably, and render it possible for men of talent who have little property to serve the government.

This book of the Contingent Expenses of the House of Representatives is amusing literature indeed. There is an air of candor about it that edifies the

mind. It looks so *very* honest, the publication of such items as "2 mice-traps, 50 cts." "Repairing 3 chairs, \$1.50." "Easing drawer, 25 cts." "1 paper of needles, 10 cts." "One long poker, \$3.00"; and "2 pounds of putty, 25 cts." It is such a satisfaction to know that the poker which cost so much was long! It is also interesting to note, that to clean and polish that extremely absurd relic of barbarism, the "mace," cost three dollars; and that, during one session of Congress, the people paid for "hauling" more than *ten thousand cart-loads* of documents! There are many items, however, which excite interest of another kind. When we find two hundred "porte-monnaies" charged at prices ranging from \$1.20 to \$4.25 each, we cannot help feeling that each and every one of those articles is a petty fraud. The United States has not undertaken and is not bound to supply any portion of its servants with porte-monnaies. What a scandal, too, is that annual penknife business! One thousand and ninety-eight penknives, at prices averaging about three dollars each, I find after a few minutes' search charged among the "Contingent Expenses" of the second session of the Fortieth Congress! I could probably make up the amount to two thousand by going through the book, in which the items are apparently published, but are really interred and covered up. There are charges also of "Half dozen Martinique snuff, \$25.00," "50 lbs. of tobacco, \$25.00," "2 doz. pocket-scissors, \$28.00," "2 doz. hair-brushes, \$48.00," "12 cotton stay-laces, \$6.00," "5 extra morocco desks, \$67.00," and endless charges for inkstands, newspapers, and periodicals; stationery by the mountain, of course. I spend my whole time, from January to December, in one unending, unchanging task of spoiling white paper; but I cannot get through more than three reams per annum, which costs about twelve dollars. Knowing how far a little stationery will go, I read of the inconceivable quantities consumed about the Capitol with amazement.

It is to be hoped that none but men

in sound health will be sent to Congress, for it costs a great deal to get a member home if he should happen to die in Washington. The following is the bill paid to the Sergeant-at-arms of the House for transporting the body of a deceased member from Washington to Easton in Pennsylvania:—

|                                                                                                                   |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Hack hire, assistance in care of remains, and arranging for the funeral in the House of Representatives . . . . . | \$ 50.00   |
| 18 white silk sashes for officers of House and Senate . . . . .                                                   | 254.00     |
| 8 black silk sashes for committee of arrangements . . . . .                                                       | 96.00      |
| 20½ dozen kid gloves . . . . .                                                                                    | 615.00     |
| 2 dozen kid gloves . . . . .                                                                                      | 54.00      |
| 2 dozen kid gloves . . . . .                                                                                      | 60.00      |
| 1 dozen kid gloves . . . . .                                                                                      | 33.00      |
| 200 black crape scarfs . . . . .                                                                                  | 300.00     |
| Travel of messenger to New York and return                                                                        | 47.00      |
| Hacks to carry escort and friends to depot                                                                        | 16.00      |
| Fare and expenses of escort and remains from Washington, D. C., to Easton, Pa.                                    | 245.00     |
| Hotel bills and hacks at Easton . . . .                                                                           | 42.65      |
| Fare and expenses on return to Washington                                                                         | 194.00     |
| Travel of assistant sergeant-at-arms and 2 messengers, Washington to Easton and return, 460 miles each . . . . .  | 138.00     |
|                                                                                                                   | <hr/>      |
|                                                                                                                   | \$2,144.65 |

The fee system, it appears, is still employed to compensate some of the officers of Congress. If there is a "call of the House," i. e. a general hunting up of absent members, the Sergeant-at-arms is permitted to charge five dollars and twenty cents for "arresting, bringing before the House, and discharging" each absentee. If a hundred members are absent, which is not unfrequently the case, a call of the House costs the country five hundred and twenty dollars. If witnesses are summoned to testify before a committee, the Sergeant-at-arms charges a fee and mileage for each. Thus every person summoned from New Orleans to testify with regard to the negro massacre cost us three hundred and seventeen dollars, and the cost of merely summoning the witnesses in that affair was \$2,392. It cost three hundred and seventeen dollars to summon "General Hamlin" to testify before a committee. The object of the committee could no doubt have been accomplished for three cents and a half,—half a cent for stationery and three cents for postage.



Now, if money is to be thrown away in this reckless manner, if the Capitol is to remain the scene of waste and profusion we find it now, then I say the people have a choice with regard to the persons who shall be benefited by it. They do not see any justice or any propriety in Henry Wilson's being compelled to pinch on five thousand dollars a year, while servants of the body to which he belongs retire rich after four years' service. It brings a blush to the cheek of every properly constituted person to think that a justice of the Supreme Court should be compelled to expend his whole salary for two rooms and the board of his family, while a man who gets stationery contracts sets up his carriage and buys pictures. If the government is to be plundered at every point by every hand, it is time the spoils were more fairly divided.

There is only one remedy for this profusion at the Capitol. Congress has honestly attempted to cut off the opportunities for petty larceny. It has attempted it many times, but never with much success. The mileage system, the franking-privilege, the wild and wondrous waste of stationery, the pocketing of French inkstands and costly pen-holders, the lugging home of half-reams of paper, and all the small stealings of committee-rooms, have been, by turns, the theme of ridicule and the object of legislation. Some leaks have been stopped; but others have been immediately opened, and the same thieves who pilfered under the old law have plundered under the new. We ought to know by this time that a privilege is a thing which is always and everywhere abused. We ought to know that a perquisite is always and everywhere a means of corruption. We ought to know that nearly every one in the world who is compensated by fees gets much too much or much too little, or riots in abundance now, to be starved to-morrow. Let Congressmen simply abolish fees, perquisites, and privileges, and accept in lieu thereof a proper increase to their salaries, — say,

double what they now receive. Let members pay their own postage, charge no mileage, subscribe for their own newspapers, buy their own envelopes and writing paper, and compensate all their officers by salaries.

Nothing short of this will ever answer the purpose. If Congress should permit only so much as a bottle of ink to be furnished to each committee-room, once a week, and charged to Contingent Expenses, a widening crevice would be established through which a torrent of colored fluids would continually pour. Add pens to the ink, and you would see exquisite pen-holders, fitted with the most costly diamond-pointed gold pens, and huge cases of the finest products of Gillott, heaped high in the store-rooms of the Capitol. Complete the list with paper, and you have a thick volume of wonderful items, and run up a stationery bill the mere clippings and extras of which build houses and found estates. The sole remedy is to pay each member a decent compensation, — not less than ten thousand dollars a year, — and allow neither to members nor to committees so much as a sheet of foolscap or a penny pen-holder.

The completion of the Pacific Railroad antiquates the system of mileage, by destroying the necessity for it. Indeed, ever since railroads brought two thirds of Congress within forty-eight hours' ride of Washington, a system of mileage which gives to one member eight dollars for his travelling-expenses, to another several hundred dollars, and to another several thousands, has been growing ridiculous. But now that a member from Oregon can get to the capital in eleven days, it is too absurd to pay him fifteen times as much mileage as Henry Clay used to get for his six weeks' horseback ride from Kentucky. Away with Congressional mileage! The honorable member from Oregon will, of course, have to incur a little more expense in getting to Washington than the honorable member from Baltimore; but he will not find this an insupportable burden. He will be pretty sure to have free tickets to



most places presented him a few hours after his election, and I am afraid he will be weak enough to accept them until Congress makes it unlawful for him to do so. More than that, a palace-car will be assigned to his exclusive use, as long as the Pacific Railroads have favors to ask, or retribution to fear, from the body of which he is a member.

The surrender of the franking-privilege, besides being the most popular act which Congress could do, would be also one of the most beneficial to itself. It would operate as a tonic. The flow of buncombe speech would be checked, millions of infinitesimal frauds would be prevented, and a source of demoralization would be annihilated.

Abolish perquisites, abolish fees, abolish privileges, and double salaries. There would be a little buncombe opposition from members and editors who set up as champions of economy, but their buncombe could be triumphantly refuted if Congress *saved* the million and a half additional pay out of the running expenses of the Capitol, the post-office, and the public printing-house.

I believe I express the opinion of all the gentlemen who have held the office of public printer, when I say that half a million dollars per annum is worse than wasted at the public printing-office. Having examined the office, the reports of the superintendent, and several of the more expensive volumes issued, I see clearly enough that if there were such an officer as National Editor, with the usual editorial power to select, cut down, and exclude, he could save the country much more than half a million a year by merely drawing his pencil through useless matter. What havoc he would have made, for example, in the gorgeous quarto (962 pages) in which are preserved the letters, resolutions, and addresses of condolence called forth by Mr. Lincoln's assassination! In that huge and splendid work, which cost us eighteen thousand dollars, there may be ten pages worth saving; and those the National Editor would have forwarded per boy to Newspaper Row, opposite Willard's, at a cost of two

car tickets. The saving on that one item would have made the Supreme Bench comfortable for a whole year. In the Agricultural Report for 1867, which fills five hundred and twenty-two "large octavo pages" handsomely illustrated, of which two hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred copies were given away, at a total expense of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, what gashes an intelligent National Editor would have made! or rather, would he not have selected the valuable portions and sent copies to each of the agricultural newspapers and periodicals? They would give to matter really valuable all the publicity that could be desired. The Patent-Office Report has annually swollen, until it now makes over two thousand pages,—four large octavos, of which one half the space is occupied by engravings. Of this most expensive work sixty thousand copies are given away. The Reports of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1867 will fill several profusely illustrated volumes, which will of course be given away profusely. When we read the names of some of the Commissioners, we know very well what a gifted National Editor would do with their contributions.

In the last report of Mr. John De-frees, Congressional printer, a gentleman who knew the precise value of the mountains of books which Congress ordered him to manufacture, we find this interesting paragraph:—

"The Army Register of Volunteers has also been completed in eight volumes. Fifty thousand copies were ordered to be printed, *for sale at cost*, by the joint resolution of June 30, 1864. An edition of five thousand copies of the first four volumes was printed, but finding very little demand for the work, the edition of the residue of the volumes was reduced to one thousand."

*For sale at cost!* That is the true method, if Congress must manufacture books. Observe how the enormous error of this publication was rebuked and corrected by bringing it to the test of sale at cost. If the people want a

book, they will buy it at cost; if they will not buy it at cost, it is proof positive that they do not want it enough to justify an appropriation of their money. It was an amiable idea to preserve the name of every man who fought for his country during the war; but to preserve such a catalogue did not necessitate its publication in eight volumes. Such extravagance keeps alive in the general mind the false, pernicious idea, that the government may properly expend money on principles which would be absurd and ruinous in an individual.

Do members of Congress sell West Point and Annapolis cadetships? I am afraid I must confess that it has been done. Not often; for members are abundantly blessed with nephews, and friends who have nephews, and they are generally besought for those appointments as soon as it is rumored that they intend to run for Congress. Not often; for members generally want all their small change of that nature during the canvass. Not often; for few men of an infinitesimal calibre have yet found their way to Congress. And still I fear that the member who gave a cadetship to the son of a person who presented his wife with a grand piano was in some degree influenced by the circumstance. There are lobbyists who profess to be able to procure cadetships for money, but most of them are strikers. Some members find their election expenses a heavy burden, and I believe that, occasionally, a distinct arrangement has been entered into between a member of the lobby and an anxious father, to this effect: the anxious father agrees to send a check for two thousand dollars to the chairman of the member's committee, as a contribution to the expenses of the election, and the man of the lobby agrees to induce the member to give the anxious father's son a cadetship in one of the national academies. In a very few instances such an arrangement may have been fulfilled. Some members, I fear, regard the duty of making these important appointments in the light of a perquisite, and, as just remarked, the word "per-

quisite" is generally synonymous with corruption. Congress will perform an act as wise as it will be noble when it relinquishes a privilege that has always been abused, and always must be, by men who have sons, nephews, and election committees.

Before leaving this small branch of a large subject, I must not fail to remark that many of us seem to be unduly alarmed at the corruptions and abuses of the government. The American people are so accustomed to honesty in their dealings with one another, and to a certain frugality of ordinary expenditure, that they start back affrighted from the scene of profusion, and worse than profusion, of government offices. Let us see then how it is with other governments. Let us see if government by the people for the people is less or more profuse, less or more corrupt, than the vaunted governments by a class for a class.

That is a pretty piece of scandal which advocate Mathieu Marais relates in his *Mémoires*, of the dissolute Regent of France and the Abbé de Broglie. The Abbé having warmly commended a certain wine, the Regent said he would like to have some of it, and the Abbé sent him three hundred bottles. The prince insisted on paying for them, and accordingly the priest handed him a bill in proper form, like this:—

| His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent |     | Dr.     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| To the Abbé de Broglie.               |     |         |
| 60 gallons of wine,                   | 400 | francs. |
| 300 bottles,                          | 60  | "       |
| 300 corks,                            | 15  | "       |
| Twine,                                | 4   | "       |
| Sealing-wax, Spanish,                 | 9   | "       |
| Baskets,                              | 25  | "       |
| Carriage,                             | 7   | "       |

*Total: The Abbey of Mount St. Michael.*

The prince paid the bill. The governorship of an abbey, and a handsome income for life of other people's money, was the reward which this man, entrusted with the revenues of church and state, felt to be due to a profligate young ecclesiastic who had given him a moment's amusement. This was in 1721. Fifty years later, the young Abbé de Talleyrand won his first preferment, which con-

sisted of two abbeys, by saying a good thing to Madame Dubarry, the king's mistress. He, the most licentious young man in Paris, had sat silent while others amused the mistress with tales of intrigue and gallantry. She asked him at length why he did not favor the company with one of his numberless amorous adventures. "Because," said he, assuming a melancholy tone, "in Paris, at present, it is so much easier to win the favor of ladies than to get preferment in the Church." This small joke made the king laugh, when it was told to him, and it was worth to the youth who uttered it the two abbeys just referred to.

On similar principles the church benefices of every established church on earth have been usually bestowed. That is to say, the appointing power does not usually so much as *think* of appointing the fittest attainable man, but gives or sells benefices, abbeys, bishoprics, archbishoprics, *solely* for its own pleasure and purposes.\* If the Archbishop of Canterbury should die to-day, Mr. Gladstone would bestow the vacancy upon that man in England who, in that place, could do most to help him retain and increase his majority in the House of Commons; unless, perchance, the services have already been rendered which give to some person, family, club, or clique a claim to the appointment. No one could blame

him. The system requires it of him. He could not be Prime-Minister, and act on any other principle.

A French gentleman resident in New York related to me the other evening the particulars of a case which he thought showed advantageously for the government of the present usurper. A custom-house officer at a French seaport, after many years of faithful service, was dismissed from his place for accepting two gifts from an importer, of the value of one dollar and thirty cents. Respectable merchants petitioned for his restoration, but the minister replied that he had not the power to restore him; there was no provision in the system of the government for the pardon of such an offence. It simply could not be done. This was supposed to be extremely virtuous. But, surely, we cannot call that system pure in which the great thieves want so much that they will not and cannot permit the little people to steal at all, — which loads with plunder the men who help steal *all* the revenues of France, and covers with diamonds the women who assist to dazzle and delude the people. At the very time when this poor old man was thrust out into hopeless destitution for a momentary weakness or inadvertence, the woman of one of the head plunderers was selling off some hundreds of thousands of francs' worth of diamonds merely because she had so many jewels that she did not know what to do with them.

In England, too, they are rigid in dealing with petty corruption, — as they ought to be. An instance occurred recently. A navy clerk caused to be conveyed to a timber merchant an intimation that for thirty pounds he would get for him a certain contract to supply timber to one of the navy-yards. Both the clerk and his messenger were tried for conspiracy to obtain money by false pretences, and on being convicted were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment at hard labor. This was just. But, on the other hand, there is in this same England an amount and variety of political immorality, particularly

\* Since writing this passage, I read the following in an English paper: "The account of the biddings for the next presentation to the rectory and vicarage of Westborough and Dry Donnington, in the county of Lincoln, which was put up to auction at the Mart on Tuesday, certainly offers food for reflection to thoughtful minds. It appears that the living is worth seven hundred and eight pounds per annum. There are two churches to serve, — a mile and a half apart, — service being held alternately at each place, viz. in the morning at one, and in the evening at the other, and *vice versa*. There was, the auctioneer stated, good society: he thought he might add, good hunting, and, allowing one hundred pounds a year to a curate to do the dirty, disagreeable work, such as attending to the sick and dying, there would remain a net profit of about six hundred pounds a year for the rector. The outside sum offered for the privilege of attending to the eternal salvation of the inhabitants of the two parishes in question was four thousand eight hundred pounds. This did not reach the reserve price, and accordingly the living was withdrawn, doubtless to the great disappointment of young divines with 'a call,' but no ready money."

among great lords, capitalists, and corporations, which leaves the United States stainlessly pure in comparison. We all know what English elections are. The reason why we all know is, because the corruption at those elections has become an established jest, which the national humorists, such as Hogarth, Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, have found available for their art. Through the works of these great authors we have become perfectly familiar with that corruption, and with the national average of moral feeling which joyfully accepts the bribing and debauching of free citizens as a legitimate source of fun. Englishmen urge foreigners to stay over another steamer on purpose to witness "the humors of an English election," as Spaniards detain their guests for the Sunday bull-fight.

We may also pass lightly over that long period in the history of England when every minister bought an essential portion of his majority by bank-notes put into the hands of members in the House of Commons. "The sums varied," as we learn from Wraxall, "from five hundred to eight hundred pounds a year," which sums were "conveyed" to gentlemen of the House of Commons "in a squeeze of the hand" as they passed the ministerial agent. It was the business of that agent in Lord Chatham's time "to distribute with *art* and *policy*, amongst the members who had no ostensible place, sums of money for their support during the session, besides contracts, lottery-tickets, and other *douceurs*. It is no uncommon circumstance at the end of a session for a gentleman to receive five hundred or a thousand pounds for his *service*." \* There has been published a letter from an English minister to Cardinal Henry, who was minister of Louis XV. of France at the beginning of his reign. Here is an edifying extract: "I pension half the Parliament to keep it quiet; but as the king's money is not sufficient, they to whom I give none

clamor loudly for a war. It would be expedient for your Eminence to remit me three millions of French livres in order to silence the barkers. Gold is a metal which here corrects all ill qualities in the blood. A pension of two thousand pounds a year will make the most impetuous warrior in Parliament as tame as a lamb." \* There is also a letter extant, in which Louis XIV. authorizes his minister to offer the Duke of Marlborough four millions of francs for a peace on certain conditions. With regard to the peace of 1763, against which Lord Chatham so eloquently protested, it is known to have been accomplished by the most lavish expenditure of money and promotion. "The Royal household had been increased beyond all former example. The lords and grooms of the bedchamber were doubled. Pensions were thrown about indiscriminately. Five - and - twenty thousand pounds were issued in one day, in bank-notes of one hundred pounds each. The only stipulation was, *Give us your vote!* . . . The city of London refused to address (in favor of peace), although the sum of fourteen thousand pounds was offered to complete the bridge. . . . The Lord-Lieutenants had begging-letters sent to them to use their influence; and five hundred pounds, secret service, were added to each letter. The sum of five hundred pounds was the notorious price of an address. Some addresses cost a much larger sum. The sum was regulated according to the importance and magnitude of the place from which the address was obtained." † We also read, in the memoirs of that time, of men holding offices of which they only drew half the salary, "being *rode* for the other half"; and these individuals, both the riders and the ridden, were not city-clerks and contractors, but men of rank and influence.

But these things occurred a long time ago, — one hundred and six years, —

\* Memoirs of Pompadour, Vol. I. 57.

† Anecdotes and Speeches of Lord Chatham, Vol. I. pp. 268, 282.

\* Anecdotes and Speeches of Lord Chatham, Dublin, 1792, Vol. I. 137.

when all the world, except Prussia, was corrupt; and Prussia is an empire to-day because she was not corrupt then. Since that time England has nobly grappled with many a hoary abuse, has made important advances toward free trade and purity of government, and is still pressing onward. And yet we read astounding things of the venality of the present generation of her ruling class. The history of railroads in Great Britain appears to be little more than a history of giant frauds, from the day of honest George Stevenson to that of collapsed Morton Peto. The English biographer of the Stevensons tells us of a great duke who caused the defeat of a railroad bill in Parliament, because the engineer had laid out the line too near one of his Grace's fox covers; of a "party" in a committee of lords offering to withdraw opposition to a projected road for ten thousand pounds; of opposition "got up mainly for the purpose of being bought off"; of railway directors boasting of the number of votes they could "command" in the House of Commons; of parliamentary log-rolling in the "Yankee" style of "You help me roll my log, and I'll help you roll yours"; of a railway bill which it cost the directors eighty-two thousand pounds to get passed; of another, the total cost of passing which was four hundred and thirty-six thousand, two hundred and twenty-three pounds, about *three million dollars* of our present currency; of needy members "conciliated" by being paid five thousand pounds for a strip of land worth five hundred; of members who "systematically sold their parliamentary interest for money considerations"; of an "impoverished nobleman" receiving thirty thousand pounds for a narrow strip of his estate, the whole of which was not worth more than that sum, and then selling another corner to another company for a second thirty thousand pounds, thus getting sixty thousand pounds "damages" for what greatly increased the value of his property. "Of course," remarks Mr. J. C. Jeffer-son, "it was well understood that the

two sums of thirty thousand pounds did not represent the price of the land, but the price of the peer's parliamentary interest."

It seems, too, that many of the petty infamies incident to the infancy of popular government — infamies which we are about to abolish — are in full activity in England. English politicians have not yet discovered the puerility of bribing obscure and utterly uninfluential newspapers by lavish advertising. Advertisements for navy rum were inserted by the last Tory administration in a little weekly paper, circulating a few hundred copies among clergymen of conservative politics. Comic papers of the same politics were subscribed for in considerable numbers for distribution in government asylums. Advertisements were paid for at rates three or four times higher than the regular price. At the time of the last general election, as we learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an advertising-agent was instructed by a government department to send advertisements to a certain provincial journal. This journal was so excellent a medium for the purpose that the agent, whose business it is to know these things, was quite unaware of its existence. He had to make inquiries as to whether there was such a newspaper or not. His investigations were successful. It turned out that the influential and widely circulated print had been started a few weeks previously to serve the interest of the Tory candidate for the borough in which it was published. Accordingly, the government advertisements were sent for the support of the paper; and there we have seen them, column after column, week after week."

The same journal informs mankind that this extremely primitive, provincial, and generally useless form of bribery is "rampant" in England, as well as that of giving exclusive news for fulsome laudation. "In short," adds this able newspaper, "it comes to this: it is the custom of ministers in England, as well as in foreign parts, to



subsidize the press for their own benefit." But how stupidly they do it! During the recent general election in England, there was a certain "industrious literary compiler," named Townsend, who wrote on the D'Israeli side with great diligence and small effect. He was promised by Mr. D'Israeli, not a petty office in the custom-house for four years, but a post in the mint for life, worth a thousand pounds a year; or, if that should not fall vacant, he was to have the still more lucrative place in the inland revenue held by a brother of the Premier, whose death was daily expected. But before the vacancy occurred, Mr. D'Israeli had lost the power to confer such munificent rewards for services so trifling, and the new ministry, upon the death of Mr. James D'Israeli, had the virtue to abolish the sinecure he had held so long. The disappointment was too much for the unhappy writer, who stabbed himself to the heart; an occurrence which led to the disclosure of the facts. All this is very much in what Englishmen flatter themselves is the American style: only, more so.\*

Indeed, they have in England most of the small sins of popular government as well as all of the great ones. I read in the London papers, at the close of a session, that the House of Commons, like the House of Representatives, is idle during the first half of a session; which obliges it to hurry bills through with such velocity at last, that members can hardly catch their titles, but merely ascertain whether an act is favored or opposed by the min-

\* Here is another anecdote of the last general election in England: "Some time ago a well-educated young Welshman came into possession of a farm left him by his father, and, being a Liberal in politics, he voted at the last election for the Liberal candidate. He was in the habit of churning his butter by water-power, which he obtained from a brook which ran through the land of his neighbor, a powerful conservative landed proprietor, and member of Parliament. To punish the young farmer's audacity in voting according to his principles, the Tory magnate ordered the course of the water to be diverted, so that it might not be used any longer to churn the Radical farmer's butter. This was actually done. The farmer found one day the water turned from his house, and now he has to churn his butter by hand."

istry, and vote accordingly. It appears, also, that ministers cram the public offices with superfluous clerks, and that absurd and fraudulent charges are covered by that convenient word, "contingencies." Dr. Russell was in the Crimea lately, and wrote home to the Times, that "the French and Russian dead have been reverently gathered together, but the English cemetery on Cathcart's Hill is in a shameful state, notwithstanding the thirteen thousand pounds paid by the government for its proper maintenance. The Russian government has done more than could be expected of it, but all the monuments in the cemetery are being chipped to pieces, and no attempt has been made to gather the remains of our fallen soldiers in one spot." There is, also, in England, a "pardon lobby," which can sometimes get a man of rank released from prison before his term has expired; as in the United States a forger of wealthy family can occasionally (though very rarely) procure a similar favor.

Mr. Froude's recent utterance with regard to the prevalence of fraud in England would surely be an exaggeration if applied to the United States. It could not be truly said of the business of America that it is "saturated with fraud." "So deep has it gone," added the historian, "that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the color of the ecclesiastical petticoats." This is not true of the United States, where, as a rule, men of business comprehend well, and act upon their belief, that the sole possible basis of a business permanently great is to give a good dollar's worth for a dollar. Probably Mr. Froude, like Mr. Carlyle, lives very much among



his books, and does not possess personal knowledge of anything which cannot be learned in a library. As to the clergy, their existence as a privileged order is in peril; they are engaged in Mr. Darwin's "struggle for life." Clergymen of ability, who have several strings to their bow, do not meddle with the petticoat question.

There is a poem by Mrs. Browning, written before we had emancipated ourselves from slavery, in which she told us that the penalty we paid for consenting to remain under that shameful yoke was that we forfeited the right to glow with indignation, and hurl the sharp rebuke, at atrocious deeds done anywhere on earth. In the presence of our own giant iniquity, we must remain silent when we heard of distant outrage. But the principle to which she gave expression in this fine poem is, perhaps, of universal application. No nation is so pure that it can with propriety point the finger of reproach at another; because, if the sins of one are different from those of the other, it does not follow that they are less. I do firmly believe that the people of the United States are the most honest people in the world; but I do not know that we should be such if it were as hard to live in the United States as it is in the densely peopled and entirely appropriated countries of the Old World. There was no stealing in the California mining-region when every man was making his pile. Considering how much our virtues and our vices are produced by circumstances, it is as ridiculous to boast as it is vulgar to taunt.

Why then parade those examples of the weakness and corruption of other governments? For several reasons. It is comforting to have companions in misfortune, and it is reassuring to know that governments that were once wholly corrupt are now but partially so. The court of Louis XIV. and their servants numbered three thousand persons, and the king carried on his war by the sale of places. There were lieutenant-colonels then in the French army ten years

of age, and archbishops under twenty-one. It is not so bad as that in France now; and in England several entire species of corrupt practice have been extirpated. The tendency of governments to become corrupt is powerful and constant, and they can be kept enduringly honest only by eternal vigilance. Besides, a year or two since, when the North American Review exposed the government of New York, the English Tories seized the articles with avidity, and caused them to be republished in England, and circulated as "campaign documents." All the Tory organs commented upon them, and drew inferences unfavorable to government by the people for the people; omitting to mention that the corrupt governments of our three largest seaports are sustained by voters whom the Tory system of Europe had kept in brutal ignorance. If New York aldermen steal, it is because Great Britain has been governed by a class. Send us intelligent, educated emigrants, ye supercilious Tories! Send us men trained in the duties of citizenship, and we will soon expel the thieves from city-hall and lobby. We shall do it, as it is; but not as soon as we should like.

After all, we are but serving an apprenticeship in the art of government by the whole people. We have done very well hitherto. Evils have arisen, but they have been grappled with and suppressed. Evils exist, but there is no reason to think that the recuperative energy of the system is near exhaustion. It is only people who do not know much about the period of Washington and John Adams, who think the government was better then than it is now. It is better now, upon the whole, than it was then; and *much* better, considering how difficult a task governments now have. In its worst estate, it was better than the best despotism. Congress, I am sure, will repent of its small sins; and by and by it will so reorganize the public service that the temptation to commit many of them will be removed.

## THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BOYD read the telegrams awaiting him in Mr. Elsdén's office.

"Squally," he said; and then, with more spirit, "We'll weather it through though, unless Cook and Thomas go down. In that case I don't know but we shall have to 'man the life-boat.'"

"They are as good as the government," said Mr. Elsdén; "I should almost expect a general suspension of business on top of their suspending."

But on his way to town—for Christopher left home that same day for the capital—he read in the evening edition of a paper picked up on the train, that Cook and Thomas had suspended. He had merely used the name of this firm to signify to the superintendent the confidence he felt in himself in spite of the threatening aspect of things. And Mr. Elsdén, understanding his meaning, had silently commented: "If the worst comes to the worst you are in no danger. There are dozens of employments you could turn your hand to." In fact, Mr. Elsdén felt remarkably easy about Mr. Boyd.

The day after Christopher left home, Max went to Mr. Elsdén's office and asked him whether his brother was in a tight place.

No tighter than common, Mr. Elsdén told him. Every business man had felt cramped, he said, since things began to slide as they did six weeks ago. Mr. Elsdén could not account for the slide, unless it had been occasioned by over-trading. "Your brother is as safe as anybody is," he said.

"No safer?" asked Max. That Christopher should "go down," that he should even stand in jeopardy, was a thing Max did not like to consider.

"I have been surprised, I confess, to see what houses have stopped payment," Mr. Elsdén answered. "Your

brother has his money scattered about a good deal. That may be favorable, or the reverse, it is hard telling which, yet. There is no reason for being scared, though, for if anybody is likely to weather the storm, Christopher Boyd is."

The next day Maxwell sought Mr. Elsdén again. He was on his way to Emerald, and he had passed through his first sleepless night on account of business.

"We have all these men's money in the bank," said he. "I have been thinking, if we go down, where is the security?"

"There is n't any," said Mr. Elsdén, with, Max could n't help thinking, a strange indifference. "The bank is your brother's individual concern."

Max knew that before, but he wanted to talk about it, he wanted counsel; and in spite of the evidence that he should not get what he wanted here, he went on.

"Did my brother speak about it to you, Mr. Elsdén?"

"About what?"

"The bank business."

"No, sir. I presume it was quite crowded out of his mind by weightier matters."

"I wish he *had* thought of it. You will be paying the men off to-morrow night in our bills."

"They will want their money, and there are no other bills on hand. They will be glad enough to get them, too. Why, man! haven't you nerve enough to round the cape on a good stout raft? If you intend to do business you must not expect that every cloud signifies a tornado."

"I don't believe I like business, if this belongs to it," said Max, to himself, as he went his ways. He had expected something very different from what he had received, of Mr. Elsdén,—

sympathy for the miners at least, and perhaps a little for his brother.

Mr. Elsdén paid off the men at the usual hour in the usual manner. Boyd's bills never looked more attractive than they did while passing from his hands into those of the laborers. The name of Max was written on each one of them as cashier. "If these bills are not redeemable," thought he, as he counted the sum Mr. Elsdén had ordered, "I shall never hold my head up again. It staggers me to think of all Christopher has on his mind."

John Edgar came to the bank to deposit his money after he had received his payment. Max declined taking it, and John was of course offended, for he at once supposed that Mr. Maxwell intended this refusal as a personal affront. He had been more suspicious of Max than he liked to own to himself, ever since Max had employed Edna to draw his likeness. The latter saw that he was not understood, and said, — and much it cost him : —

"I shall not take a dollar of any man's on deposit, if I can help it, until my brother comes back. That may be a fool's way of doing business, but suppose everybody fails and we are dragged down too, you would beg harder to get your money out of the bank than you do to put it in. I'll not receive it, John. Put it in your pocket-book, and do your own banking."

"You're a gentleman, any way," said Edgar, "but it *is* a fool's way of doing business, and I don't know but it would be better for you if you let us deposit. If the bills ain't worth anything, these fellows who go and spend them far and near will make it all the worse for other folks."

Max reflected on that. "You are right," said he. "I will take your money if you wish it. The Boyds will be good for every dollar in the long run. Christopher is n't the man I take him for, if he lets a poor fellow lose by him." And after that he felt easier about that note for six hundred and ninety-five dollars which the doctor had

told him belonged to Edna Gell. . And so, when the miners came to deposit, he wrote down the amounts in their little bank-books, and charged the bank, and business went on as usual.

"We're going to the devil," wrote Christopher to Mr. Elsdén. "It looks now like ten cents on a dollar in less than a month's time. But tell Max we shall work our way out, sure as thunder."

Maxwell himself received a letter by the same mail from Christopher, in which the elder brother made as explicit a statement of the condition of affairs as was possible at the time. He instructed Max how to proceed, and concluded in the most hopeful strain. The spirit of this man had never fallen down and worshipped the work of his own hands.

Max went at once to the superintendent's office with his letter, and found Mr. Elsdén there alone. That gentleman at once laid before him Christopher's communication.

"I expected it," said Max, when he had read it. "That letter was written after the one which I have just received. I wish Christopher would come home. What will you do, Mr. Elsdén?"

"Just what he has suggested. The business here is but an item, as I have told you before. It can be managed easily. The men have had one strike since I undertook the charge. They lost more time and money then than it is likely they will do now."

"Poor fellows! they can't afford to lose! I am sure Christopher will be sorry for them. If it was only to be stripped clean of everything, that could be endured, but ten cents on a dollar!"

"O, your brother may have overstated it a little; but debt *is* a burden. I have carried a load and know. Still, you must keep up a stiff upper lip, as they say. You are young, and your brother has all in him there ever was."

"You mean he has in him the make-up of a dozen ordinary men," said Max,

brightening a little, at the thought of Christopher.

"You are right," responded Mr. Elsdén. "I have n't the slightest doubt that Christopher Boyd will come out of this difficulty right side up and right foot foremost."

But when Mr. Elsdén saw John Edgar, he was reminded of other interests. He seized his opportunity at once, and said: "If we had the money to operate with, there would be no difficulty about beginning on Pit Hole any day; Mr. Boyd's business is nearly wound up here, and it would make matters easier if the miners — they are no better than a lot of children — could have their attention turned in a new direction."

Then was John Edgar led up into the mountain to be tempted there.

Not knowing whither the question might conduct, he asked, "Will all this property be sold out around here?"

"I don't see any other way," he was answered. "It is a kind of property that is constantly changing hands. Not so wonderful as you seem to think. Mr. Boyd took hold of the mines and gave an impetus to all the interests of all the region by his enterprise, and now it seems as if he had finished his part. Well, that is the way we are retired, when we least expect it, and whether we will or no."

"Shall we be likely to go through the same experience?"

"Very likely. Unless we know when we are well off, and go before we are ordered off."

"What is to be done about Hook, sir?" asked John, who had his suspicions concerning that mine, — suspicions which the present moment seemed favorable for verifying or for dissipating.

"Hook is a bad bargain for whoever wants coal," said Mr. Elsdén, unconcernedly.

"Do you really think so, sir?"

"What have I always said?"

"You have said there was coal enough there, if it was worked the right way."

"Are you going to dispute it?"

"No. I believe there is."

"But it proved a sink for Boyd's money, because we went to work wrong."

"But, Mr. Elsdén," said John, his voice unconsciously taking a lower tone, and apparently not quite certain how the information he conveyed would be received, "Pit Hole is n't to be compared with Hook for iron."

The superintendent looked quietly at John Edgar as he made this statement. His impassive face betrayed nothing. "When did you find that out?" said he; and then, without waiting for answer, he went on: "If you had the money, John, you might buy Hook yourself. If a miracle happens to hinder, it will not be in the market. Otherwise it will."

John was as dumb as if he had nothing to say to this proposition.

"You would n't be required to pay a dollar down within six months," continued Mr. Elsdén; "drive business, man, drive! and within a year your fortune will be made. You may sing a lively tune then for the rest of your life; take Edna and go abroad; get a degree of any university before you are thirty; do what you will."

"But," said John, after a long pause, which Mr. Elsdén gave him for reflection, — "but Mr. Boyd sells Hook for coal, if he sells."

"Hook will be in the hands of his creditors before you see him back here again. Say he throws coal into the market. 'What's in a name?' buy, and find out you have iron. All the better for you. Must you shut your eyes, because the next man can't see? Mr. Boyd's creditors sell what they consider a worthless mine; you buy what you know to be a valuable one. Both parties are satisfied. Hook has about as bad a reputation in the market as a mine can have" ("thanks to me" he did not add). "The Ridge will go high even in these times. Mr. Boyd will be able to do much better, very much better, than ten cents on a dollar. I am speaking to you, John,

in business language. A man can know nothing of friendship in business transactions. There's as little romance in business as in mathematics. I am speaking to you as I would to a son. It is a long time since I ceased to think of you as one of the workmen merely."

That last sentence was well expressed and timely. John felt the force of it. The business aspect of things was different from anything he had supposed; still, should he assume that his hands were whiter than Mr. Elsdén's? It was not likely that he would shrink when that gentleman walked forward at his own dignified pace to take the place which was about to be vacated by Mr. Boyd.

"Business is business," said Mr. Elsdén again, when he fancied he saw something like indecision in John's face. "The man who neglects to look out for himself, in his fancied obligation to look after everybody else in the world, is n't a fit person to fill any responsible position. That is all that can be said of him. Self-defence and self-preservation, sir, are among our first duties. A business man has himself to be true to, first of all. He must see to it that society has an efficient man in him. There is no reason why one man should prosper rather than another, except this: he is more efficient. The true philosopher is neither defeated by his failures, nor elated beyond measure by successes. Christopher Boyd cannot really go to the wall, so don't waste sympathy on him, but look out for yourself, and see if this commotion discloses a foothold for you."

Afterwards, in thinking of all that had been spoken in this interview, John Edgar's mind took note of two hints which Mr. Elsdén had thrown out, and he determined to profit by them. First, the present was his opportunity; rightly improved, the path, as the tide, would "lead on to fame and fortune." He resolved to seize the golden moment. And second, it was impossible not to understand the hint that Edna's money, judiciously em-

ployed at the present juncture, or in the operations which were presently to be entered upon, would prove the important auxiliary to success.

His imagination, seizing hold of the ideas suggested, became bold,—foreign travel, university honors, wealth,—what! was he to be hindered by a girl's qualms, or a woman's reported excellence? He actually nerved himself to go down and ask of Mrs. Holcombe the information which he began to see Edna would never require in her own behalf. And he thought as he went that it would be a good thing to drop into Detwiler's office before long, and let him know how his affairs were prospering. But no, the community itself would hasten to inform the doctor when prosperity was once secured.

But when he looked at the bishop's wife, John found it was impossible for him to claim a right of her; the very presence of the honesty he had intended to arraign silenced him. He was ashamed even in the presence of himself. He must proceed in some other way. Perhaps, then, Mr. Elsdén could show it him. Doubtless Mr. Elsdén could.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAXWELL BOYD found his way to the bishop's house more easily, and still not easily. He had conferred with Mr. Elsdén on the state of affairs, and his perplexities and anxieties had found no relief. In the discussion of business affairs between them, there was wanting that which would have sufficed him,—given him, if not confidence in the prosperous issue of events, some ease of mind, and a strength that would have enabled him to look difficulty in the face without flinching. The vision of ruin could not under any circumstances have been agreeable, but it could have been less than terrible, if just now his confidence in Mr. Elsdén had not nearly failed him. A simulated friendship will not answer the need of him who is in the fight with foes; the beautiful trumpery in

which a selfish spirit may disguise itself is no more than worthless rags to the unsealed eyes of dying hope. Away with it!

Max felt forsaken, and that feeling alone would have led him to Mrs. Holcombe, but he had also another reason for going. He wished to assure her, if any rumor had reached her ears, that all persons holding any claims against his brother at the bank, or elsewhere, would in the long run not be losers. It would relieve him to say this, not only because of Miss Edna's note, but because he knew that soon the poor miners and farmers round about would be cursing the name of Boyd, and he wanted Mrs. Holcombe to know that Christopher's failure did not compromise his brother's honor; that there was no fraud anywhere; that it had been brought about solely by an enterprise which everybody had extolled,—an enterprise which impelled Christopher to keep his capital afloat, when he might have secured it for his own personal benefit: if Max could make her see that, he would be satisfied.

He did as he had proposed to himself; he did tell her everything. And he had not been mistaken in Mrs. Holcombe. She knew now, as she had always known, how to sympathize with trouble, perplexity, and sorrow. The impoverished in heart and in fortune found in her always a helper, and a helper Max found her. She felt for the wounded pride, the conscious integrity, which must consent to wear a stain. Christopher Boyd had a pledged friend in Swatara from the moment when Max had told his story, and the bank a creditor in the preacher's house who would be content to wait until just debts could justly be paid.

"I see," she said, as he went from point to point, and ended by saying that his brother would suffer most of all, thinking of the people, because they might be put to temporary loss, for Christopher had himself known what it was to be poor. She did see and understand. What sorrow or anxiety did she not comprehend?

"God bless you!" said Max as he

left her; and her face brightened as if the benediction had an untold value.

On his way home from that visit, Max walked with a light step. Now and then he sang a line or two of a gay song. The aspect of affairs had changed to him. The faces of the miners whom he met were no longer dark with threatening frowns.

Walking past the engine-house, he saw John Edgar in the midst of a group of workmen, talking busily. Max beckoned, and said: "Come and dine with me, I am confoundedly lonesome at the house."

John looked down. He was not willing that Maxwell or any one should see the pleasure this invitation gave him.

"Come," said Max, again, "you're not going to decline. I want to talk, and to hear you talk."

"Thank you, sir," said John.

"You're welcome." Then they both laughed, and they walked away together.

"I want to show you some books," Max explained, as they took the road leading to Christopher's house. "The place is as solemn as the grave since my brother went away. . . . We shall have a splendid sunset." He seemed to be reading a bill of fare to Edgar, seeking to make him see that it was worth his while to go with him.

"I have been to see Mrs. Holcombe," he continued after a moment, while John was thinking of something to say. "I wanted to tell her how things stood, for she knows everybody, and it's killing to think of what people will say about Christopher." It never seemed to enter Maxwell's head that he was promising perhaps too freely for his brother. His confidence in Christopher's integrity was without a flaw. He was able to speak after this fashion to John, because Mrs. Holcombe had received his communication in so generous a spirit.

"It's a thing that's happening now every day, I'm told," said John. "They say you can't take up a newspaper, but



you'll read of a big failure somewhere. And just now there's appearance of a general smash."

"It does n't happen every day though, that a man like Christopher is washed high and dry."

"You're right there. But though failure is ruin for some folks, it is n't for his kind."

"You are right, John. You always liked Christopher," said Max, well pleased. "Debt will be so much stimulus to him. But I don't like it, I tell you, to see him so bothered."

"What did Mrs. Holcombe say?"

"Say! What *would* she say. I declare I love that woman. I could go through anything to serve her! She shall lose nothing by us,—nor any of them. Everybody must know that my brother is a first-class business man,—none of your speculating rogues. He has always done a legitimate business, honorable, outright. If he fails, he'll not keep a dollar to call his own. I remember, John, when I first came here you told me how much you liked Christopher, and that made me like you first."

John winced, but he answered heartily: "I never saw a man to equal Mr. Boyd, according to my notions."

He did not return Maxwell's look though, and so missed the gratitude there was in it.

He seemed to be observing the western sky; and Maxwell's eyes followed in the same direction.

"Is n't that great?" he exclaimed.

A slight mist was rising from the valley; the solemnity of twilight was over the green earth, the purple hills, and the golden sky. "Such a scene as that makes one feel contemptible when one has been worrying all day," said he. "One can't worry very well up here, except when one is alone and it rains, as it did last night. I felt as if I never wanted to come back when I left the house this morning. But come in and look at the books and things. Make yourself at home. You'll find something to amuse you."

After a moment Max left John alone

in the parlor and went to give orders in the stable-yard. John looked around him. He tried to imagine himself at home,—Edna somewhere within call. To secure such a realm, what could he not do and dare!

As he gazed around, the first thing he perceived with any distinctness was the likeness of Rosa Holcombe lying in a costly frame on the centre-table. When Max came in he was walking about the room.

"That is one of Barlow's—you know him; and you know the point that was taken from, Edgar, don't you," said Max, going up to John and taking his arm in a very friendly manner; and so they stood for a moment looking at the picture, and talking about its truthfulness, and the splendor of the coloring.

Then it came about that the portrait of little Rosa was brought under inspection, and Maxwell said: "*You* have helped Miss Edna a good deal, John, in her drawing."

To which John answered modestly, "O, not worth mentioning."

But Max persisted in thinking that it was worth mentioning, and wanted to know how it came about. John did n't know; he had really forgotten.

"But there must have been a beginning. She must have found out that she wanted to draw."

"Well, as near as I can recollect," said John, not so awkwardly as ungraciously, for he had not come here to talk about Edna for Mr. Max Boyd's edification, "she was in the shop one day with some folks, and she saw what I was doing, and told me that she had been trying to copy some things from an old book. I had good pencils, too, and she had none, to speak of. And so things went on till"—he hesitated, and decided it was best to go on—"till they came to their present pass between us."

Max looked around at John quickly, and in great wonder. There was not the least effort to conceal the surprise he felt.

"It seems as though you must have something more to say after that," said he.

"I don't know as there's anything more to say, but there's a good deal to do," answered John.

"Eh? what now?"

"Marry her, sir, of course. Get ready for it, first."

"You, Edgar!" But the exclamation had no sooner escaped Max than he added: "Excuse me, but I never thought of that. I am surprised."

The surprise was in itself enough to excite John's anger.

"I don't know as it's necessary for you to be thinking about it anyway, surprise, or no surprise," said he. "It's my business, you know, not yours."

"Don't be foolish," said Max. "Of course it's none of my business. I acknowledge it. Only, do you mean when you say that you are going to marry her, that you are engaged, you two?"

"Yes, I mean that. I suppose a girl's consent is all that is necessary when a man has made up his mind that he must have her."

"You are a lucky fellow," said Max. "She is the finest girl I've seen. She will make a splendid woman."

"Is that why you were so surprised?" asked John. He had been looking around for his cap, and now picked it up and put it on.

"Come to dinner and we will talk about it," said Max; and he stretched out his arm to possess himself of the cap, but he had seriously offended Edgar.

"I have some business to attend to; I must go. I don't know what I was thinking of to come up," he said; "but I thought you needed me. You don't, I see. So, good evening."

Max did not laugh at this. He said: "Very well, sir, I am sorry. Good night"; and he neither dined nor slept that night. Troubled and vexed as he was already, his guest had added tenfold to the vexation and the trouble.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

In a day or two Christopher Boyd came home. Mr. Elsdén had told

John that before they saw him again the mining property would have been made over to his creditors, and in this he was not mistaken.

The first time John saw the superintendent after Mr. Boyd's return, that gentleman said to him: "We can buy if we please. I know the men who have Hook. They will turn the property over to me and be glad to get rid of it."

"But,—" said John; this looked so very much like double-dealing that he did not feel equal to it. And yet it was Mr. Elsdén, a genuine gentleman, and a skilful business man, who proposed it. Gentleman and business man he had resolved to be; and so, though he said "but," he seriously considered the proposal, and expected nothing besides a turning over of the property to Mr. Elsdén. The superintendent, perceiving what was passing through his mind, concealed his impatience at the necessity of dwelling on the preliminaries, and said with a rather surprised superiority: "There are no buts about it. You talk as if this were not legitimate business. That is because you know so little about it. Boyd had completed his arrangements before he came back. He did not consult me. It's not my business to follow him like a dog and look out that he makes no mistakes. He considers himself abundantly able to transact his own business, and so do I. He is going away from here; and, as I told you, there is no such thing as putting him down. Learn something from his conduct. He is going into new operations at once, and I have n't a doubt that he will pay all his debts within three years. I shall stay here on account of Pit Hole, and for other reasons. Hook must be worked by somebody. The parties who are going to take hold of the Ridge will superintend for themselves. You see, Edgar, the train is moving on; I advise you to jump aboard. We shall hear more about that other business in a day or two at furthest, I think."

There was vigor in Mr. Elsdén's words. His entire aspect seemed to

have changed within a few days. His time had come, — that good time which had been so long in coming. All the world was moving on. Would John Edgar move along with it, or would he lag behind? Be somebody's man, or his own man, henceforth and forever?

With such a guide it was impossible that the young man should hesitate long. In that very hour he made his calling and election sure.

Yes, Christopher Boyd had come back, and it was plain to see that he had been off on no pleasure trip. The men who saw him when he stepped from the train at the Emerald station, said that he looked fifty years older than when he went away. He had been working day and night since he went. All Swatara, since the day of the first settler, had not computed so many figures, looked into so many interests, examined so many claims, acknowledged so many responsibilities, faced so many risks, as this man since he left the mountains one week ago. He came back sane, sober, equal to himself, more than a match for fortune; having not once felt tempted to blow his brains out, run away, or get himself reported drowned. He esteemed himself, though merely one man, more important than a railroad, or a coal-mine, or a bank, or than all three combined. Still, he was made of flesh and blood, and had felt an honorable pride in his successes, and had valued his good name when it was a power; he told Max when they met that he had been through hell since he went away.

After all he had experienced it would perhaps seem to him a small matter that these miners should lose the sums of money they had deposited in his bank. But it was not so, when he went down among the men and told them that the mining business would now be carried on by a new company, but that the superintendent would remain there as before, and somebody had the courage to ask if it was true that hard-working chaps like them must lose all their earnings, he cried out, "Say that

again!" as if he had been insulted by a friend.

The man had courage to repeat the question, for he knew when Mr. Boyd spoke that way that he would answer the men as they had a right to expect.

"Did you think, any of you," said Christopher, "that I was going away without settling all these matters fair and square? There is n't one of you that will lose a dollar by me. You shall have your wages cent for cent, and I'll give you my note on that. I am sorry to put you to inconvenience and make you wait; but you must try to be patient, for you see all this came very sudden on me."

"Be n't you going to stay here, sir, then?" asked another of the men, with by no means the voice of an angry creditor.

"No, my boy, I'm going out West; but do you stay here, every soul of you, and you shall have your money. I shall keep Mr. Elsdén informed where I am. You understand I'm going to earn the money to pay my honest debts to you, for I'm broke an honest man. I have n't laid up any funds for my own use anywhere. But I've got as much as any of you have. I have my hands and my feet, and the head on my shoulders which God Almighty put there for me."

That was all. Christopher had made his farewell address. The men raised a cheer, and they all honored him. He had come into Swatara in a coach and four, as one might say, and was going out of it on foot; but his flag was flying still, and his trumpet sounding. Mr. Elsdén, in the rising scale, might even have envied Mr. Boyd.

Christopher had accepted the office of superintendent of a Missouri railroad.

"Will you go with me, Max?" he asked, when they were alone. He dreaded to ask that question; almost feared to hear the answer. He knew that if power had given him success, success had conferred the power upon him which was felt by men in general.

For the first time since this storm of fortune his eyes were wet with tears, when Max answered, "To the world's end, Christopher!"

It was not loss of money that could impoverish this good man. Maxwell's love could enrich him. Everything

else might go; Barlow's pictures, even; but he had still his young brother's diploma, and Max himself, to make good all his promises.

Was Max going into exile though, because going from Swatara and from Mrs. Delia Holcombe?

## FROM THE ORIENT DIRECT.

WELL, what next? We have done the Mission Dolores and its quaint old red-tile-roofed, adobe-walled, and curiously ornamented altar, standing amid the graves of the pious fathers, whose faith led them here and helped them to rear this structure on the far confines of heathendom, generations ago. We have galloped over the broad macadamized road — out past Lone Mountain, with its City of the Dead gathered around the tall white shaft which marks the resting-place of the gallant Broderick, and Mount Calvary, with another City of the Dead gathering around the white cross gleaming from its summit — to Point Lobos, where we have seen the ships from Europe, Asia, Australia, the Atlantic ports, and the islands of the Pacific, come sailing in, through the Golden Gate. From the balcony of the Cliff House, overhanging the roaring breakers, we have looked down for hours with never-flagging interest upon those strange monster survivors of the World Before the Flood, the sea-lions, as they crawled from the depths of the slimy sea upon the rugged rocks, writhing and wriggling as if in mortal agony, fighting, and howling in infernal chorus over the degeneracy of the days upon which, through some mistake never fully explained, they have fallen, ages and ages after their co-inhabitants of the primeval world had perished. Fruit we have indulged in, to a surfeit. Wine? We went round through the cellars yesterday until our heads were,

or felt as if they were, as large and as full as the great casks holding thousands of gallons, in which the champagne was being prepared for bottling. The Barbary Coast, with its reeking vice, seething crime, and nameless, unutterable human degradation, we did last night; this evening we do the Chinese Theatre; to-morrow the Geysers; next week the Big Trees and Yosemite. But what to-day?

There is a small white flag, inscribed with the letters U. S. M., flying from each of the San Francisco street-cars as it passes: a mail-steamer from some part of the world has entered the Golden Gate. From the direction of North Beach a messenger of the Merchants' Exchange comes galloping at full speed along Stockton Street, his half-wild Spanish horse — with head erect, nostrils distended, and lustrous eyes (the glory alike of Spanish steeds and women) that flash like coals of fire — bounding over the rough pavement as proudly as if conscious that he bore the fate of Cæsar and his empire. "What is it?" we call out as the messenger flies past us. "The Great Republic, from China and Japan," is the answer he gives without even turning his head to see who asked; and the loud report echoing over the city tells us that the proud steamer, which has borne our starry flag to the uttermost parts of the earth, is safe in port, and is rounding Telegraph Hill on her way up the harbor to the wharves of the

P. M. S. S. Co. at Rincon Point. Eureka! here is the wished-for sensation. Let us be off for South Beach!

Looking down from Rincon Hill, we see the long shed-covered wharf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company stretching far out into Mission Bay to the southward, huge steamers lying in the docks, or at anchor in the stream, a stone's-throw off, and in front, outside the high, closed gates, a vast crowd of Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics commingled, and a jam of vehicles of every description, gathered in anticipation of the steamer's arrival at her wharf. Descending the hill and making our way slowly through the crowd, we reach the gates at last, and, approaching the group of police-officers on duty, offer the card inscribed, "*Admit the Bearer on Great Republic*," which are received at the Company's office on Sacramento Street as a special courtesy from the great corporation. The officer has already recognized our companion as a member of the San Francisco "press-gang," and passes us through the side door with a quiet nod, not even condescending to look at our ticket. Passing down the long wharf, between the great steamers lying on either hand, we find in waiting a few vehicles, — hacks sent to bring away some particular persons known to be on board, the United States Mail and express wagons, — some gentlemen and ladies who, having friends on board, have secured passes to go inside the gates, a crowd of custom-house officers, detectives in the employ of the company, the captain of the San Francisco police, with his entire watch in gray uniforms, and armed with clubs and revolvers, and fifty to one hundred leading Chinese merchants, consignees of the cargo, or representatives of the "Six Companies," to whom all the Celestial emigrants or immigrants are consigned.

The Great Republic, flying the flag of our country, that of the P. M. S. S. Co., and the yellow dragon flag of China, has meantime rounded Rincon Point, and is lying in the stream, off the southern end of the wharf, with hawsers

out, vainly endeavoring, against the strong ebb tide, to warp into her berth on the western side. The bow hawser parts at last, and she drifts out towards Yerba Buena Island, then swings slowly round under steam, heads away towards San José, and then, when half a mile away, turns gracefully and, with her monster wheels beating the bay into a foam, comes rushing at full speed directly down toward the wharf. The picket gates, which separate the southern end of the shed from the section of open wharf beyond, are opened in an instant by the officers, and the people rush at their utmost speed down towards the northern gateway, apprehensive lest the leviathan, now approaching with the fleetness of a race-horse, should miss the point aimed at by a few feet, knock the pine-timber-built wharf into kindling-wood, and send those upon it into Davy Jones's locker in an instant. Needless alarm! The monster of the deep obeys her helm to perfection, comes rushing swiftly into her berth right alongside the wharf, and, before we have ceased wondering at the immense proportions of this magnificent specimen of American marine architecture, her wheels are reversed, and she has ceased to move. Then, for the first time, we observe that her main deck is packed with Chinamen, — every foot of space being occupied by them, — who are gazing in silent wonder at the new land whose fame had reached them beyond the seas, and whose riches these swart representatives of the toiling millions of Asia have come to develop. The great gangway-planks — bridges they might be called more appropriately — are run out from the wharf and hoisted into place, the health-officer, who had boarded the steamer off "the Heads," comes down bowing and smiling as he parts with the officers of the vessel, the custom-house officers ascend to the decks, the detectives and policemen range themselves at the gangways fore and aft, and — hats off in front! — the grand panorama of the Orient is about to be unrolled!

The forward gangway is reserved for the disembarkation of Chinamen exclusively; the after gangway is for the cabin passengers, mostly Americans and Europeans. Several Chinese merchants, neatly-dressed and quiet, gentlemanly-behaved men, attempt to go on board by the after gang-plank, and are hurled back with, it would seem, needless violence by the officers stationed there. The sub-agents and *employés* of the Six Companies, who attempt to reach the main-deck by the forward gangway, are repulsed with even greater rudeness and force: the orders are that none shall be allowed to go on board until the custom-house officers have done their work. Half a dozen United States Navy officers, from the squadron in Chinese and Japanese waters, coming home on leave of absence, come down the after gangway, and are told to get their luggage all together in one place on the wharf, and it will be passed immediately by the officers. Their lacquered boxes, trunks, open-work rattan chairs and lounges for reclining upon in a tropical climate, boxes of rare plants, and small collections of "curios" from the far East, — West it seems to us, — are soon run through, and chalked with the names of the examining officers, and they enter carriages in waiting, and are driven away to the hotels. A stout-built, manly-looking American, forty years of age or thereabouts, comes down the plank, and a fair-faced woman, who, with her four half-grown-up children around her, has been standing patiently for hours in a corner of the building on the wharf, grows suddenly pale in the face, runs towards him, and with the single exclamation, "O Joe!" has her arms around his neck in an instant. A few ladies and gentlemen, looking curiously about them, issue from the cabin, point out their luggage on the wharf, receive the proper directions, and, entering carriages admitted through the gates one at a time to receive them, are hurried away, apparently half glad at finding themselves standing on the solid land once more,

half sorry to part from those with whom they have voyaged across the broad Pacific and dared the perils of the sea. And now from the cabin emerges a tiny creature, clad in costly robes of satin, richly embroidered, and stands at the upper end of the plank in the gangway opening, as if in doubt which way to turn or how to proceed. She is not more than four feet in height, — slender and graceful of figure. Her lustrous blue-black hair is puffed out at the sides and fashioned into a wonderful rudder-shaped structure behind, supported with gold and silver skewer-like ornaments thrust through it; and her head, guiltless of hat or bonnet, is surmounted by a small wreath of bright-colored artificial flowers. Her face is really pretty, — the features being delicately formed, — despite the obliquity of the almond-shaped eyes and the slight projection of the anything but Grecian nose. Her complexion, naturally whiter than that of the common working-people of her country, has been so cunningly improved by her maid-servant — who could teach our enamellers and beautifiers the first rudiments of their profession — that she is as fair to look upon as the blond beauties of our race, and you would hesitate long before you would swear whether the red which tinges her cheeks and lips is real or the work of "high art" in its perfection. Her tunic or sack is of sky-blue satin, embroidered with flowers in bright-colored silk; her wide, loose trousers of darker blue satin, similarly but more elaborately embroidered; and her dainty little feet are encased in slippers of blue satin with gold-bullion embroidery and thick white felt soles with thin bottoms of polished wood. In her hand she holds two fans, with which she endeavors to keep her face hidden as far as possible from the public gaze. Timid to the last degree she seems, and probably is, and she looks neither to the right nor the left, but keeps her eyes fixed on the plank beneath her, as if anxious to avoid the sight of everything else in the world. As she stands there in the open gang-



way, she looks the perfect counterpart of something we have seen, or dreamed of, before. Ah yes; we remember now! Thirty years ago, — fifteen or sixteen years before this little thing was born, — our big cousin came home from a sailing-voyage around the world, and among the curious things he brought with him was a book of rice-paper, white as snow and soft as velvet, each leaf of which bore a single, wonderfully elaborate little picture, in colors more brilliant than the rainbow; her picture, correct and perfect in the most minute detail, was there; no one could fail to recognize it at a glance. She is the bride of an opulent Chinese merchant of San Francisco who has been home to get her; his parents selected her for him from one of the most respectable families in the Central Flowery Empire, and he had no trouble with courting and such-like Caucasian nonsense. He leads her down the plank, the bracelets and bangles of silver and green semi-transparent stone which encircle her wrists and ankles clinking musically as she walks; and at the wharf a policeman, detailed for the purpose, receives and escorts the party through the crowd, which opens respectfully before the end of his club, and they enter a carriage. Another and another come down the plank; the last two are accompanied by bright-eyed, richly-dressed children, who follow mechanically in their mothers' footsteps, furtively glancing at the strange crowd as they pass through it. These are the wives and offspring of Chinese merchants resident here, who married before coming to California; you had better take a good look at them now, while you can, for they — the women and female children — will be kept in the strictest seclusion from the moment they set foot in their husbands' and fathers' houses, and they may live many years, and die, here in the midst of a great Christian city, and yet never again be looked upon by Caucasian eyes. You may purchase exquisite pictures, on rice-paper, of these "first-chop" Chinese ladies, at the bazaar of

Chy Lung & Co., on Sacramento Street, but the living married Chinese women or respectable young girls you will never so much as catch a glimpse of, except on such an occasion as this.

Following the Chinese ladies comes an Englishman returning from the Indies, a broad, burly fellow, with dogged resolution, self-complacency, and a stout, unconquerable determination to grumble at everything he meets in "this blarsted country, you know," traced upon every lineament. His feet are encased in clumsy thick-soled gaiters, his nether limbs in gray, very scant cassimere pantaloons, which hang limp as withered cabbage-leaves around his ankles; a coat broader than it is long covers his shoulders and reaches down just below his waist, and on his head is a hideous Monitor-shaped hat, as large as the shell of a green turtle, and as unmanageable and badly out of place in the San Francisco summer trade-winds as a balloon in a Western tornado. Surely we have seen somewhere the counterpart of this figure also: yes, it was years ago, when we were laid up with a broken leg, and the fever of our waking hours was followed by the nightmare in our troubled sleep.

The custom-house officers have done their work here quickly, and perhaps effectually, and now all is ready at the forward gangway. A living stream of the blue-coated men of Asia, bearing long bamboo poles across their shoulders, from which depend packages of bedding, matting, clothing, and things of which we know neither the names nor the uses, pours down the plank the moment that the word is given, "All ready!" They appear to be of an average age of twenty-five years, — very few being under fifteen, and none apparently over forty years, — and, though somewhat less in stature than Caucasians, healthy, active, and able-bodied to a man. As they come down upon the wharf, they separate into messes or gangs of ten, twenty, or thirty each, and, being recognized through some to us incomprehensible free-masonry system of signs by the agents of the

Six Companies as they come, are assigned places on the long, broad-shedded wharf which has been cleared especially for their accommodation and the convenience of the customs officers. Each man carries on his shoulders or in his hands his entire earthly possessions, and few are overloaded. There are no merchants or business-men among them, all being of the coolie or laboring class. They are all dressed in coarse but clean and new blue cotton blouses and loose baggy breeches, blue cotton cloth stockings which reach to the knee, and slippers or shoes with heavy wooden soles (these last they will discard for American boots when they go up country to work in the dust and mud); and most of them carry one or two broad-brimmed hats of split bamboo, and huge palm-leaf fans, to shield them from the burning sun in the mountains or valleys of California or the fertile fields of the South, towards which many of them will eventually direct their steps. There is a babel of uncouth cries and harsh discordant yells, accompanied by whimsically energetic gestures and convulsive facial distortions, as the members of the different gangs recognize each other in the crowd, and search out the places assigned them. The luggage is deposited on the wharf, and each group squat on the planking, or stand silently beside their little property, waiting in patience and perfectly soldier-like order the arrival of the officers who are to search them for smuggled goods. "Here, this way!" "Here, here on this side!" "There, over there on that side!" shout the policemen, as they swing their clubs about and frantically endeavor to direct the tide, often really creating disorder among these most orderly and methodical people, who would get things straightened twice as quickly without such assistance. For two mortal hours the blue stream pours down from the steamer upon the wharf: a regiment has landed already, and still they come. The wharf is covered with them so densely that the passage-way for carriages through the centre can with dif-

ficulty be kept open, and yet the stream is unbroken for a single moment. You wonder where such a swarm of human beings found stowage-room, — the bulk already seems greater than that of the steamer, — and wonder still more when told that the vessel with all these on board had still room for a cargo of thousands of tons; her freight capacity being some six thousand tons, and her custom-house registry measurement between four and five thousand. This steamer actually brought one thousand two hundred and seventy-two Chinamen; last week one thousand two hundred came by sailing-vessels, and behind them are yet four hundred millions of the most patient, ready, apt, and industrious toilers on the face of the earth.

The writer shares none of the prejudice against this people which is manifested so strongly by the lower order of the European-born residents of California and leads to so many disgraceful acts of violence and outrage; but such a sight as this awakens curious thoughts, and suggests doubts of the future in the mind of every one who has made political economy and free institutions a study to any extent. The Chinese-labor question is destined within the next ten years — five years, perhaps — to become what the slavery question was a few years since, to break down, revolutionize, and reorganize parties, completely change the industrial system of many of our States and Territories, and modify the destiny of our country for generations to come. Educated, thinking men do not, as a rule, fear the result, or see in this vast semi-civilized immigration any danger to republican institutions; nevertheless, it is a movement fraught with mighty consequences for good or ill, and the question demands and must receive a most careful consideration in all its bearings. Commerce, religion, politics, capital and labor, education, our whole social fabric, must be affected more or less. Occident and Orient stand face to face at last, and the meeting must signalize a notable era in the history of mankind.

The customs agents search the person of every Chinaman as he lands, and go through the luggage of every group or mess as thoroughly as possible, in quest of opium, the one blighting curse of China, for which she may thank Christian England, and for which her children will run any risk and bear any privation. The deadly drug is so costly in proportion to its bulk, that, next to gold and precious stone, it offers the greatest inducement for smuggling ; and on the arrival of every steamer and sailing-vessel from China large seizures are made by the officers. On this occasion one officer detected and confiscated forty boxes of opium, each worth eight or ten dollars in coin, which had been concealed in the false bottom of a box containing merchandise of comparatively small value. To do them justice, we should say that one of the Chinese companies' agents directed the officer's attention to the box, and so caused him to make the discovery. Another officer discovered a suspicious protuberance on the person of a Chinaman, and had just reached out his hand to examine it, when the frightened Celestial flung from him into the bay half a dozen boxes of the poison. Bladders of it, flattened out like pancakes, were found concealed in the linings of blankets or bed-quilts and the stuffed undergarments worn by some of the men. In all, several thousand dollars' worth thus fell into the hands of the officers, and a moiety of its value will go into the treasury of Uncle Sam, if the costs cannot be made large enough to swallow up all his share.

Fifteen or twenty Chinese girls, — the poor raft and boat born women of Canton, trained, from childhood, to lewdness, and as utterly ignorant of the ways of virtue or any sense of shame or moral responsibility as so many blocks of wood, — were landed also ; some steamers bring them by hundreds, in spite of the efforts of the Six Companies to discourage the traffic. These women signed contracts, in China, to serve their masters a given number of years for their passage-money, board, and

clothing, and, despite our laws, will submit to live and die in a slavery more horrible than any other which ever existed on earth ; all efforts of our authorities to break it up having proved utterly unavailing. As they land, they are searched in no delicate manner by the officers, and then received by their purchasers, and delivered into the charge of the shallow old hags in black costume with bunches of keys in the girdles at their waists, who are called "old mothers," and who will hold them in horrible bondage and collect the wages of their sin — if those who have no idea of moral responsibility can be said to sin — for the remainder of their days. The girls are dressed in silk or cotton tunics and trousers, similar in shape and color to those worn by the married ladies, but far less costly, are painted gaudily on cheeks and lips, and wear on their heads the checked cotton handkerchiefs which are the badge of prostitution. They are jeered and "hi-hied" by the crowd of common Chinamen waiting outside the gates, as they pass out to enter the open express-wagons waiting to receive them and carry them away to the dens in Murderers' Alley and along the Barbary Coast. As fast as the groups of coolies have been successively searched, they are turned out of the gates, and hurried away towards the Chinese quarter of the city by the agents of the Six Companies. Some go in wagons, more on foot ; and the streets leading up that way are lined with them, running in "Indian file," and carrying their luggage suspended from the ends of the bamboo poles slung across their shoulders. By nightfall the throng has dispersed, the work of the officers is over, and the vast wharf is cleared for the delivery of the immense cargo in the hold of the steamer.

This cargo is made up of articles in a great measure strange to the people of the Atlantic States ; and for their benefit the list is copied out in full from the manifest, as follows : —

For San Francisco : 90 packages cassia ; 940 packages coffee, from Java and

Manilla; 192 packages fire-crackers; 30 packages dried fish, cuttle-fish, sharks'-fins, etc.; 400 packages hemp; 116 packages miscellaneous merchandise, lacquered goods, porcelain-ware, and things for which we have no special names; 53 packages medicines; 18 packages opium; 16 packages plants; 20 packages potatoes; 25 packages rattans; 2735 packages rice; 1238 packages sundries, — chow-chow, preserved fruits, salted melon-seeds, dried ducks, pickled duck's eggs, cabbage sprouts in brine, candied citron, dates, dwarf oranges, ginger, smoked oysters, and a hundred other Chinese edibles and table luxuries; 824 packages sugar; 20 packages silks; 203 packages sago and tapioca; 5463 packages tea; 27 packages tin.

For New York: 2 packages merchandise; 21 packages sundries; 150 packages silks; 465 packages teas; 144 packages rhubarb; 9 packages hardware.

For Panama, 1 package opium; 1 package sundries; 115 packages tea.

It is not the tea season, and this cargo is consequently a small one comparatively, — nothing, in fact, to what is sometimes landed from a China steamer; though, as will be seen from the foregoing manifest, it comprises no less than 13,354 packages of merchandise, many of them of large size, — a small mountain in the aggregate.

Having enjoyed to the utmost the pleasure of a new sensation, we leave the wharf, meditating on the strange scene which we have beheld, and wondering what is to be the end of all this, and wend our way back to Montgomery Street. Sitting by the fruit-laden table in our own room in the evening, and breathing the air charged with the odors of the fairest flowers that bloom, a doubt arises in our mind, and we begin to inquire if there was in sober truth any such scene as we fancy we have been witnessing. Was that little oval-faced woman, clad in blue, purple, crimson, and gold, shrinking in speechless fear from the strange throng around her, a being of flesh and blood after all, or a creature of the imagination? Did we

actually see her come out of the great black steamer's cabin and stand there hesitating in the gangway, or have we been gazing at some brilliant-tinted picture from the land where Marco Polo journeyed centuries ago, until one of the figures took on itself the semblance of life and action, and walked forth from its frame? Was it not in fact *all* a dream? A dream, we would almost swear! And yet a dream it could not have been, we find when we come to reflect upon it. There is the card of admission to the wharf, still lying on the table before us: that is tangible and real at least. The sunlight which the waters of the bay of San Francisco glistened under, and which flooded with its golden glory the mountains of Contra Costa and Alameda, looked and felt real. We can still hear the roar, of many voices shouting in an unknown tongue, and see the stream of men in blue blouses, with shaven foreheads, and with long braided queues of glossy black hair and silk hanging down their backs. The strange odor of Asiatic tobacco, spices, opium,

"Mandragora, and all the drowsy sirups of the East," which pervaded ship and cargo, still clings to our clothing, and finds its way into our nostrils. It was real, wholly real, after all! We have indeed stood on the farther shore of the New World, and seen the human tides which have surged around the globe from opposite directions meet and commingle, and have beheld the yellow flag, emblazoned with the red-dragon emblem of the "Lord of the whole Earth and Brother of the Sun and Moon," — master of the oldest nation which the sun shines upon, — and the starry emblem of a sovereign people, "By the Grace of God Free and Independent," floating side by side. It was a sight worth living long and coming far to look upon, — a scene to wonder at, to ponder over and reflect upon, to gaze upon once and remember through all the coming years of life, — a scene such as our fathers never beheld nor dreamed of, and of which our children and our children's children only may know the full purport and meaning.

## EARTHQUAKES OF THE WESTERN UNITED STATES. ...

IF the reader will compare the general features of the continent of North America with those of Europe, he will perceive that the two continents differ very widely. Europe is a bundle of peninsulas grouped around a central mass which is divided into several distinct areas by trenchant geographical lines. North America is a land mass of singularly even contour, with but three or four well-marked geographical areas, whose boundaries are generally less distinctly drawn than those of Europe. The effect of these peculiarities of contour on the physical conditions or climate of the different regions of the two continents is easily seen, and has been frequently dwelt upon by geographers. In North America the climate varies less within a given geographical range than in any other continent, except possibly Africa. In Europe the variation as we pass from point to point is greater than on any other portion of the earth's surface.

That the climate should correspond with the surface is not at all remarkable, though the observer cannot but be surprised to find that variety in the manifestation of the earthquake forces seems to be equally dependent on the degree of complication of the surface, — that where the land mass is broken up into many distinct geographical areas the action of the seismic forces is more irregular than where the divisions are few and simple. In Europe the limitation of the severest shocks to certain well-defined areas, the juxtaposition of regions of great earthquake activity and regions where such activity is almost unknown, is very remarkable. It is less than a thousand miles from Lisbon, the seat of some of the most terrible catastrophes ever produced by the internal forces, to Paris, where we have no reason to believe that two stones were ever separated by an earthquake shock. Midway between Port-

ugal and Iceland, two regions of the most intense earthquake activity, lies Ireland, from which we have hardly a movement recorded. From the unshaken plains of Southern Russia to the earthquake region of the Caspian, a country really accursed by earthquakes, is less than eight hundred miles.

We must wait many centuries before we can have a sufficiently extensive record of American earthquakes to enable us to know their geographical distribution as well as we know that of European earthquakes; still, we can discern the general laws of their distribution quite well. It is, in the first place, evident that the continent of North America, at least excepting the southward prolongation on the west side of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, is far more uniformly subject to earthquakes than the European area. Excepting the Hudson's Bay country, Florida, Newfoundland, and some other areas, from which our information is too limited to enable us to take them into consideration, we may say that this continent is far more uniformly affected by earthquake-producing forces than Europe. There are no such areas as Portugal, Calabria, or Canton Valais, where an earthquake focus is bordered by regions rarely and slightly influenced by seismic forces. Shocks of moderate energy are, however, very far from rare over nearly the whole of the known surface of North America. The region just about New York City, with a good part of the surface of the adjoining Long Island and some of the valleys of the Alleghanies, are probably among the points of least disturbance. A few points, such as the region about the mouth of the Merrimack River, Haddam in Connecticut, and New Madrid on the Mississippi River, once promised to become the seats of local disturbances; but it has been a century and a quarter since the Newburyport earth-

quakes ceased to occur, the Haddam disturbances have gradually become less frequent, and New Madrid was the seat of continued shocks only for two years after the great earthquake of 1811.

The general law that earthquake disturbances are least likely to occur in the regions longest elevated above the sea is at least approximately verified in America, and it seems quite likely that longer observation will entirely confirm it. If we limit our observations to the earthquakes of the present century — and it is only during this time that any considerable portion of the continent's surface has been subjected to simultaneous observation, — we are led to believe that the intensity of earthquakes as well as their frequency increases as we pass from the Atlantic toward the Pacific Ocean; Western New England and Northern New York, the longest elevated of any area of equal size in the United States, having been the least disturbed, the Mississippi valley having been the seat of more numerous and intense movements, while the Pacific slope exceeds both, at least in the frequency of the severe shocks.

The earthquake area of the Mississippi valley is the only one of the three known North American areas outside of Mexico which has been observed to sympathize with the movements of the Caribbean region. The connection is very slight, there being only one or two rather questionable cases in which a shock has affected portions of the two continents at the same time. The isolation of the two Americas is apparently quite as perfect as is the separation of North America and Europe. The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are far more effectual barriers to the passage of shocks than the Mediterranean. Many shocks have passed the latter, affecting regions both to the north and south of its waters.

The first recorded shock which affected the Mississippi valley occurred in the summer of 1776, — day and month unknown. The only account of it is from Mr. John Heckewelder, a missionary

of the United Brethren, on the Muskingum River in Ohio. It happened about 8 A. M., and its duration is asserted to have been two or three minutes. "The southwest side of the house was raised with such violence that the furniture was nearly overturned. It was accompanied by a subterranean rumbling noise. The cattle were frightened by the shock, and the Indians continued after it to apprehend some great disaster of which they conceived this to be the precursor."

The next shock occurred in the year 1791 or 1792, — tradition has not preserved the year with certainty, — in April or May, about 7 A. M. Furniture in houses was agitated by the jar. The shock was preceded by a rumbling noise in the earth, which seemed to come from the west. The course of this movement was evidently the same as that of the great shocks of 1811. The region where the shock was felt was confined to the northern and eastern parts of Kentucky. There were at that time few settlements farther west, and it may have had a wider range without being observed.

At 3 A. M. on the 8th of January, 1795, a considerable shock was felt at Kaskaskia, in the Territory of Illinois and in the part of Kentucky to the south. Its direction was, like that of the preceding, from west to east, its duration about one minute and a half. A subterranean noise accompanied the shock. Two other shocks should be mentioned. One, at Niagara Falls, occurred at 6 A. M. on the 26th of December, 1796. It came from the northwest, was very slight, and affected the vicinity of the Falls over a radius of about fifty miles. Another occurred near the site of the city of Chicago, in 1804, at ten minutes past two on the 24th of August. It seems to have been quite a strong shock, though we have no accurate description of it. It was felt as far east as Fort Wayne in Indiana, nearly two hundred miles distant. As with the preceding shocks, the impression left upon the minds of the observers was that it came from the west. Although



the last two earthquakes were not felt over any portion of what is properly called the Mississippi basin, they were still within the earthquake area which we have named from the great river.

For more than seven years after the shock of 1804 there is no record of any movement of the earth in the Mississippi valley. Without premonitory shocks, and without those varied atmospheric symptoms which are so generally supposed to indicate the approach of a great subterranean disturbance, there occurred on the night of the 16th of November, 1811, a great and long-continued earthquake, which shook a larger area than any known shock except the Lisbon convulsion of 1755, and which in intensity was probably not surpassed by the movements which produced that great calamity.

The thinly-peopled condition of the region along the banks of the Mississippi, which precluded this great earthquake from producing any great loss of human life, has also made our accounts of the phenomena very imperfect. This latter result is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as there can be no doubt that many of the events of that convulsion were without a parallel in the history of earthquake shocks. The valleys of the great rivers of the world, at least the parts immediately adjacent to their banks, are rarely the seats of earthquake shocks of great severity. The Amazons, the Nile, the great rivers of Asia, even the Danube, the Po, and the Rhone, of Europe, have been very slightly affected by earthquake shocks. The course of a great river like the Mississippi must be much affected by a severe earthquake. Without the intervention of external disturbances the stream is constantly wandering over the plain through which its varying channel is cut. A slight accident, such as the sinking of a wreck or the lodging of a few sticks of floating timber, may so disturb the regular system of curves in which the water flows, that the position of the banks in its course for miles below the point of disturbance will have to be changed before the equi-

librium is restored. The sedimentary matter deposited by the overflows of the stream—which in the case of the Mississippi constitutes the great accumulation, from ten to one hundred miles wide and many hundred feet deep, through which the stream cuts its inconstant course—is not a compact mass, but in its structure frequently as loose and incoherent as an artificial filling. The settling which necessarily takes place when this matter is consolidated by sudden and violent agitations of the mass must greatly affect both the surface of the deposit and the course of the river. This irregular subsidence will doubtless account for many of the peculiar movements which occurred during the shocks; while the violence and extent of the movements thus dependent upon the sudden consolidation of the soil makes one suspect that it may have been centuries since the valley had been submitted to a similarly intense movement. The foregoing considerations will materially aid the reader in understanding the perplexing accounts of the events of the earthquake of 1811.

Owing to the fact that the region of greatest observed violence was in the country immediately about the village of New Madrid, on the west bank of the Mississippi, about fifty miles below the mouth of the Ohio, this earthquake is commonly known in history as the New Madrid shock; but the evidence leads us to suppose that the true centre of the shock was farther to the west. The first shocks were evidently not vertical at New Madrid, but seemed to come from some point beyond the line of the most western settlements. The Indians describe even more terrible effects of the convulsion in the region between the Mississippi and the great plains,—forests overthrown, rocks split asunder, and other indications of great violence,—than were observed at any place near the river. Everywhere the first movements seemed to come from the west, so that we are obliged to refer the origin of this earthquake, as that of many other earthquakes of the same

area, to some centre of disturbance lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. Now that population is spreading over all that region, we shall doubtless yet know, possibly by sad experiences, the true seat of the several disturbances of which we have evidently observed only the westward prolongations.

The first movements of the shock of 1811 were observed by parties of travellers on the Mississippi River; it occurred at about 2 A. M. and was exceedingly violent; we are so fortunate as to have from the pen of an English traveller, Mr. Bradbury, a botanist of some celebrity, a clear account of the occurrences of that night and the several succeeding days during which his voyage towards New Orleans carried him through the disturbed region. At the time of the earthquake this traveller was sleeping in his boat, which was moored to the bank of a small island just above the point known as the Devil's Channel, near the Chickasaw Bluffs. This point is about one hundred and fifty miles below the village of New Madrid, and rather beyond the centre of the shock.\* Bradbury's account is one of the most vivid descriptions of the effects of this earthquake extant, and we cannot do better than to transcribe a portion of it: "In the night I was awakened by a most tremendous noise, accompanied by an agitation of the boat so violent that it appeared to be in danger of upsetting. Before I could quit the bed, or rather skin, upon which I lay, the four men who slept in the other cabin rushed in and cried out in the greatest terror, 'O mon Dieu! Monsieur Bradbury, qu'est ce qu'il y a!' I passed them with some

difficulty, and ran to the door of the cabin, where I could distinctly see the river as if agitated by a storm; and although the noise was inconceivably loud and terrific, I could distinctly hear the crash of falling trees and the screaming of wild fowl on the river, but found that the boat was still safe at her moorings. I was followed out by the men and the patron, still in accents of terror inquiring what it was. I tried to calm them by saying, 'Restez-vous tranquils; c'est un tremblement de terre!' which they did not seem to understand." "By the time we could get to our fire, which was on a large flag in the stern of our boat, the shock had ceased; but immediately the perpendicular banks, both above and below us, began to fall into the river in such vast masses as nearly to sink our boat by the swell they occasioned; and our patron, who seemed even more terrified than the men, began to cry out, 'O mon Dieu! nous périrons!' I wished to consult with him as to what we could do to preserve ourselves and the boat, but could get no answer except, 'O mon Dieu! nous périrons!' and 'Allons à terre! allons à terre!' As I found Mr. Bridge the only one who seemed to have retained any presence of mind, we consulted together and agreed to send two men with a candle up the bank in order to examine if it had separated from the island, a circumstance that we suspected from hearing the snapping of the limbs of some drift trees which were deposited betwixt the margin of the river and the summit of the bank. The men on arriving at the edge of the river cried out, 'Venez à terre! Venez à terre!' and told us there was a chasm formed already, so wide that it would be difficult to pass it to attain firm ground. Immediately after the shock we noticed the time, and found it was near two o'clock. It was now nearly half past, and I determined to go ashore myself, after securing some papers and money, and was employed in taking them out of my trunks, when another shock came on, terrible, but not equal to the first. Morin, our patron, called

\* There are reasons for believing that, although the centre, or, to use the especial language of the science, the seismic vertex, of the New Madrid shocks was at the outset much to the west of the Mississippi, it gradually moved eastward, until, towards the close of these movements, in 1813, it had travelled over two hundred miles in this direction, being then near the mouth of the Wabash River on the Ohio. The first movements at New Madrid were probably nearer horizontal than vertical; after some days however, the accounts say, the ground bounded up and down.

out from the island, 'Monsieur Bradbury, sauvez-vous! sauvez-vous!' I went ashore and found the chasm really frightful: it was not less than four feet in width; besides, the banks had sunk at least two feet. I took the candle, and examined to determine its length, and concluded that it could not be less than eighty yards; and where it terminated the banks had fallen into the river. I now saw clearly that our lives had been saved by mooring to a sloping bank. Before we had completed our fire we had two more shocks, and they occurred during the whole night at intervals of from six to ten minutes, but slight in comparison to the first and second. I had already noticed that the sound which was heard at the time of every shock always preceded it by about a second, and that it always proceeded from the same point and went off in an opposite direction. I now found that the shock came from a little northward of east and proceeded to the westward.\* At daylight we had counted twenty-seven shocks during our stay on the island, but still found the chasm so that it could be passed. The river was covered with drift-timber, and had risen considerably, but our boat was still safe. Whilst we were waiting till the light became sufficient for us to embark, two canoes floated down the river, in one of which we could perceive some Indian corn and some clothes; we considered this a melancholy proof that some of the boats we passed the preceding day had perished. Our conjectures were afterwards confirmed, as three had been overwhelmed and all on board had perished. I gave orders to embark, and we all went on board. The men were in the act of loosening the fastenings, when a shock occurred, nearly equal to the first in violence. The men ran up the bank in order to save themselves on the island; but before they could get over the chasm a tree fell close by them and stopped their pro-

\* This direction, it seems from the precision of statement, may have been determined with a compass, but it differs so widely from that assigned to the shocks by other accounts that I am tempted to believe it a mistake.

gress. The bank appeared to me to be rapidly moving into the river, and I called out to the men in the boat, 'Coupez les cordes!' On hearing this, the two men ran down the bank, loosed the cords, and jumped into the boat." The party landed again a few miles down the river, where the bank seemed more secure. While they were getting breakfast there were three more shocks; one was so violent that the party found it very difficult to keep their feet; the last came as they were about to re-embark, and one man was nearly precipitated into the river by the giving-way of the bank on which he stood. At eleven o'clock occurred another severe shock, which, says our author, "seemed to affect us as sensibly as if we had been on land. The trees on both sides of the river were violently agitated, and the banks fell in several places, carrying with them innumerable trees, the crash of which falling into the river, mixed with the terrible sound attending the shock and the screaming of the geese and other wild fowl, produced an idea that all nature was in a state of dissolution." Bradbury's party experienced repeated shocks during the following days. They found the people at the settlements they passed distracted with terror and filled with the belief that the end of the world was at hand. The rapid current of the stream soon carried the travellers beyond the region affected by the shocks. During the six days of their course through the shaken region, they experienced several dozen shocks, most of great severity, and yet the phenomena witnessed by these travellers were produced by the shocks where they were of far less power than they were at New Madrid and other points nearer the focus of the earthquake.

We have but one other account of the experiences of persons travelling on the river. This is contained in a letter from William Shaler to his friend Samuel L. Mitchell, and published by the latter in his account of this earthquake. The statements were gathered by the writer of the letter from the patron of

a Kentucky boat which had descended the Mississippi during the disturbances. The description relates to the shocks which occurred during the first part of the month of February. The events recounted are so extraordinary that we transcribe a part of the account: "On the 7th of last February, at 3 o'clock A. M., being moored to the bank of the Mississippi about thirteen miles above New Madrid, he was awakened by a tremendous roaring noise, felt his vessel violently shaken, and observed the trees over the bank falling in every direction and agitated like reeds on a windy day, and many sparks of fire emitted from the earth. He immediately cut his cable and put off into the middle of the river, where he soon found the current changed and the boat hurried up stream for about the space of a minute with the velocity of the swiftest horse; he was obliged to hold his hand to his head to keep his hat on. On the current's running its natural course, which it did gradually, he continued to proceed down the river, and about daylight came to a most terrific fall, which he thinks was at least six feet perpendicular, extending across the river, and about half a mile wide. The whirls and ripples of this rapid were such that his vessel was altogether unmanageable and destruction seemed inevitable; some of the former, he thinks, were at least thirty feet deep, and seemed to be formed by the water's being violently sucked into some chasm on the river's bottom. He and his men were constantly employed in pumping and bailing, by which, and the aid of Providence, he says, he got safe through. As soon as he was able to look round he saw whole forests on each side fall prostrate, to use his own comparison, 'like soldiers grounding their arms at the word of command.' On his arrival at New Madrid he found that place a complete wreck, sunk about twelve feet below its level, and entirely deserted; its inhabitants and those of the adjacent country, who had fled there for refuge, were encamped in the neighborhood. He represents their cries as truly distressing. A large barge, loaded with five

hundred barrels of flour, besides other articles, was split from end to end and turned upside down upon the bank. Of nearly thirty loaded boats, only this and one more escaped destruction; the water ran twelve feet high, and threw many of them a great many rods on shore; several lives were lost among the boatmen. Another fall was formed about eight miles below the town, the roaring of which he could distinctly hear at New Madrid. He waited five days for the fall to wear away. During that time the earth was constantly trembling at intervals of about five minutes. He observed many fissures in the earth, below the town, five or six feet wide, extending in length out of sight, and one side several feet lower than the other. On the fifth day, he passed the lower fall, which had worn away to a practicable rapid. He felt a succession of shocks until he came down to Plum Island." Other statements corroborate this statement of the reversion of the current of the Mississippi, and the formation of barriers across its course, over which the river broke in cataracts. On many accounts these are among the most surprising results of earthquake action ever recorded.

It is difficult to estimate the intensity of these long-continued shocks. The buildings along the banks of the Mississippi at that time were entirely of wood; even the chimneys, which generally are built of stone, at that early day in the West were usually constructed of small logs of wood notched and fitting into each other at the corners. This mode of building with notched logs was used also in constructing the houses and out-buildings, which were almost always of one story, and rarely exceeding fifteen feet in height. It would be impossible to imagine a style of building better suited to withstand such shocks; nothing but the most violent movements would affect such structures; yet there can be no doubt that the houses of New Madrid were ruined by the convulsion, and that over a wide area most of these substantial huts were so shaken as to be-

come uninhabitable. The people of that region, as soon as their first terror was over, abandoned their dwellings and resorted to the forests. In order to secure themselves against the risk of falling into the fissures which were so frequently formed, they felled trees so that their trunks would be transverse to the general direction which the fissures took, and built tents upon platforms which they constructed on those broad foundations.

While these facts afford an idea of the intensity of the shocks, they do not enable the reader to conceive of the tremendous effects of the repeated convulsions on the surface of the earth. Many considerable tracts of land were submerged; at other points dams were thrown across the smaller confluent of the Mississippi, forming lakes, some of which remain to the present day. Reelfoot Lake, near the Mississippi River, in the State of Kentucky, a body of water about fifty miles in length and from one to two miles and a half wide, was formed by a "sand blow," or the eruption of a great amount of sand, which dammed the waters of the stream, heaping them up until they found a new channel by passing into the Obion River.\* This extensive body of water had no existence until the earthquake shock. The valley was thickly wooded, and to this day, in the shallow parts of the lake, the dead cypresses stand in great numbers, their trunks blackened by the hunters' fires, the flames of which are wafted by the wind from the high grass of the shore and spread from tree to tree over the water.

Although nearly sixty years have elapsed since the earthquake occurred, and although the soil on which its chief force was spent is of a loose texture, which renders the obliterating effect of time on all irregularities of surface peculiarly great, one can still find in a day's journey frequent evidences of the action of those terrible shocks. In the southwest corner of Kentucky

the "earth-cracks" may be traced at many points, the fissures being from twenty to seventy feet wide and from one to four feet deep. In Obion County, Tennessee, where the effects were still more violent, depressions are even now visible one hundred feet deep, and varying from a few feet to one hundred feet wide. They are said to have had more than twice this depth when originally formed. Many of these fissures were produced by the escape of gases, which broke forth with all the violence of volcanic eruptions, throwing out great quantities of sand and water. There seems reason to believe that, although no indications of the coming shock were perceived in the atmospheric condition of the night on which it occurred, a very sudden change succeeded the earthquake: within five minutes after the first movement, the heavens, which had been peculiarly clear and serene, became overcast, and the air was filled with a dense vapor, which had a disagreeable smell and produced a difficulty of breathing. This condition of the air continued until the break of day, before which several other shocks occurred; it then cleared up. Soon after sunrise another shock of great violence succeeded, which overthrew the chimneys which had withstood the preceding movements, and rocked the houses very violently. The darkness immediately returned, and the terrified inhabitants fled from their homes. There seems no doubt that there were sudden flashes of fire at the moment of each shock. This, as well as the statement of the sudden change in the condition of the atmosphere, does not rest upon the authority of one observer, but is supported by so many independent observations that it cannot be considered doubtful. The formation of vapor does not seem difficult to account for; the tremendous character of the movement of the soil must have generated a great deal of heat. There is also abundant evidence that large quantities of hot water were ejected from the fissures in the earth. These agents may have been sufficient to have pro-

\* This expanse of water includes Obion Lake, which is on the same level and seems to have been formed at the same time and by the same barrier.



duced the result. The electric flashes which accompanied the shocks have been observed in the case of most shocks of extreme violence occurring during the night-time. There can be no doubt that an immense amount of frictional electricity is evolved by the intense movements of the soil attendant on earthquakes of great violence, and it is quite natural that this should discharge itself into the atmosphere in lightning-flashes. These peculiar electrical and atmospheric phenomena were limited to the region of greatest observed disturbance, in the vicinity of New Madrid.

Our space will not allow us to trace in detail the various effects of this earthquake in different parts of the Mississippi valley. The physical effects were not observed over one fiftieth part of the region shaken. The scanty and illiterate population has left us only the most imperfect records of what they saw, yet enough remains to make it certain that since human history began the earth has rarely been shaken by a more tremendous convulsion.

The continuance of the shocks was as remarkable even as their violence or the peculiar phenomena they induced. From the morning of the 16th, to the 28th of December, sixty-seven shocks were counted. A competent observer, Dr. Robertson, a government surveyor, then living at St. Genevieve on the Mississippi River, about fifty miles below St. Louis, counted over five hundred shocks, when he became weary and abandoned the task. During the fourteen months succeeding the first shock, not a single day passed without a considerable movement of the earth, and often many shocks occurred within a few hours. After the expiration of a year the disturbances became more rare and lost their destructive violence, but another twelvemonth passed before the movements ceased to occur. During the first part of the series of shocks the centre of the disturbance seemed to be in the region lying to the west of New Madrid; but the point of greatest frequency gradually moved eastward,

until it was near the mouth of the Wabash River, in the Ohio valley. Here, over a region about twenty miles in diameter, a succession of shocks occurred for more than two years, during which time only a few days passed without bringing a distinct movement. Most of the oscillations were of such a slight character as not to be felt outside of this narrow district. The following account of the movements of the earth observed at Cincinnati, Ohio, will give the reader an idea of the force of the convulsion at a point on the extreme limit of the area disturbed, where shocks were reduced to the merest tremblings, which near their origin were of extreme violence. It is from the pen of Dr. Daniel Drake, an acute observer, who has supplied us the only connected and carefully recorded observations made upon the shock. The extract is from the Appendix to Drake's *Natural and Statistical View of Cincinnati*:—

"December 16, 1811.—At twenty-four minutes after two o'clock A. M., mean time, the first shock occurred. The motion was a quick oscillation or rocking, by most persons believed to be from west to east, by some south to north. Its continuance, taking the average of all the observations I could collect, was six or seven minutes. Several persons assert that it was preceded by a rumbling or rushing noise, but this is denied by others, who were awake at the commencement. It was so violent as to agitate the loose furniture in our rooms, open partition-doors that were fastened by falling latches, and throw off the tops of a few chimneys in the vicinity of the town. It seems to have been stronger in the valley of the Ohio than in the adjoining uplands. Many families living on the elevated ridges of Kentucky, not more than twenty miles from the river, slept during the shock; which cannot be said, perhaps, of any family in town.

"About three o'clock, or about forty-five minutes after the first, a slight vibration was felt.

"At twenty minutes after seven



o'clock A. M. of the same day occurred a moderate rocking, apparently southwest and northeast, of about one minute's duration, terminating in a strong throe of a few seconds. This was unattended by any sound in the earth or atmosphere.

"Thirty minutes past seven A. M., a slight oscillation.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock A. M., another of the same force.

"17th. — At fifteen minutes before twelve, a vibration stronger than the last.

"18th. — About thirty minutes past eleven, a moderate agitation.

"31st. — Between four and five o'clock, a few gentle rockings.

"January 3, 1812. — A slight vibration between two and three o'clock A. M.

"From the 3d to the 22d no vibration strong enough to attract general notice occurred; and it was generally believed in Cincinnati that the earth hereabouts was quiet. Others however assert that they felt many slight agitations, which undoubtedly was the case, for during that period shocks were every day felt along the Mississippi.

"23d. — About nine o'clock A. M. a great number of strong undulations occurred in quick succession. They continued four or five minutes, having two or three quick exacerbations during that time. An instrument, constructed on the principle of that used in Naples at the time of the memorable Calabrian earthquakes, marked the direction of the undulations from south-southeast to north-northwest. This earthquake was nearly equal to that which commenced the series, on the 16th ultimo.

"27th. — At forty-five minutes past eight A. M., a solitary heave, as strong as any single throe on the 23d.

"February 4. — About four o'clock P. M., a pretty strong agitation.

"5th and 6th. — During these days and the nights preceding them many slight jars and tremors were perceived by the aid of delicate plumb-lines. They were also perceptible to those

persons who were at rest in situations favorable for nice observation.

"7th. — At forty-five minutes past three o'clock A. M., several alarming shocks in rapid succession. The instrument already mentioned indicated the three principal heaves to be from the southwest, the south-southwest, and north-northeast. The last greatly surpassed any other undulation ever known in this place. It threw down the tops of more chimneys, made wider fissures in brick walls, and produced vertigo and nausea in a greater number of people, than the earthquakes of either the 16th of December or the 23d of January. It was said by some that this earthquake was preceded by a light and noise; but this was denied by others who were awake and collected in mind and senses.

"8th. — During most of this day the earth was (to borrow a term from chemistry) in a state of ebullition, as the gyration and other agitation of pendulous bodies indicated.

"About eight P. M., a slight agitation.

"At thirty minutes after eight o'clock P. M., another vibration; its continuance was nearly a minute.

"At forty minutes after ten o'clock, a shock considerably stronger than either of the preceding. It was observed to produce in suspended and elevated bodies a very sensible degree of trembling, but no oscillation, indicating perhaps a vertical, instead of the horizontal motion of the previous shocks. Immediately before this shock I had the pleasure of hearing, for the first time, a noise such as preceded, according to the report of some of our citizens, most of the principal earthquakes. It was a peculiar, faint, dull, rumbling or rushing sound, near the horizon, to the southwest. It seemed to approach, but not to arrive at the place of observation, and after continuing four or five seconds was succeeded by the shake. During the remainder of the night and the next day the earth was in the same state of tremor which it suffered on the 5th and 6th.

"10th. — About four o'clock P. M., a gentle vibration.

"11th. — About one o'clock A. M., another.

"11th. — About six o'clock A. M., another.

"13th. — About ten o'clock A. M., another.

"13th. — About two o'clock P. M., another.

"16th. — About ten o'clock P. M., another.

"17th. — At forty minutes after three o'clock A. M., a stronger shock; the undulation was south-southeast and north-northwest. About this time a great number of slight tremors and agitations were perceived.

"20th. — Between ten and eleven P. M., a slight shock.

"21st. — At thirty minutes past twelve o'clock A. M., a short but stronger shock.

"22d. — Between three and four A. M., another slight vibration: these three oscillations were south and north.

"March 3. — A few slight rockings about thirty minutes past six o'clock A. M.

"10th. — A stronger vibration about eight o'clock P. M.

"11th. — A slighter vibration between two and three o'clock A. M.

"April 30. — A moderate agitation.

"May 4. — About eleven o'clock A. M., a slight shock.

"10th. — About eleven o'clock P. M., a slight shock.

"June 25. — In the night, a slight shock.

"26th. — About eight o'clock A. M., a slight agitation.

"September 15. — At the dawn of day, a moderate vibration.

"December 22. — About three o'clock, another.

"March 6, 1813. — About ten o'clock P. M., a very slight shock.

"December 12. — Between ten and eleven o'clock A. M., another.

"December 12. — Between three and four o'clock P. M., another."

In the variety as well as the range of its effects in different parts of the

continent of North America, this convulsion can only be compared with the Lisbon earthquake. As in that memorable convulsion, the greater shocks of this earthquake, while diminishing gradually in force as we pass from the centre of disturbance to more distant regions, exhibited some peculiar features in their intensity at different points. The shocks were felt as far as the shores of Lakes Michigan and St. Clair on the north, to the Atlantic on the east, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south; but it was only the first movement and possibly one or two of the heavier shocks which occurred in the first year of the disturbance which extended their effects so far. The others were really local in character. The region shaken by the shocks of average force, although extensive, was much more limited than that affected by the severest movements. On the east, it reached Cincinnati, where over one hundred distinct shocks were felt; on the north it extended to the northern border of Illinois; and on the south to the point where the Mississippi enters the State of Louisiana.

The eastward extension of the greater shocks was much hindered by the Alleghany Mountains. This range interposed a barrier to the propagation of the movement, such as has frequently been noticed in connection with the shocks which have affected Central and Southern Italy, where the mountains limit the shocks in a remarkable degree. The movement of the shocks of the first day was felt, though indistinctly, as far as Richmond, Virginia, and Washington. They were not perceived farther north on the coast line, nor were any of the subsequent shocks noticed. From Columbia, South Carolina, southward, as we pass from under the protection of the Alleghany range, we find the effects of the shocks more intense. At the last-named city, plastering fell from the ceilings, and great terror was produced by the shocks. At Charleston, the church-steeple rocked so that the bells rang continuously; during December seven shocks

were felt. At Knoxville, on the western side of the mountains, the shocks were violent, and attended, as at many other points, with flashes like lightning. It would require a volume to recapitulate the recorded effects of these shocks at different points; we have given enough to enable the reader to form a conception of the nature of this grand convulsion. To the geologist, the most remarkable features are, that a convulsion of such violence and long continuance should have occurred at a region so remote from points of volcanic eruption, and in a country where so large a portion of the surface is formed of rocks, which seem to have been but little affected by the forces coming from beneath. But there are other considerations which cannot fail to interest the general reader even more than these scientific speculations; namely, what are the probabilities of a repetition of such a catastrophe in that region, and what would be the effects of such movements on the works of man?

To the first of these important questions only a qualified answer can be returned. As before stated, the occurrence of such a shock in a region like the Mississippi valley, on the borders of a great river, is probably unprecedented in the history of earthquakes; but, as it has occurred, all analogies indicate the probability of its recurrence within a century. In all those countries which have been visited by great convulsions, where observation has extended over a great length of time, it has been found that their visits may be expected as often as about once in a hundred years. If such a convulsion should revisit that region in its present populous condition, the destruction of life and property would be terrible indeed. In no portion of the world are the buildings less fitted to withstand such shocks. To feeble walls of great height, and with slight transverse supports, are added massive stone copings and heavily loaded floors. The architect's work is deemed to be the nice adjusting of strength to strain, so

that nothing is left for contingencies. The seismologist can have no doubt that the recurrence of a series of earthquakes like those of 1811, 1812, and 1813 would ruin many of the cities of the Mississippi valley. St. Louis, Memphis, Cairo, Nashville, the towns along the Ohio River below Cincinnati, and the cities generally within two hundred miles of New Madrid, would suffer terribly by a return of those movements which convulsed the region half a century ago. An earthquake which could render log-houses uninhabitable would play havoc with the flimsy structures which prevail in our Western cities. It is sincerely to be hoped that the conclusions of science may prove without foundation, and that this warning may be found to have as little basis as it will have effect; but the cautious man, building in a region which had been shaken as this region has been, would try to give his walls the strength of Roman masonry, and avoid all unnecessary elements of weakness in his buildings.

After the land in the Mississippi valley had ceased to vibrate with the frequently recurring shocks of the New Madrid earthquake, there came a long period of repose. Indeed, for nearly forty years only the most feeble tremors, occurring at long intervals, served to remind the people of the valley that the forces of the earthquake still existed under their feet. In February, 1857, there occurred a shock more violent than any since 1813. No damage was done to buildings, nor were any effects traced on the surface of the earth. Those people who had experienced the shocks of 1811 to 1813 were much frightened at the prospect of a similar calamity; but the mass of the population was unaffected by it. The work of collecting the records necessary to the formation of a catalogue of the earthquakes of the Mississippi valley remains to be done, so that it is not possible to present here a list of these shocks. This is the less to be regretted, inasmuch as they afford little matter calculated to interest the general reader.

## OUR PHIL.

OUR Phil was blacker than the ace of spades. He was the blackest darky that ever was born. Jet, huckleberries, charcoal, ebony, and crows were nothing to him. On the old place at home it was considered quite a point to be black; if you could not be a "latter," or a mulatto, as you precise Northerners would say, why then, the next best thing was to be dead-black.

All of Phil's people were black; Aunt Dolly, his mother, who cooked at the "house" for twenty-five years, used to almost put the fire out when she looked into it; Uncle Pete, his father, and Sam, Cæsar, Hagar, and Ann, his brothers and sisters, were every one as black as Egypt.

After nearly a quarter of a century, Aunt Dolly began to fail a little in her cooking; she forgot the salt in the corn-cakes one day, and let the pot-pie burn the next.

"That will never do, Dolly," said my mother.

"Awful sorry, mistis," replied Aunt Dolly, penitently.

"You are not so young as you were, and you must not try to do so much. We will get some one in to help you; who shall it be, Dolly?"

"There's Jupe's Clarsy," said Aunt Dolly, after a minute's thought, "she's a likely gal; quite spry, I heerd, mistis, quite spry, since she come back."

"Very well, you shall have her, then."

This likely girl of Jupiter's, Clarissa by name, had recently come back to her father. She scarcely deserved the name of girl, for she was on the sensible side of thirty, and was a widow, or as much of one as a woman can be who does not know whether her husband is dead or alive. Her Jacob, a man twenty years older than herself, had gone away to sea five years before, and she had never seen or heard of him since. After wandering about

from place to place at service, she had finally come home again, and now she was to be installed as helper to Aunt Dolly.

These people were not slaves, but had been. Long before that eventful hour when the great public Proclamation of Freedom broke every bond in the land with one blow, the process of emancipation had been going on slowly but very surely in those sections of the South that bordered on the Northern States. Liberty cannot keep itself to itself. It was, in those old times, like a pear-tree planted near the boundary line of your garden; its shade, its fragrance, its leaves, and a goodly portion of its fruit, would fall over on the other side. So the desire to be free and to set free, the love of liberty in its fullest and widest sense, had crept down silently into many a plantation and old estate in Kentucky, Virginia, and along our Maryland coast.

How any one could ever oppress the weak, oppose the right, uphold the wrong, or stoop to any meanness or dishonor, in the face of the everlasting sea, I cannot understand. The boundless, restless, mysterious world of waters seems to link us closer to God than any other of his works. It utters his voice in tempest, and mirrors his heavens in calm. Its solemn booming at dead of night, like an accusing voice that protests against wrong and condemns the doer, might set a man crazy if he had guilt on his soul. And its laughing ripples on a spring morning, foaming and bubbling up the beach, while the water beyond is smooth as crystal and clear as the sea of glass in the vision of St. John, ought to persuade him to all goodness, faith, and mercy.

However all this may be, our negroes were free. My grandfather Calvert could never quite bring himself to take the step of freeing them, but the first

act of my father when the estate came into his hands was to carry out this long-desired purpose. That was before I was born, and more than a dozen years anterior to the memorable day when Aunt Dolly burned the pot-pie, and was furnished with an assistant in consequence.

Clarsy turned out to be a very likely girl indeed, and before she had worked in the kitchen a year our Phil fell in love with her. I always heard the gossip of the place from Phil's sister, Black Ann, so called in opposition to 'Latter Ann, who sometimes did the extra laundry work. Black Ann was house-worker, and was the strangest mixture of good and bad, of shrewd and silly, that ever grew up on the old place. One minute she seemed gentle and conscientious; the next hard as granite and utterly reprobate; one hour she would tell you horrible lies, and the next come and confess them to you without a particle of penitence; and in all my life I never saw her shed a tear. If anything disturbed or agitated her very much, she would give a loud, defiant sniff, and wipe her mouth hard with her apron.

I was coming down stairs one day when Black Ann was washing the woodwork. She caught my feet in her hands as I went to pass, exclaiming: "Bless your little feet, Miss Cathy! ain't no bigger than corn-cobs!"

"Don't, Anny," I replied, with as much dignity as a child of twelve could assume; "I don't like to have you touch my feet!"

"Don't, eh? Must let 'em go, then."

"And I don't like to be called Miss Cathy, either. Cathy is such a horrid name!"

"What then? Can't say 'Miss Kitty,' 'cause that's the mistis's name, and then we'd have to call her 'Old Miss Kitty,' and that's no manners."

"You can call me Miss Kate."

"Hi!" she said, with a laugh, "that will do for the quality! Reg'lar quality name! don't come nat'ral to a poor danky like me."

It always made me feel bad to hear

Anny call herself a poor danky, so I said: "Well, I don't care, Anny, you can say Cathy if you like, although it is ugly."

"Lor bless you! 'tain't ugly a mite! It's sweet as 'lasses! It's sweet as you be! Now I'll tell you something, 'cause you're so good. Phil wants to marry Clarsy!"

"Does he?"

"Yes, but he can't do it!"

"Why not?"

"Got one husband already."

"Why, no, Anny, she's a widow."

"Only 'bout half, Miss Cathy. They got to wait a year, anyhow; law ain't up till after seven years."

"Why, Anny, widows don't have to wait till their husbands have been dead seven years."

"Massy, no! not if they're stone-dead; then you can get married next morning; but if you ain't sartain sure, got to wait seven years, for fear he'll come back."

"That seems stupid, because he could come back in seven years and a day or a week."

"Don't know noffink 'bout that, Miss Cathy, only what I heerd 'em tell, that the law was up next year."

I troubled my head but little about the law, although I regretted very much that the fun of a wedding, with all its attendant good things, should be put off for a whole year, and I felt still worse when I heard through Anny, from time to time, that poor Phil was half sick with anxiety and fear, lest Clarsy's "Old Jake" should come back before the year was out.

"He can't think of noffink else, Miss Cathy," she said, one day. "Dreams of him every night, he says; thinks he sees him swimming ashore, or putting up to the dock, and he goes into cold sweats and nightmares. What's got hold of him to think so much of that Clarsy, I can't see! If old Jake comes back, let him take her, I say, and clar! No, lorst! She can cook pretty smart, but, lor! any poor danky can cook! But then she's a good color, too, Clarsy is; none of your half-way niggers!"

Clarsy was black as a coal, too.

"I'm very sorry for Phil," said I, "but I think it will all come out right, Anny."

"So I tell him, Miss Cathy. More gals than Clarsy in the world, and better ones, too! But, massy me! when a man gits his mind sot onto a gal, it's just as if the handle was off the coffee-mill; can't turn him, nohow!"

But in spite of Phil's nightmare and terror, and Clarsy's feeble apprehension lest she might lose the wedding-cake, the ring, and the party, the year went round, the "law was up," and the marriage-day appointed. Mr. Scott, our minister, was to drive down and perform the ceremony, and remain with us over night; which he frequently did, as his house was seven miles away. All the people about were invited, and even two or three of Clarsy's relations were coming all the way down from the city to grace the occasion. Mother always took great pains to make our people happy, especially on their holidays and festivals, and wonderful preparations were made for the wedding. Clarsy took a journey to the city, expressly to buy her dress; but if she had gone to Europe on purpose she could not have found anything uglier. It was the most dismal shade of lead-colored alpaca, striped with black, gloomy enough to make you shed tears; but she thought it was beautiful, and Aunt Dolly commended her for buying goods that would "do sarvice." There were whole ovens full of cake and biscuit baked, and mother frosted the bride's loaf and put sugar-plums in the icing. The kitchen and back kitchen were newly whitewashed, and the great brick jambs painted black. At last, everything was ready; the day arrived; the shelves in the big milk-room fairly sagged with their burden of roast and boiled, and broiled and baked; dozens of long benches were brought in from the little meeting-house in the woods to accommodate the guests; the floors were sanded, the candles lit, and by dusk the people began to gather. The hour arrived, but Mr. Scott had not

come. Everything was ready, everybody waiting, time slipping by, and still no Mr. Scott. The darkies were seated in closely packed rows on the benches, keeping solemn silence in expectation of the minister's coming; 'Lias, the fiddler, and the two "banjo-pickers," being very much in the foreground, and quite conspicuous, kept tuning up their instruments to relieve their embarrassment; while the poor bride and groom, martyrs to etiquette, stood patiently all this time in the dark in the milk-room, with nothing but the smell of the refreshments to keep their spirits up while waiting their long-delayed summons.

My father was sitting lazily by the blazing fire in the dining-room, reading contentedly, in the easiest of arm-chairs.

"Leonard," said my mother, "it is half an hour past the time, and out-doors it is dark, and raining a little; I'm afraid Mr. Scott won't come."

"I dare say not," said father, carelessly.

"But what will they do?"

"O, let them wait till to-morrow night."

"Now, Leonard, you know that's impossible! Think of all the people, and how far some of them have come! Besides, the cake and biscuits will be dry, and the syllabub spoiled! Suppose you marry them, dear; you are a judge, and you know you married a couple once."

"I? Pshaw! pshaw! Let them jump over a broomstick! I can't do it!"

"Now, Leonard," she answered, reprovingly, "you must not speak in that trifling way. Marriage is a very solemn thing, not to be made fun of. Come, now, you marry them, dear; they will all be so disappointed otherwise; won't you?"

"Well, well, if I must, I must. I suppose I can tie them tight enough! Give us the book then!" and he rose reluctantly, and stretched out his hand for the prayer-book.

"But you won't do it in that shooting-jacket, dear."

"Why not?"



"Nor in those red slippers, with that wicked-looking fox-head on them!"

"What's the matter with the slippers?" he said, turning them sideways and looking intently at them.

"Of course you'll put on your boots and your dress-suit."

"Will I?"

"Certainly, dear; you wouldn't look dignified enough, otherwise."

"Well, if you say so, it must be done! Bless me! I dare n't, though! I'm afraid I'll have to salute the bride!"

"Never fear. Hurry now, it is so late, dear."

Father loved dearly to tease mother a little with his nonsense, but he was at heart as good as gold and as sweet as honey. Presently he appeared in his black clothes and white cravat, looking as grand and handsome as a prince, I thought. He gave us children a comical wink as we followed him to the kitchen, that set us all laughing; but mother held up her finger at us, and we knew we must be quiet then.

Phil had on a huge white vest; and, either because he was warm, or uneasy, or vain, or perhaps all three, he had turned his coat so far back at the sides that the vest looked like a full-sized square pillow-case. Clarsy's lead-colored alpaca was more melancholy than ever by candle-light; but then she had a pocket-handkerchief nearly the size of Phil's vest, which she held tight against the middle of her waist, and that relieved the gloom a little. Poor things! they both looked frightened, but Phil the most so. Clarsy had been through it once before, and he had n't; besides that, Phil had a big heart, and she a little one; and, moreover, there was no doubt a perpetual vision before his mind of the possibly resuscitating "Old Jake."

When the ceremony was over, father congratulated them in the most courteous way; mother did the same; and then the "quality" was supposed to retire; although Lucy and I and George, by Aunt Dolly's special invitation, witnessed the fun through a wide

and premeditated crack in the kitchen door. And O, what fun! The only drawback to our enjoyment was that Fred was away at school, and could not see it too. George went so far as to wish he was a darky himself; and Lucy and I had to appeal to every feeling of delicacy there was inside of his little nine-year-old breast to keep him from rushing in, and participating actively in the proceedings.

"O dear!" he groaned, "if it was n't a double-shuffle I could stand it!" But he had to stand it, nevertheless, although he would make his feet go on the entry floor, in spite of our nudges and entreaties. They had come to the genuine, old-fashioned "Old Virginny never-tire" double-shuffle now, and no wonder it set him crazy.

Just after the marriage ceremony was over, the cake and coffee had been passed; then Clarsy's city cousins being introduced to the company, had done their best to overawe the rustic assembly by an amazing display of airs and attitudes, and then the dancing had begun. A little space was cleared in the middle of the floor, hardly big enough to turn around in, and Sam and Cæsar, as brothers of the groom, opened the ball with the time-honored favorite, the double-shuffle. They stood facing each other, their hands hanging straight down by their sides, their eyes rolling, their heads lolling back on their shoulders, or else by way of variety hanging forward with their chins on their breasts. They danced till the floors shook, the rafters trembled and shed dust, and the candles tottered in their sockets; the perspiration streamed down their faces, and the cords of their hands stood out like cables. Neither would give in, though both were ready to drop; the excitement augmented every instant, the spectators cheered and "hi-ed!" and finally joined the instruments with a kind of wild, tuneless, minor chorus, the favorite couplet in which seemed to be,—

"Jump up, Josy, right in de middle on it,  
Don't take it all, Josy, lebe us a little on it."

Still Sam and Cæsar danced on with stern determination, fainter and fainter, feebler and feebler, neither willing to be first to yield, both panting and distressed, till finally a brilliant notion struck Sam: he flung his arms around Cæsar with a bear-like hug, and both shuffled down upon a bench together.

Then Clarsy's city cousin, Charles, proposed to show them how folks did these things in the city. "Hullo for Chawls!" "Clar de kitchen for Chawls!" "Out de way for de city nigger!" resounded from different parts of the room; and "Chawls," no-wise daunted, came forward. He was a very wiry little man, with white cotton gloves on his hands, and small gold hoops in his ears; and his hair was braided in eight tight, stiff little tails, standing out like four horns on each side of his head. He was brimful of airs and graces and bows, and he made all his gestures with his fingers spread to their utmost extent, and the palms of his hands facing his hearers, as if metaphorically he was putting them down flat and holding them there.

But there was a little jealousy against the "city nigger" and his assumption of superiority; and 'Lias and the other players did not favor him at all; in fact, they put him out as much as possible. Chawls finally had to stop in the very middle of one of his flourishes, — he danced altogether in the air, and only came down to the floor at long intervals, to get a base for another series of springs, — in the very middle of one of his most wonderful flourishes, and appealed to them most piteously, with the palms of his hands pawing the air: —

"If de gent'lum what scrapes de wio-lin and de gent'lum what picks upon de banjos would please to keep little better time, dey would make demselves most agree'ble to my feelinks. You see, gent'lum, I would n't make dis request, but, you see, de way we dance to de city we need de best kind of time. De way you dance to de plantation, you see, where you hangs onto de floor wid your feet all de time, and can't let go,

why it's all de same, whedder or no; but de way *we* do it, when we got just so much to get along wid, between each step, we need wery partikler time, gent'lum, wery partikler time indeed."

The appeal was not without effect, and he completed his performance with approbation on the part of the spectators, and intense complacency on his own.

After that the dancing became general, and between the dances they played games. All of these latter were accompanied by wild, rollicking tunes, sung to very amazing words, and seemed to consist chiefly in choosing favored friends out of the ring, embracing them affectionately, after more or less coquettish reluctance, and then leaving them to make their choice in turn. All this, being done to music, was of course perfectly proper, according to certain rules of high life. The couplets they sang had rather a sameness of sentiment: —

"I looked to de east, and I looked to de west,  
And I looked to de one dat I liked best."

Another great favorite, which they sang about forty times over, was this: —

"O, my love, she is so sweet!  
O, my love, she is so neat!  
O, there's none so fair  
As can compare  
With you, my dear!"

A third, which also occasioned great delight, was sung by the whole circle, while a woman sat on a chair in the middle with a handkerchief over her head to represent a veil, which was finally plucked off by the victorious suitor: —

"My lady is handsome, she sits in the sun,  
As sweet as a lily, as brown as a bun."

How long the dancing and singing and eating went on, there's no telling, for we children were called away and sent to bed hours before it was over.

After all the jollity was past and ended, the city cousins gone home, the floors scrubbed, the leavings eaten up, and the benches put properly back into the little meeting-house again, as if they had n't been to a dance and had sassafras-beer spilt on them, Phil and Clarsy set up housekeeping in a snug

little cabin on the bank of Eel Creek. Mother gave Phil a table and set of chairs and a wooden clock; Aunt Dolly "spared" him a feather-bed; and, with the remains of Clarsy's former household possessions, they were right comfortable. The cabin had a front and back door, and before each entrance Phil had paved a space a yard square with clam-shells. On the outside of each door hung a stout loop of string to lift the wooden latch by; but it was n't often used, for the door stood open from morning till night, and Clarsy's chickens wandered in at one door, picked up the crumbs and scratched in the sand on the floor, and walked out at the other, in a happy, easy, and unrebuked way. The ducks waddled in and thrust their bills in the suppawn pot standing on the hearth, not at all deterred by Clarsy's mild manner of saying, "Wal, now! what'll you do next, I wonder!" A fine little pig grunted in a new sty close by; a black cat dozed away a contented existence on the sunny door-sill; Phil's gun hung along the rafters on three wooden hooks; and, to crown the whole, two china dogs and a plaster parrot painted green glorified the mantel-piece. Nothing seemed wanting to complete their felicity, and poor Phil, after all his tribulations, was as happy as a king.

Clarsy made him a tidy, pleasant, sweet-tempered wife; for, though her brain was weak, it was pliant, and though her heart was small, it was a kind little heartlet as far as it went.

Two years went by as smoothly as possible, and everybody had forgotten there ever had been an old Jake, when, one day, as mother was sitting in her room at work, Clarsy knocked at the door with a trembling hand, and then entered, with her eyes fixed and her lips ashy with fright.

"Why, Clarsy," said mother, "what is the matter? Do speak, child; do speak!"

"It's — it's — it's old Jake!" stammered Clarsy.

"Old Jake!"

"Old Jake, mistis! Flesh and blood,

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and no spook! wish 't was!" and then poor Clarsy burst into violent tears. "Lord, Miss Kitty," she said, piteously, wringing her hands, "will I be took up and swung?"

"No, no, Clarsy, of course not. You have not done anything wrong; but it is dreadfully unfortunate! Where has Jake been all this time?"

"Wal, the first time he come back he got a chance to ship agin right off, and then he was wracked onto a lonesome sort of a place and had a hard scramble to git along, and after that he went whalin' a couple of viages, and when he got ashore this time he took a notion to come home."

"Jake ought to be ashamed of himself," said mother, indignantly, "not to send you any word or any money in all that time, so that you could know, at least, that he was alive."

"Lord, Miss Kitty, whose wife be I, anyhow? for, sartin sure, I don't know. Jake says I'm hisn, and I know Phil sets great store by me, and I'm afeerd to tell him."

Father was called in and consulted, and finally, out of pity to Clarsy, assumed the unwelcome task of telling Phil that old Jake had come back.

Then there was a terrible time for a few days. Old Jake was obstreperous and wanted his own, half out of stubbornness, for if he had cared much for her he need not have stayed away nine years; and Phil loaded his gun afresh in the presence of four witnesses, and swore he'd "kill him if he did n't clar!"

Black Ann scoured and scrubbed with the power of an engine from morning till night, singing "Bright Canaan" between her teeth all the time, with a face as hard as granite. She came to my room one night and sat down upon the floor near the door, clasping her arms around her knees, and rocking herself to and fro.

"You like your brudder, Mars Freddy, Miss Cathy? Do you?"

"Why, Anny," I replied, "you know I love him dearly."

"I don't care noffink for Phil, I don't.

Poor ducky like me ain't got no feelinks!" and she gave one of her defiant sniffs and rubbed her mouth violently.

"Anny," I said, "don't talk in that silly way to me. I know just how bad you feel, and I feel very bad about it, too."

"Do, eh, Miss Cathy? Why don't you do suffink then?"

"What can I do, Anny?"

"Tell Mars Lennie to swing Jake!"

"Swing him! Why, Anny, you can't hang a man unless he's guilty, and then it must be done by order of a judge."

"Mars Lennie's a judge."

"But Jake would have to be tried in court first, and he has n't done anything wicked that I know of."

"He's s'arted his wife."

I laughed, in spite of my perplexity and Anny's sorrow. "Then how could you punish him for coming back to her?"

"Well, if you can't swing him, tie him up and strap him! Mars Lennie's too soft! 'T wa' n't so in old marsa's time! Mind your manners, or you'd git cut over! Been tied up and strapped more'n once, myself!" and again she sniffed defiantly.

"I'm sorry, Anny; it was cruel; but *you* don't want to be cruel to Jake!"

"Yes, I do! Kill him. I would, if I wa' n't afeerd of gittin' cotched!" and she rocked herself to and fro, harder and harder.

"I'm sure you would n't, Anny," I said, "you're not so bad as that. Wait awhile and see what the end will be."

"I can see it now, Miss Cathy. Don't need no specs for that! All the sense that ever I had I've got it yit. There's Clarsy, now, she never had a grain into her! Allers was as sholler as a milk-pan! Her head's like one of these 'ere wa'nuts that's been lyin' out all winter: looks like other folk's heads on the outside; but come to crack it, and there ain't no meat into it, nothing but a little dirty juice. Miss Cathy'll see what Clarsy'll do! Miss Cathy'll see! I heerd 'em tell how old Jake had four hundred dollars stored up in the bank; and when Clarsy gits a

chance, Miss Cathy'll see what she'll do! B'lieve it's the Lord's world, Miss Cathy?"

"I know it is, Anny."

"Lord may be marsa, but 'pears like he's put Satan in for overseer! Said your prayers yit, Miss Cathy?"

"No, Anny."

"Put Black Ann into 'em to-night, Miss Cathy, sartain sure, will you?"

"I always do; but, Anny, you've said a very wrong thing."

"Makes no odds, Miss Cathy! Noffink but poor ducky! Could n't be noffink else, if we tried ever so hard! You're good, Miss Cathy, you ain't bad like Black Ann, be you? Good night." And before I could answer, with a grotesque movement she had rolled herself to the door, and gone out.

I did not believe Anny's prophecy when she spoke it, but it proved true at last. Jake had seemed to retire, and yield the victory to Phil, but there were repeated rumors of his having been seen about the cabin, while Phil was off at work in the field; and Clarsy came out almost every week in some new thing or another, which she professed to have bought of a pedler or to have had stowed away for years. First it was a pair of ear-rings, so long, they nearly reached her collar-bone; then a shawl of fiery red plaid; then a huge bead net, which was not half filled out with her short wool, and hung down at each side, making her look like a lop-eared rabbit; then a pair of yellow cotton gloves, and so on, through a long list. Phil may have suspected the truth, but no one dared tell him of Jake's visits, and Clarsy always denied them.

In this manner, two or three months passed away, and the time for topping the tobacco came. The hands were always very busy then, and those who went to the lower plantation often stayed overnight to save time, and Phil was one of them.

All this time, while Jake was skulking in terror, and Phil half sick with anxiety, Clarsy rode upon the topmost wave of triumph. It was a most novel and pleasing sensation to be a heroine; to

keep two husbands trembling in suspense; to make gossip and excitement for all the neighborhood; to feel herself noted and important for the first time in her life. She took on more airs than a dashing belle spoiled with adulation, and snubbed the other women in a weak, venomless way, and flirted with the men, and dangled her ear-rings, and would n't feed the pig.

One morning, when Phil was at the lower plantation, topping away in the blazing sun, with busy fingers and an aching heart, there drew up on the carriage-road before the house a very Oriental-looking cavalcade. Old Jake headed it, in a blue shirt, with the ox-goad, or "gad" as he would have called it, over his shoulder, and a look of dogged satisfaction on his face. Behind him came an ox-team drawing a cart, on which were piled the entire contents of Phil's little cabin, the feather-bed surmounting the whole, and on top of that Clarsy, in her red shawl, her bead net, her yellow gloves, and blue parasol. After the cart came the pig, pulled along by a string tied to his yoke, rebellious and grunting. "Did n't like to clar out, without saying good by, mistis," Clarsy said to mother, who went to the door; "thought I'd just step off quiet like while Phil was to field. Phil allers takes on so, and makes such a high time! I'm kinder sorry, but I reckon you better give 'em the gad, Jake, for it's time we was gittin' along."

Phil did not come home till the next evening, and then he found a hearth-stone cold indeed: no fire, no supper, no wife, no household-stuff; the Lares and Penates clean gone forever, including the feather-bed, the pig, and the plaster parrot. Poor soul! how he raved and cried, and made impotent vows of vengeance. Then he took the molasses-jug, and paddled off in his boat to the "store," a few miles away. He came back toward morning as drunk as a fool, and so lay on his cabin floor three days and nights, till the jug was empty beside him. The fourth morning he got up and went to his

work with bloodshot eyes and trembling hands,—broken-spirited, mortified, miserable, ashamed.

The night that Phil came home from the plantation, Black Ann was missing all the evening. Probably she had gone off into the woods to sniff violently by herself; but when I was just ready to go to sleep, she knocked at the door of my room, and, when I opened it, she looked as vacant and unconcerned as if there were neither sense nor feeling in brain or heart.

"Said your prayers yet, Miss Cathy?"

"Yes."

"Hi! too late, be I? Can't put Black Ann into 'em to-night, eh?"

"Anny, I always put you in my prayers."

"Sartain sure?"

"Yes."

"I tell'd ye she go off, did n't I, Miss Cathy?"

"Yes, you did."

"I tell'd ye Satan had the upper hand round here, did n't I?"

"You did, but that is n't true."

"Hope to massy he's got power enough left to carry off old Jake and that jade Clarsy!"

"Now, Anny, you must not talk so. I can't see that anybody has been very wicked. Mother says it was not wrong for Clarsy to marry Phil, when she thought her old Jake was dead; and it was n't wrong for her to go back to Jake when she found he was alive. It's very unfortunate, it's a great pity, and it's very hard for poor Phil. He's the one that suffers, for he thinks a great deal more of Clarsy than she deserves. Be patient and good, Anny, and he'll get over it after a while. It's late, and you must go now. Good night."

But after I had shut the door and was half asleep, the poor creature came back once more.

"Miss Cathy, won't you git up and say them prayers again, and put Black Ann into 'em? I can't rest to-night, nohow."

"Anny, why don't you pray to God for yourself?"

"Lor, Miss Cathy, poor darky like me can't pray! Lord would n't pay no 'tention to me! Like 'nough don't know there is any Black Ann!"

"Try it and see. Your prayer is just as important in his eyes as if you were the President himself; and if you want rest and peace, you must ask God yourself, Anny. Will you?"

"Ain't sure, Miss Cathy. Mebbe I will, and mebbe I won't. But you say yourn anyhow. Wisht I could hear 'em! Could n't Miss Cathy say 'em out loud?"

I was frightened, but I dared not refuse. We knelt down together; I laid my hand on her head to soothe her, and I felt her tremble under it like a leaf in the wind.

As for Phil, he was sober for a fortnight, and then went off again and was drunk two or three days. So the poor creature went on, for months and years. Mother's entreaties, father's expostulations, Black Ann's coaxings, and Aunt Dolly's scoldings, had not the least effect on him. He always answered pleasantly; said mistis was very kind, Mars Lennie was right, mammy and Ann must n't take on so; rum was the debbil, and he was gwine to quit; and then, in a week's time, he would be lying like a beast upon the cabin floor. After a while he was seized with a sort of mania, at those times, instead of a stupor. It seemed as if he drank himself to madness; and then he would leave home and roam through the pine woods by day, and sleep upon the slippery ground beneath them at night. Sometimes he wept and groaned, sometimes raved violently, sometimes was sullen or stupid, but always utterly irrational. Everybody was afraid of him then, and avoided all contact with him. I met him once on the narrow bridge that crosses the Long Marsh; Lucy was behind me, and there was no room for any one to pass. There could be no one more respectful than Phil in his senses; but this morning he was crazy with liquor, and he came towards us with a horrible expression on his face, half grinning and half fierce: it was the

leer of the devil within him, and not Phil's own self that looked so. We met face to face, and stood so for one dreadful moment.

"Get off, you rascal!" I said, imperiously, with a stamp of my foot. "Get off, and let your young ladies pass!"

He stepped down into the bog with a cringing bow, and grasped at his forlorn cap with his trembling drunken fingers.

"Please 'scuse Phil, mistis," he stammered; "he ain't very smart this mornin'."

I bowed and passed on. Heaven forgive me! I believe I never spoke harshly to one of the poor, patient souls before, nor ever have since; but something irresistible within me bade me do so then, and perhaps it was for the best.

Phil's drunkenness finally became so confirmed that reformation seemed utterly hopeless; no one attempted any further interference, and his miserable life went on for years without any change.

Clarsy, at first, had a most brilliant and prosperous time with her first and third husband; but after a while, to Black Ann's intense satisfaction, troubles began to come. The first shadow that fell across their path was that of the pig. It grew visibly less. He languished day by day; was finally killed just in time to forestall his natural dissolution, and cut up into a very small amount of very measly pork. Soon after that, the feather-bed got moth-eaten, and the green plaster parrot was shivered by an unlucky blow. The four hundred dollars, which had seemed an inexhaustible treasure to Clarsy, melted slowly away and left not a trace behind; and finally, old Jake took the "rheumatics," and kept his bed for months and years.

Many other changes had been going on during all this time: Black Ann herself was married and had several children; and I, her little Miss Cathy, came back to the dear old home one day, bringing with me, from a still dearer new home, a precious bundle of fat and cambric and flannel, — mother's



first grand-baby, my darling little son. Our civil war had been going on then for several years, and the disturbed state of things had made my husband unwilling that I should leave home; but when my baby was a year old, and neither grandfather nor grandmother had ever laid their hands on him in blessing, I petitioned so sorely for leave to take him to them, that my husband could refuse no longer.

I had hardly been at home a half-day, when Anny came up to see me. She chuckled over the baby and patted him with her big black hands.

"Reel Calvert, you be, little marsa," she said, — "reel Calvert! I reckon Miss Cathy don't think noffink of you, I reckon!" and with that she laughed and sniffed together.

I questioned her about her husband and family; but husband, house, and children could not quench the flame of sisterly love that burned in her faithful breast; and when my questions were answered, she began to talk of Phil.

"S'pose Miss Cathy knows the good news about Phil, how he's 'varted, he is?"

"I heard something about it, Anny, but not enough. How was he converted, poor soul?"

"S'pose you heerd how that new minister came down here 'bout a year and a half ago, and sot up meetin's in the housen?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"And how Phil got gwine and could n't stop? 'Peared like suffink drawed him right to 'em! He took on awful, sometimes, he felt so beat. Then he wanted to jine, and Brother Thompson would n't let him. Says he, 'I've heerd you can't keep stiddy two weeks gwine, and Scriptur' says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' Now," says he, 'the Church of God is the nighest thing to his kingdom on airth, and we've got no right to take drunkards into it!' Then Phil cried, and took on termendous."

"Poor Phil! I don't wonder!"

Anny sniffed twice, and went on. "Wal, then, he says to him, 'If you

want to come in, quit drinkin',' and Phil hollered right out before all the meetin', says he, 'I can't! I can't! the debbil's got his claw onto me tight!' Then Brother Thompson got up, and says he, 'The hand of the Lord Jesus is four-and-forty thousand times stronger than the debbil's claw! Take hold onto it, put Satan under your feet, and come into the kingdom!' Says he, 'You can do it, brother! never fear, keep hold of the Lord's hand and walk in! The narrow way is eeny jist wide 'nough for you and him, and no more and no less. Go home,' says he, 'and pray on your knees, till you slip out from under the debbil's grip like an eel! And when you come and tell me you haven't had a drop of liquor for six months, you shall jine, and we'll praise the Lord!' Now, Miss Cathy, what do you think?"

"I think he did it, Anny. I think God helped him, and he is a changed man."

"Jist so, Miss Cathy. He never touched a drop; and then he jined. That's six months ago, and he's stiddy as a ginerall yit!"

"How glad I am! and how happy Phil must be!"

"Hi! ain't he though! allers singin' or whistlin'! What's more, he's got another gal, an awful smart gal, and dreadful pious, too. Name's Matildy Jane. Lives over to the next plantation. She's 'mazin' light-colored, and reads books jist like quality. She's been a member five or six years, and would n't take no notice of Phil before he jined. Since that, they've settled it betwixt 'em, and, my! ain't Phil tickled! He sets great store by her! Got his house all prinked up, too; and if it wa' n't for the war, they'd be married right off. But Phil's got a notion into his scop about 'listin', and I'm despit feerd he'll go. Miss Cathy knows old Jake is dead, don't she?"

"No, I did n't, Anny."

"Lor, yes! Clarsy had to tend him, like a cross baby, for five or six years. He was all doubled up with the rheumatics, and he jawed most of the time.

What does Miss Cathy think Clarsy did after Jake was buried?"

"Nothing very wise, I'm afraid."

"Took and sent word to Phil that she was in the market agin!"

"Why, Anny!"

"Yes, Miss Cathy, true as you live. If she ain't sassy, I don't know who be! Phil didn't take no notice of it, but I sent her word that Phil was out of the market, and if she was in, she better stay there. Sich second-hand trash did n't sell down this 'ere way. She's got her ear-rings yit, Miss Cathy, and that's all she wants, and Phil's got a smart gal that's got religion and larnin', and if he only gits that war-crank out of his head, he's sot up for all his days."

But the "war-crank" did not go out of Phil's head; it only went in deeper and deeper. The discussion of the emancipation question had been long and loud, and its reverberations reached the remotest corner of our Western Shore. Colonel Birney had established recruiting-stations in every county, and many of our hands and those from neighboring plantations had already enlisted. It appeared to be a point of conscience with Phil to go; there seemed to be a direct connection in his mind between his own changed and happy condition and the duty of serving the country or his own race.

"I've had so much done for me," was his own simple language, "that it 'pears like I must do suffink for somebody else."

The feeling was too strong upon him to be withstood, and at last he went to Lower Marlboro and enlisted. There were a few days of leave-taking, a few proud hours of stalking about in his trim new uniform, and then he left his little cabin, so lately fitted up, his friends, his faithful Brother Thompson, his peaceful little meeting-house, and his pious girl, and went away into the clamor and tumult of war.

In the edge of the oak woods, sheltered from the north winds, sloping toward the south, sleeping with their

faces to the east, repose the mortal remains of the grandparents, great-grandparents, and remoter ancestors of our family. Outside of the paling which encloses and protects the marble-marked graves of the "quality" stand numerous crosses of wood, painted white, and lettered in black. There are no dates upon them, no titles, no words of praise or texts of promise; only such names as "Hannibal," "Pomp," "Uncle Harry," "Old Ike," "Jake's Sally," "Pete's Billy," and the like.

Some of our Northern friends have smiled at their quaint appearance, but they do not bring the thought of a smile to me. They make my heart swell, till it feels as if it would burst; for do I not know all the stories of their patient lives?—who was happy, and who was sad; who was wronged, and who did wrong to others; their ignorance, their temptations, their struggles, their triumphs: I know them all. They have left these things far behind them now, and in death there is small difference between masters and servants. Their graves lie in the sun; the distant murmur of the waves upon the shore soothes all the air around; they face the east, too, and shall rise at the last day to meet the coming Christ.

But our Phil is not there. We heard indistinct rumors of him for a while, then followed a long interval of silence, and after that came the tidings of his death. We heard that he was wounded, but how nobody knew; and when he died, or where, no man could tell.

It matters not. There is One that knows and that cares. Dynasties rise and fall; peace broods over land and sea with dove-like wings, or war rends nations with its slaughtering sword; whole systems are born into the galaxy of stars, or suns go blazing out into darkness; and still the mighty Father of all forgets not the smallest need of his humblest child. Their sorrows touch him, their prayers reach him, their tears move him; he gathers them to himself in his own way; and so it matters not to us how, when, or where he took our Phil.

## A DREDGING EXCURSION IN THE GULF STREAM.

## II.

THE "Old Rhodes" of Florida reef is hardly known even by name out of its immediate neighborhood, but it was our misfortune to make a closer acquaintance with it than we cared to do, — a misfortune which the reader may share unless he take timely warning and refuse to enter with us the quiet harbor into which we were driven by stress of weather.

Still pursuing the objects of which I gave some account in a former article, we had started, on the 20th of March, from Key West for a second cruise in the Gulf, had successfully pursued our way up the reef to Carysfort, and had had a day or two of sounding and dredging between that point and Orange Key on the Bahama Bank. A strong wind and a rough sea made it necessary, however, to abandon the work until the weather moderated, and, returning to Carysfort, we ensconced ourselves near Key Largo and Eliot Key. Here is the enclosed harbor, almost surrounded by islands, known on the chart as the "Old Rhodes."

There could hardly be a better place for studying the formation of the Florida Keys, and indeed of Florida itself, than this very spot, and we made several boat excursions with that purpose. Passing through "Cæsar's Creek," one of the narrow passages dividing the smaller islands between Key Largo and Eliot Key, we found ourselves in a perfect labyrinth of keys, lying behind these larger islands, and intersected by countless bays and inlets. Here, in immediate juxtaposition, may be found every stage of the process by which, in these outposts of nature, land is redeemed from ocean and gradually fitted for the habitations of men. There are the shoals of coral sand and fragments just beneath the surface of the water, and side by side with them are the flats, hardly visible above the surface,

where the little mangrove plants, a few inches high, have established themselves in the soft bottom, and are putting out shoots. In many places on the flats these mangrove plantations may be seen in numbers; presently they will begin to throw out their strange air-roots by hundreds from the branches, thus building a close network, within which sand, shells, weeds, and *débris* of all sorts will be caught and may accumulate so as gradually to fill in this rampart with a sandy soil. Next come the mangrove keys, where these singular trees have grown to a greater height, some twenty or twenty-five feet perhaps, and stand up, supported on their aerial roots. Looking at such a key from a little distance, you would say that it was a green wooded island, and you would approach it with the expectation of landing, and perhaps of having a ramble beneath its shade. Draw a little nearer and you will find that it is standing out of the water on innumerable stilts, as it were: there is not a spot of dry land in its whole extent; nor can you enter it in a boat, for its forest of roots is absolutely impenetrable. We are told by those who have lived on the coast of Florida many years, that the mangrove keys do not change their character with time. They never acquire a solid basis, the soil they accumulate being always marshy and unstable. Next come such keys as Largo, Eliot, and Pumpkin, which seem to have been formed by a different process. They have a rocky foundation, and along the margin are broken masses of coral, evidently thrown up by storms or high tides. The soil here is of an entirely different character from that which gathers about the mangrove-trees. It is the result of the gradual accumulation, decomposition, and re-cementing of coral growth and of all the materials

which accompany it, — shells, crustacea, and the like, — forming in the end a compact limestone. On this there springs up a varied vegetation, the seeds of which may be brought in many ways, — dropped by birds, for instance, or drifted or blown from the land. After sailing through this labyrinth and seeing the connection of its parts, one can hardly doubt that all the keys, mud-flats, and reefs lying outside the present coast of Florida will one day run together by a natural process of consolidation and be absorbed into the mainland, as has already been the case with the keys, mud-flats, and reefs of centuries gone by, known now as Shore Bluffs, Everglades, and Hummocks.

We landed on Pumpkin Key; the edge was fringed with fragments of coral rock so worn and gnarled that it was difficult to walk upon them. Beyond this rocky margin was a belt of high grass bordering the wood, which latter was itself a tangled mass not easily entered. Having made a vain effort to force my way into its recesses, and being driven back by brambles and mosquitoes, I found a crooked old buttonwood-tree at the water's edge, which gave a pleasant shade, while its overhanging branches framed the picture of the bay with its wooded islands. Here, while the others made collections along the shore, I sat and rested, pondering dreamily the old stories of pirates and robbers connected with these regions. Numerous traditions, of piratical bands haunting the keys and hiding their treasures, still buried, underground, abound in this neighborhood. The very "Black Cæsar's Creek," through which we had entered this tortuous wilderness of land and water, is said to be named after a negro pirate who once made his headquarters there. Unquestionably there is some foundation for these stories. Captain Platt, told me that, many years ago, his father was attacked by a party of cutthroats, who put out from these keys as he was passing the reef, and boarded his vessel. They had, however, the worst of it, for he and his crew, chiefly ship-carpen-

ters, who had been building a vessel on the Florida coast and were carrying her North, killed several of the ruffians and carried the others to New York, where they were executed in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

With boating expeditions in the neighborhood, or an occasional fishing excursion to vary not only our mode of life, but our bill of fare also, the days of enforced inaction wore away. Though we could not go on with our deep-sea soundings while wind and wave continued inexorable, the study of Natural History was by no means at a stand-still. Sometimes we captured from the deck a Portuguese man-of-war, with his attendant convoy of little fishes. It is a singular fact that this animal is often thus accompanied, the fishes sheltering themselves among his long appendages. From the deck of a vessel one can form no just idea of the Portuguese man-of-war. You must capture him in a net and plunge him at once into a deep glass vase filled with seawater: then you will see the full beauty of his pearly float, shining and transparent as thin glass, with its ruffled crest sometimes of bright crimson, sometimes purple or blue; and you will see the graceful curves of his pendant streamers, each one of which has a life and function of its own. Always in motion, at one moment they are drawn close up against the lower side of the float; at another they are thrown out in countless coils and spirals, or, stretched to their full length, they drop straight as a plumb-line to the bottom of the vase.

Among the little fishes caught with the Portuguese man-of-war, or in its immediate neighborhood, were two or three very small flying-fish. When these creatures are seen, as they constantly are, skimming singly or in flocks over the surface of the water, they are usually of a considerable size, sometimes measuring a foot or more across when the fins are fully spread. Those we took were not more than an inch in length. Their silvery bodies and wings, or rather fins, were ringed with

gold, — the gold bands spotted with black. Their motion in swimming was singular. The position of the body was slightly oblique, the upper pair of fins quivering rapidly, the lower spread out but at rest, as if the animal found poise and movement at the same time. We did not see them fly; they made no attempt to do so while in the glass vessels in which we kept them. Mr. Agassiz regretted that, as he failed to obtain any larger specimens for comparison, he could not decide whether these small flying-fish represented distinct species or were the young of a larger kind. At a later hour on the same day we found two others of the same minute size, but differing from the first in certain details. One had a grayish body with brown rings, the fins being black with a gray edge. The other was of a more silvery, transparent gray; the anterior part of the fins, where they joined the body, was gray also, but their outer edge was black. This fish differed from all the rest in having two long black feelers under the chin. Besides our flying-fish, we caught with the hand-net several *Chironectes*, that curious little fish with the fins set off from the body on a sort of arms, so that they have the effect of hands. They are most voracious creatures. One of them, hardly larger than the flying-fish, darted upon one of the latter and had half swallowed him before he was detected. A vigorous pinch behind made him eject the precious specimen, which Mr. Agassiz could ill afford to lose.

With all these devices to cheat time and to substitute some other work for that which we were forced to suspend, the days were still rather long, and we were not sorry when the adverse winds culminated in a violent shower, accompanied with severe thunder and lightning. A brilliant sunset followed, and the next morning, with a cloudless sky and a smooth sea, we bade good by to "Old Rhodes."

We were bound to Orange Key, on the Bahama Bank, but we stopped for a day at Carysfort Light to examine the wonderful field of coral on which

the lighthouse is founded. I have already described the aspect of a coral reef under the transparent waters of the Gulf, and I will not weary the reader with repetition. It is, however, a pity that, while thousands pass this reef every year, — Carysfort Light being the guide for all vessels rounding the peninsula of Florida, — so few ever stop to look at it. The sight would well repay a little delay and trouble. It is worth our while for once to get an idea of the ocean floor, of its beauty, its picturesqueness, its manifold life and movement and color. We all are familiar with the wonders of the land, but who knows anything, except by imagination or theory, of the world beneath the sea?

The picture of Carysfort Reef — as seen from the dizzy height of the great lantern, lifted on its iron shaft a hundred feet above the surface of the water — is wonderful. The brown and purple or greenish beds of coral stretch away on every side, and even from that height you can distinctly see the numerous fishes, every color of the rainbow, — bright blue, blue and black, red, green, yellow, — swimming about in shoals or singly. The prismatic tints of the water, as the sun strikes into it, brighten a thousand-fold the brilliancy of this submarine spectacle. Still more beautiful is it when one rows, as we did, for hours over the reef in a boat. At a depth of two fathoms nothing escapes the eye, not even the smallest objects, — shells, sea-anemones, sea-urchins, etc.; while every detail of the coral growth is seen with the utmost distinctness. Once we floated over the remains of a wreck. There lay the white bed she had worn for herself in the coral sand before she went to pieces, and all about it were scattered such parts as the waves could not carry away. There was an iron door at one place, an iron box with a chain around it, overgrown with coral, at another; iron bolts, broken bits of iron and copper, were strewn in every direction, and we dredged up from the bottom an iron ring to which a large leaf of coral had grown fast. There

are many deep furrows in this coral field, where all the living coral is worn away and nothing left but white sand. It is said that these waste places mark the spots where wrecks have dragged over the reef, tearing up the corals; but I do not know that there is any reason for this notion, except the fact that these long narrow beds look like the track of a keel.

This extensive coral field consists in great part of the *Madrepora palmata* (leaf-coral). The stocks are of an immense size, growing chiefly in spirals, so that their broad leaf-like expansions rise tier after tier one above the other. Though the *Madrepora* is the most conspicuous, attracting the eye by its peculiar mode of growth, *Mæandrina* (brain-coral), *Astræa*, and *Porites* are abundant also, varying in size from tufts only two or three inches in diameter to enormous heads measuring many yards in circumference and eight or ten in thickness. Between these solid masses, the purple and green fans, and *Gorgonias* of many colors, — violet, brown, or yellow, — spring up on the white coral floor in numbers, their elastic branches in constant gentle motion, swaying to and fro with the water as it passes over them. A great many pretty shells live on the sea-fans. We often gathered the *Calpurnia* upon them. Even when the animal is dead the shell is pretty; but when the animal is alive, with its golden-brown mantle turned back over its glossy amber house, and the crimson-edged foot protruded, it is extremely beautiful. We found some very handsome sea-anemones also in the neighborhood of Carysfort. Instead of a simple wreath of feelers about the mouth, the whole upper surface of the body, which spreads out rather flat, is covered with bright green tentacles fading to grayish tints in the outer rows. But as I enumerate and vainly try to describe these objects, I am reminded of Emerson's "Each and All." You may gather the sea-fans and the lovely shells and the anemones, and look at them one by one, but you have broken the charm. The picture lies

hidden with the reef, fathoms deep, where the water ripples over it, and the broken light plays upon it, and the many-tinted fishes chase each other between the spreading leaves of the coral, and every crevice and recess has its living inhabitant.

I will not here dwell on the details of collecting; but it may not be amiss to state, in order to give an idea of the rich harvest gathered on this single day, that, when the Carysfort corals were removed from the "Bibb," to be stored in Key West, the steamer rose two inches. There cannot have been less than two tons of coral on her decks, consisting of large heads of *Astræa* and *Mæandrina*, the spreading stocks of the *Madrepores*, and the branching finger-corals and sea-fans. Mr. Agassiz owes this collection (which he hopes may be brought in safety to the Museum in Cambridge) in great measure to the cordial assistance of those on board. Almost the whole ship's-company, officers and men, from the captain down to the deck-hands, turned out. They made a kind of holiday of it. Old clothes and battered hats were in request, and, armed with pickaxes, crow-bars, boat-hooks, etc., plunging, diving, wading, they passed the whole afternoon in dislodging the coral and loading the boats, which were sent, over and over again, to the steamer to discharge their burdens and return for more. Indeed, we left with the impression that we had possibly made ourselves liable to prosecution for undermining the foundations of Carysfort Lighthouse by carrying off bodily the reef on which it stands.

From Carysfort we crossed the Gulf to Orange Key, completing the line of sections begun before the work was interrupted. So desolate a spot as Orange Key I have never seen anywhere else. Elbow Key and Salt Key, of our former cruise, were cheerful in comparison. We said, as we stood on the dreary ridge, "So must the first dry land have looked in the geological beginning of things." It is built of a half-formed, unfinished limestone, resembling the broken and burnt surface of



lava. It is worn into pits and holes by the action of the sea, and, with the exception of a single creeping plant, its desolation is uncheered by any vegetation. Neither is there a drop of fresh water over its whole extent; nothing but pools here and there, filled with brackish, briny washings from the tide. As we approached, hundreds of crabs, frightened at the noise of the boat, scrambled back to their holes. The rock was also studded with dull grayish shells, mostly of one kind; but, with these exceptions, there was little life, though we found numerous small fishes thrown up into the pools by storms and high tides. Orange Key is a marginal island, built on the north-western edge of the Bahama Bank, like Elbow Key and Salt Key. It is but a crescent-shaped strip, some ten feet high in the centre, a few yards in width, and perhaps three quarters of a mile in length from end to end, though it is broken through by channels in one or two places. I do not know what satirical or disappointed traveller named this spot Orange Key. It is difficult to imagine that flower or fruit should ever grow there. It looks as if a decree of barrenness had gone forth against it.

Our next dredging-ground, on returning to the Florida coast, was about French Reef, Indian Key, and the neighboring islands. Landing on Indian Key, a small and very symmetrical island, oval in shape and hardly more than a mile in circumference, we could not but recall the dreadful scene enacted there during the Seminole war. Only some half-dozen buildings, most of them in a ruinous condition, remain, of the thriving settlement which once covered the whole key. History and romance have made us familiar with the dreadful days when the villages of the early settlers in America were aroused in the dead of night by the war-whoop; when the mother clasped her baby in her arms with frantic terror, and the father seized his gun, to die on the threshold if need be. But those events, terrible as they seem, are so distant that they hardly impress us with a

sense of reality. The tragedy of Indian Key belongs to our own day and generation, and the details here narrated were given to us by one of the chief actors in the drama.

At the time of the massacre there were thirty-eight houses on the island, each one surrounded by its little garden planted with cocoa-nut trees and flowering shrubs. On the fatal night the inhabitants had retired to rest as usual, fearing nothing; the lights were extinguished; the little island was asleep. Happily, there was one man more wakeful than his neighbors. Opening his window about midnight, he was startled to see canoes stealthily approaching the shore. He left his house instantly, hoping to be in time to warn his neighbors. But a part of the Indian force must have landed already. As he crossed the street he was seen, dark as was the night, and the savages who were crouching along the fences, under cover of the cocoa-nut trees, supposing themselves detected, sprang to their feet with the war-whoop and fired upon him. In one moment the air was filled with the cries of some two hundred Indians,—a fearful odds, for there were but some seventy settlers on the island. The whole population was of course instantly aroused, but there was no possibility of concerted defence or of any communication between the inhabitants. The houses, it is true, were strongly locked and bolted, and the men were not without their loaded guns; for in those days, when the swamps of Florida swarmed with hostile Indians, an attack on the islands was always possible.

Mr. H——, from whom we had our information, was roused with the rest by the sudden tumult. There was not a moment for delay or consideration. He knew that the only hope was in getting down to the shore with his wife and children before the fury of the assailants was directed to his own house. He took the youngest child in his arms, his wife held another, and the rest followed. A singular incident delayed them. He put the baby on the floor

for a moment, while he took his gun from behind the door. When he turned to take the child again he could not find it. The room was large, and the little thing had crept away. He did not dare to strike a light; to call was of no avail, for the hideous din outside was so loud that they could not hear each other's voices. He felt over the whole floor, till at last he found the child cowering in a corner. Such a delay seems of little consequence in the telling, but it might, short as it was, mean life or death to them, and one can imagine the trembling distress in which the party waited till the baby was found. Then they opened the back-door, conscious that their first step over the threshold might be into eternity. But the enclosure behind the house was still empty. It was surrounded by a double picket-fence, with a row of cocoa-nut trees planted between the rows of pickets. They were high, and on that side of the house there was no gate. Mr. H—— tried in vain to make an opening from the inner side; he then climbed over, tearing his hand down to the bone in doing so, though he did not discover the wound till afterward. From the outside he contrived to force in the bars, and then dragged his wife and children through the opening. Now they were in the road, — the shouting savages on every side. But for the instant the attention of the Indians was drawn away by some other object; the night was excessively dark; and Mr. H—— and his family reached the shore, waded out into the water to their boat, and put off. Just as they started, the Indians descried them and rushed down to the beach, firing their rifles at the boat. The fugitives were not struck, however, the Indians, who were too busy with their work of destruction on land, made no attempt to follow them, and the party found shelter on board a small vessel lying near a neighboring island.

It was fortunate for the whites that they discovered their danger before morning. The intention of the Semi-

noles had been, to wait until daylight for their attack; and then probably every soul on the island would have been murdered. But, the night being cloudy and very dark, some of the people were fortunate enough to escape, as Mr. H—— had done, in boats; others hid themselves among the rocks. Another lucky circumstance was the intoxication of the Indians. They broke open the store-house, found liquor, and were soon very drunk. This increased their fury, but also made them less watchful. Yet though the greater part of the inhabitants made their escape, many were murdered. One whole family had hidden in an outhouse, but were betrayed by the crying of a child. Others were burned in their houses; for in the morning the Indians set fire to the whole town and destroyed all the buildings. The pretty settlement which had been like a garden the evening before was a pile of smoking ruins when they left it, and it has never been rebuilt.

Many were the daring acts and hair-breadth escapes that night. A mother and all her children were concealed in a bath-house under a wharf. When the Seminoles began to fire the buildings, they set fire also to a pile of wood on the wharf. The heat in the house below soon became almost unendurable. One boy, a lad of fourteen, declaring that he would rather be killed by the Indians than be burned alive, broke from his mother, who attempted in vain to hold him back, and ran out on the shore. At the moment of his escape, he caught sight of a canoe at some distance, which the savages were loading with plunder. They had left it for a moment, to bring down more booty. He ran to the spot, sprang into the boat, put back for his mother and the other children, and was well out from the shore before the Indians perceived their loss. This brave lad and the mother and brothers and sisters whom he had saved were taken up by the schooner on board of which Mr. H—— and his family had already found refuge.

" We lingered some time in this neighborhood, increasing our collections considerably, though we had again to complain of unseasonable weather, which confined us to dredgings in shallow waters or along the shores. In the mean time our stock of coal was dwindling, and on the 7th of April we started on the return down the reef to Key West. We seemed destined to be knights-errant on the sea. It will be remembered that on our first cruise we had been called upon to succor a sinking schooner, and now we had not proceeded far when we were signalled by a fine clipper-ship in distress. Coming up with her, we saw that gangs of men were busy at her pumps; they were chiefly Chinese, for she was a Spanish coolie-ship returning from Havana to China, and taking as passengers coolies who had served their time and were going home, — let us hope with their fortunes made. On inquiry, we found that, in a violent gale of wind and rain two nights before, this ship had run down an English brig and sunk her. They had rescued the crew, the only life lost being that of one of the hands on board the Spaniard, a young fellow who had shown great bravery, and a disregard of his own safety, in rendering the most efficient assistance at the time of the collision. About half an hour afterward, when all the men of the English brig were safely on board the Spanish vessel, this man was instantly killed by the sudden descent of a block which became loosened and fell from the mast.

The stem of the "Dolores Ugarte" was badly fractured, and though they had kept relays of men at the pumps, all the coolies being called to join in the work, the water gained upon them fast. They were now making for Key West, and the captain, who did not know the Florida coast, was in great anxiety. Captain Platt immediately sent our pilot, who is familiar with every spot on the whole reef. We knew indeed that in Manuel they had a strong hand. Sink or swim, he is the man for an emergency; a first-rate

sailor, he understands his business well, and is, besides, an honest man, greatly respected in Key West; Spanish-born, he speaks the language easily, which was another advantage on this occasion. The "Bibb" and the "Dolores Ugarte" kept together through the day, and we had the pleasure of seeing the distressed ship enter the port of Key West safely at night.

This was almost the last of our dredging excursions. A week later we went out for a day's collecting on the plateau outside the reef, and had excellent success. On the 23d of April we bade good by to Key West, and proceeded up the west coast of Florida to Cedar Keys, where we were to take the cars on our homeward journey. On this trip the good weather for which we had so often sighed in the last two months, and the want of which had occasioned us so much loss of time and work, accompanied us now all the way. We had a sea without a ripple, and the balmiest of summer days, and the most glorious of moon-lit nights. We passed a day at Charlotte's Harbor, sailing up the bay for a considerable distance in a small boat, and landing on a broad sand-beach, where the morning was passed in dragging the seine, — always an entertaining sport where the fish are abundant. Mr. Agassiz obtained many valuable specimens which he had been wishing to add to his collections. An awning was rigged over a spreading tree for the lazy ones, and we acted as audience, while the rest performed a kind of amphibious drama, half in water, half on land, for our entertainment.

On our return to the ship we found that others of our ship's-company, with a less scientific but perhaps not less laudable motive, had gone in search of oysters. They got back in the evening wet to the skin; for a thunder-storm had come up in the afternoon, and a head-wind had delayed them. They had been, however, alarmingly successful, for they brought back twenty-five bushels of oysters. Now such a supply of oysters, in a warm climate, with

a limited number of guests at the feast, involves a serious responsibility for each one. During the next twenty-four hours, the "Bibb" rivalled any New York restaurant. Roast, boiled, fried, scalloped, on the shell, — oysters were to be had in every conceivable form, at all hours of the day or night. I think I may say, without vanity, that we found ourselves equal to the occasion, and that none of the oysters were lost or thrown away.

We also made a short pause at Tampa Bay, where we were very cordially received by Mr. Coones, who has charge of the Egmont Lighthouse. We were indebted to him for a variety of beauti-

ful shells, and for a good deal of information respecting the fishes and other animals to be found along the shores in that neighborhood. The next day we arrived at Cedar Keys, and took leave of the "Bibb." We had passed many happy hours on board this comfortable little steamer. Mr. Agassiz had had constant occasion to be indebted to the captain and officers, not only for personal kindness and attention to himself and his party, but also for hearty co-operation in his scientific projects. It will be believed that we did not part without regret, or without a cordial wish that by sea or land we might at some time cruise again together.

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#### IN MEMORIAM.

I PLUCKED a sheaf of poppies and wild grass,  
And brought the handful to her as she leant  
Against an ancient olive-trunk, storm-bent,  
On the Campagna side.  
Clouds loitered on the blue, as loath to pass,  
Suspending silvery curtains of cool gray  
Above us on that May-day, as we lay  
Outwearing the noontide.

In the near thicket hummed the happy bees;  
And ruddy, sweet-juiced flowers beneath broad eaves  
Of matted vine-trails and acanthus-leaves  
Hoarded their nectar bland.  
Long grasses tossed and sank about our knees,  
And undulating air-wafts coursing past,  
Charged with contagion of the spring, filled fast  
The pulses of the land.

"Of twain one flesh," — so pledged we troth that day,  
The world being counter. Was our love not sound?  
Dared saints and martyrs, fathoms underground,  
Make void our bonded "aye" ?  
Out spake our hearts, contemptuous of frail clay:  
"Though Death's clutch choke the passage of the breath,  
Yet Love's rights rise colossal when poor Death  
Has had his sorry way."

"Man's *will* discrowns usurping Death and Fate."

*Such* to our hearts the revelation borne  
By the Campagna's record that May morn,  
And Rome's historic name.

The generations die : the years grow great,  
Waxing to ripening under sun and wind,  
Strong with the circling sap of humankind,  
Heavy with fruit of fame.

If fissures lurked in scarred and time-worn towers,  
Their rifts were masked beneath acacia-blooms :  
E'en grass-grown tumuli and pagan tombs  
Smiled shadowless that noon.

Loud sang the larks through all the happy hours,  
White oxen lowed in pastures far away,  
While, deep in joy, we recked not that the day  
Wore to the west too soon.

In idless leaning by the olive-tree,  
I watched the breezes — dallying in unrest —  
Loosen stray poppies from her hand or vest  
And drift them out to sea ;  
Then, plucked new handfuls, to be sifted free  
By each fresh surge of air, — she all the while  
Holding my eyes in thrall with her sweet smile,  
My ears with her light glee.

Sudden, a storm of color drove along,  
Slanting in amber mist and crimson showers  
Across the land ; and from Rome's hundred towers  
The Angelus leapt out.  
Down sank the sun — more livid waned the strong  
Warm after-flush — till, o'er the rolling plain  
Of emerald pastures and gold fields of grain,  
The moist night-winds crept out.

Stretch after stretch drew on the violet gloom,  
Rifted with lines of ashy, sea-bred mist,  
And half a tremor smote us as we kissed  
Once more — above the dead.  
We looked to gaunt-limbed arch, to spectral tomb ;  
Then rose, and from those gray wastes homeward trode,  
Past the couched ghosts that guard the Appian Road, —  
Dim starlight overhead.

That night we knew not that the end was nigh, —  
The end of love and dreams ; that, far ahead,  
The vista of a Via Crucis led  
Up the bleak mount of doom ;

That not for us should roof-tree, arching high,  
Give love a shelter from the rain and cold ;  
Not hearth nor pillow lure us from fate's wold,  
Cloud-bound with grief and gloom.

Ere the weird eyelids of the morrow closed,  
A ghastly truth unmasked itself, that dimmed  
Our noon to night, and all *our* future limned  
In sinister outlines.  
Ay, tragic fate betwixt us interposed  
A shadowy Duty, barring fast our way ;  
As to the Seer an angel barred one day  
That road athwart the vines.

Bitter is duty ; bitterer were the love  
Bought with the gold of duty — thus it stood ; —  
Though costly were the price to flesh and blood,  
We might not crave release.  
" Right is omnipotent in Courts above :  
Let it rule here ; God shall vouchsafe relief."  
Then silence set its seal upon our grief, —  
Great sorrows hold their peace.

Long after, when Death signed her with his sign,  
She sent, in memory of her troth to me  
And those May hours beneath the olive-tree,  
A faded poppy-sheaf.  
I said, " Death's touch is kind : now she is mine, —  
Life's walls being levelled, — and her voice is free  
To come across the silences to me  
And speak for my relief."

To-day, I brought from the Campagna side  
A sheaf of poppies to her quiet home, —  
Her narrow home, beyond the walls of Rome,  
Who might not be my wife.  
I cannot count it sorrow that she died :  
Hearts meet together when the grave can shield ;  
They win at last, who falter not nor yield :  
Death gives us more than Life.



## THE INCREASE OF HUMAN LIFE.

## PART II.

*Improvements in Life not equal in all Ages, but always connected with the Progress of Civilization.*

THE improvements in human life have made varied progress in the successive ages of the world. Sometimes they have been rapid, sometimes slow, and sometimes the work has gone backward; nor have they kept equal pace in all nations. They have been made in quick succession in some, and at the same time they have been stationary or were lost, in others.

But the general progress has been onward and upward in all civilized nations; for it has gone on side by side with civilization, — a companion to it and a part of it. Whatever has been done for this has been done for human life. The elements of civilization are among the causes of health and longevity.

*Effect of Improvements in Arts, etc., on Health and Life.*

The growth of wealth, the improvements in agriculture, the advance in the mechanic arts, the increase of comforts, the amelioration of personal, domestic, and social habits, the general culture, the diffusion of education, the elevation of morals, the refinement of manners, — all the ameliorations of personal and social life have their due influence on the development of vital power, on the maintenance of life, and the prolongation of man's days on earth.

Most, if not nearly all, of the improvements in the means and facilities of business, labor, and the arts, or in domestic and social life in their several ways and degrees, have presently or remotely this effect of increasing the vital power of man.

The exhibitions of inventions, whose

name is legion, in the Patent Offices and elsewhere, — models and descriptions of things new and of things improved, — are indications of progress in civilization, of increase in means of sustenance and human comfort, and consequently in human power and longevity.

The numberless varieties of stoves for warming and cooking afford better protection against cold and storm, and give opportunity to a large class of people for easier and better preparation of food than they could have without them; carding-machines, spinning-jennies, power-looms, sewing-machines, with their multiplied modifications and improvements, all contribute not only to the production of better and more varied clothing, suited to the wants of people in every season and on every occasion, and give better protection from the dangers of the elements, but by cheapening the cost of garments they put these more effective means of defence within the reach of a much larger class of the people than in the days of the fathers.

Ploughs, mowing-machines, horse-rakes, apple-parers, steel forks, all the kindred adjuncts of agriculture, increase the productions of the earth, while they lessen the labors of the cultivator or make them more effective. By aid of these, grain, hay, roots, fruits, cattle, sheep, etc., are produced more easily and abundantly, of better and more nutritious quality, and at less cost. The whole people, and especially the poor, are better nourished and strengthened, better armed to meet the responsibilities and to bear the dangers of life.

The steam-engine, man's powerful, tireless, and versatile co-operator, in its multifarious uses in manufactures and locomotion; ships, steamboats, railways, improved common roads, carriages for travel and for transportation,

— these, and thousands of other inventions and improvements, enable men to accomplish larger and more varied purposes; they lessen the burden of the laborer and increase his productiveness, and offer to the whole world means of sustenance such as the most favored in former ages could not procure.

Few, very few, of the improvements that belong to the civilized state are without their good effect, present or remote, direct or indirect, on human health. Small, infinitesimally small, and in many cases unperceived, may be the good that some produce; yet it is not an assumption without warrant, to say that whenever and wherever the means of sustenance and of generating vital force, or the means of protection against the elements or against any deteriorating or destructive influences, or the conveniences and comforts of life are increased, or whenever by lessening the cost of production, or by facilitating communication and transportation, these conveniences and comforts are placed within the reach of any persons or classes that could not obtain them, or made freely accessible to any who would otherwise use them but sparingly, — these improvements, of whatever variety and character, have their due influence in increasing the power and longevity of mankind.

Warm, comfortable, convenient, and pleasant houses, with ample rooms and space for family movements, appropriate furniture, easy beds and chairs, to give good support to the frame when working, or when seeking rest; easy carriages for locomotion, smooth roads; varied clothing, suited to the different seasons and well fitted to the body, trunk and limbs; food well cooked and digestible, pleasant to the palate and light to the stomach, — these and manifold other accompaniments of cultivated society, sometimes called mere luxuries and contemptuously despised by the hardy, are yet more than mere luxuries; they in their several ways and degrees are necessary for the fulness of life, in power and duration, which

is obtained only in the state of the highest civilization.

*Surface of the Earth improved.*

The earth itself has become more favorable to human existence. The forests have been cut down, wet lands have been drained, swamps have given place to dry and arable fields. The ground on which we stand and work sends forth less miasmatic and pestilential effluvia productive of fevers, dysenteries, etc.

European sanitary reports contain abundant evidences of the evil influence of marshy and wet grounds on the people that dwell upon them, and of the good effect of their drainage. Some large and many small districts that were formerly water-soaked or covered in part with ponds and stagnant pools have from time to time been ditched, drained, and dried, and the condition of the health and life of their inhabitants before and after their improvement are recorded and published. A few of these instances will be sufficient to represent the whole.

The district of Wisbech in England, formerly wet and marshy, was drained in the course of twenty years ending 1816. The improvements in vitality are shown by the records. "For every hundred births in the respective periods, the deaths were, from 1796 to 1805, ninety-four; from 1806 to 1815, seventy-nine; and from 1816 to 1825, sixty-four. In the first of these periods the rate of mortality was one in 31 living; in the second, one in 40; and in the third, one in 47."\*

"The medical officer of Eastry says: 'Some years back a great part of the parishes adjoining the marshes was under water from the end of autumn to the early part of the following spring; then agues [intermittent fevers] and fevers of all characters prevailed to a great extent. But for the last few years, owing to the excellent plan of draining, very few diseases have occurred, in my opinion, that can be said

\* Chadwick, Sanitary Condition of Laboring Classes, p. 80.

to be produced by malaria; there is very little ague, scarcely any continued fever, and a case of typhus has not been known along the borders of the marshes for the last three or four years.' \*"

Many other reports bear similar testimony to the good effect of drainage, making the wet and fever-haunted places dry and healthy.

"*Banff*. — Healthy people, long-lived, — much drainage."

"*Fordoun*. — So much draining, that now no swamps: formerly agues common; now quite unknown."

"*Oswell*. — Ague prevailed formerly, but not since the land was drained."

"*Kinross*. — Agues prevailed sixty years ago, in consequence of marshes; now never met with." †

On a smaller scale, in most countries, the proprietors of swamps have drained them for the purpose of cultivation; and these water-soaked and submerged lands which had been merely useless mud, sending forth miasmatic exhalations and producing fevers, rheumatisms, and consumptions among the people living near them, were by drainage converted into dry and rich fields that yielded abundant crops of grain and sent forth no causes of disease.

The motive for these improvements of lands was pecuniary gain, and the reward in that way was generally large and sure; but a far better and equally sure reward, though unsought, was found in the improved health, the increased vigor and working-power, and lengthened years of the farmer and his family, and of others who lived on or near these lands.

#### *Cities and Compact Towns.*

Life has ever been and is lowest in the cities, where people were gathered in dense masses. The causes of sickness and the dangers of death are more abundant and effective there than in the open country. These causes and dangers are partly due to the fact of close aggregation of the people, and

to that extent are unavoidable; and in part to ignorance, selfishness, and neglect, and to that extent they may be removed.

Within the last forty or fifty years the attention of the people and rulers, and especially of the physicians and political economists, has been called to this excess of city mortality over that of the country districts. In Great Britain, and some other European countries, minute investigations of the condition of cities have been made, and the causes of the great sickness and death sought out. It was discovered that there were the most sicknesses and most frequent deaths, especially among children, in those towns that had the narrowest streets and lanes, and where these were filthy, unswept, and undrained. In different parts of the same city, of which some had wide, open, and well-cleaned streets, and others crowded, close, and filthy ones, a difference in mortality like that between country and city was observed.

The British Parliament passed laws authorizing towns to make improvements and to raise money to pay the cost. Under this authority many towns and cities have drained their streets with sewers. They have paved streets that were bare, cleansed filthy places, opened closed courts, widened narrow lanes, removed nuisances, and introduced water from pure streams or fountains, to be used in households instead of the corrupted water of the wells. These improvements have been followed by marked changes in the sanitary condition of the inhabitants. Sickness has diminished; some diseases that were very frequent, — fevers, dysentery, cholera, etc., — have become rare; and from some places they have disappeared. The rate of mortality has been reduced, and longevity has materially increased.

Manifold records of the health of these towns, before and after the improvements, show how greatly health and life have gained by the outward changes.

Salisbury drained, paved, and cleansed

\* Chadwick, *Sanitary Condition of Laboring Classes*, p. 82.

† *Ibid.*, p. 83.

its streets in 1854 and 1855. The deaths, which were sixty-nine in each of the winter quarters of the twelve previous years, were only fifty-four in each of the twelve winters succeeding; showing an improvement of twenty-seven per cent in vitality.\*

In Liverpool, the rate of mortality, previous to 1847, was 3.84 per cent; or, one in twenty-six of the living died in each year. This great amount of death opened the eyes of the people and the rulers, and they began a system of cleansing and purification. They made sewers, introduced water, swept the streets, widened the narrow places. There were many closed courts, surrounded on all sides by buildings, with only a narrow passage-way under them at one end for an outlet and with no opportunity for the fresh air, and not much for the rays of the sun, to enter. These were opened at one end, and the winds allowed to visit them. Water was introduced, and the dwellers in many streets, lanes, and courts, who had before used and drunk only the polluted water of their wells, were allowed to have it pure and wholesome from the country.

At once there was a change for the better in the health of the people, especially of the poor. Sickness diminished, and the death-rate was reduced from 3.84 per cent to 2.7 per cent, — nearly one third.

Many other towns did a similar good work for themselves, and received a similar reward. The rate of mortality was reduced in London from 2.38 to 2.23 per cent, in Manchester from 3.71 to 2.71 per cent, in Glasgow from 3.39 to 2.78 per cent, by the same means.†

A great number of lodging-houses were inspected by the government commissioners or their agents. These had, in the aggregate, eighty thousand occupants. They were found filthy, unwashed, unswept, unventilated, and crowded with people. Typhus fever prevailed as an epidemic in these un-

healthy dwellings. The new law limited the number of lodgers, and ordered purification under the direction of the police. These houses were cleansed and ventilated, and the lodgers reduced to a reasonable number, and the fever appeared no more in them as an epidemic.\*

In Macclesfield, the rate of mortality was 4.2 per cent, or one in twenty-four of the living, in the years 1845 and 1846, and 3.3 per cent through the seven preceding years; while that of the surrounding open country was 1.6 per cent, or one in sixty-two of the living. The rate varied in the different parts of the town according to their condition as to cleanliness. In the worst it was frightful, and in all it was bad.

Works of improvement were begun in the worst streets, lanes, and courts, those the most notoriously filthy and unhealthy. These parts were sewered, cleansed, and paved, and the houses drained; the yards and courts were cleansed, the dwellings ventilated, and water freely sent to the inhabitants. The general rate of mortality of the whole city was reduced from 3.3 to 2.6 per cent. The proportion of deaths to the number living, after the improvement, was 21 per cent less than before. But the worst districts, which had been the most foul and most sickly, and where the work of cleansing and purification had been the greatest, showed the largest improvement in health and life. The diminution of the rate of mortality varied among these according to their different degrees of previous degradation and suffering. In some it was diminished 34, in others, 40, 42, and in one 60 per cent. That is, while one hundred died in each of these districts, before they were improved, only sixty-six, sixty, fifty-eight, and forty died in them severally after that good work was done.

In the original state of the town, the average age of all who died was twenty-four years. But afterward it was twenty-nine years, showing a gain of 20

\* London Medical Times, August, 1857.

† McGowan, in Transactions of Social Science, 1860, p. 728.

\* Chadwick, in Transactions of Social Science, 1860, p. 722.

per cent in longevity. Comparing the improved districts with those not yet touched by the hand of the scavenger and sweeper, the average age in the cleansed is now thirty-four years, and in the foul only nineteen years, being a difference of 78 per cent.\*

#### *Dwellings.*

Man, originally rude, ignorant, and poor, shelters himself in the holes and caverns of the earth, or builds huts of sticks and brush. His children advance, and make themselves cabins of stones, and mud, and clay. Another generation emerge from these and dwell in houses; and the houses are successively improved and made more comfortable and healthy, from age to age, as intelligence and wealth increase.

Several generations ago, the dwellings of the laborers and the poor had no floors. The inmates stood and lived on the ground, which was often wet and muddy. Seeking more comfort, they covered this earth floor with rushes or straw, which they seldom renewed, and suffered to become the receptacle of much of the waste and filth of the family. All these habitations, with the rotting straw and the mud beneath, sent forth foul and noisome exhalations and caused sickness in the inhabitants.

Erasmus, the learned scholar and writer, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, in his description of England, said: "The floors of the houses generally were made of nothing but loam, and are strewn with rushes, which being constantly put on fresh, without a removal of the old, remain lying there, in some cases, for twenty years, with fish-bones, broken victuals, and other filth, impregnated with the excretions of dogs, children, and men."

Even the houses of the rich had no carpets. The king himself had no covering for his floors, except straw, which was sometimes spread to receive and conceal the dirt.

The structure of the houses of the great mass of the people gave them nei-

ther good protection from the elements abroad nor pure air within. They were loose and leaky, exposing the inmates to winds and storms. They had imperfect means of warming, and in many houses these were entirely wanting, while no means of ventilation were provided.\* They were equally ill-lighted. In early times they had for windows only the doorway and other open holes, which when closed left the family in darkness; afterward they used horn or other semi-translucent materials. But in 1557, Hollingshead said, the general run of houses were beginning to be improved. Instead of glass to their windows, they used to have lattice-work, or panels of horn, glass being scarce and dear.† Earlier than this, even horn windows were a luxury accessible only to the rich, and beyond the reach of the great mass of the people. In 1584, Harrison, in his description of England, said: "Of old time our countrie houses, instead of glasse did use much lattise and that made either of wicker or fine rifts of oke in checkerwise. I read also that some of the better sort in and before the time of the Saxons did make panels of horne instead of glasse, and fix them in wooden calmes (casements); but as horne in windowes is now, 1584, quite laid downe in everie place, so our lattises are also growne into disuse, because glasse is become to be so plentiful, and within verie little so good, cheape, if not better than the other." "Glass is now, 1839, introduced into almost every cottage of Great Britain,"‡ and most of the dwellings of the civilized world.

When glass was first introduced, it was so costly and perishable, that some families, even if they were able to purchase it, thought they could not afford to run the risk of its loss, when not in actual use; when, therefore, they had occasion to shut up their houses and leave them, they took the glass out and put it in a more secure place, or carried it with them.

\* McCulloch, *Stat. Acct. Brit. Empire*, II. 522.

† *Social Hist. Great Britain*, I. 111.

‡ McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 603.

\* John May, in *Transactions of Social Science*, 1857, p. 403.

The Northumberland Household Book, speaking of Alnwick Castle, in 1573, said: "And because throwe extreme winds, the glass of the windows of this and other my lord's castels and houses here in the country dooth decay and waste, yt were good the whole leights of everie windowe, at the departure of his lordshippe from lyinge at any of his castels and houses and dowering the tyme of his lordshippe's absence, or others lyinge in them, were taken doune and lade up in safety. And at sooche time as either his lordshippe or anie other sholde lye at anie of the said places, the same might then be set uppe of newe with small charges, whereas now the decaye thereof shall be verie costlie and chargeable to be repayed."\* In Scotland, as late as 1661, the windows of ordinary country houses were not glazed, and only the windows in the upper parts of the king's palaces had glass; the lower ones having two wooden shutters.

Surely, then, the general population could no more indulge themselves in the luxury of glass at that time than their fathers could in horn windows in previous ages. In the early times the dwellings of the most favored were no better than the poorest now inhabit, and in some respects they were more unhealthy and uncomfortable.

A public report on the condition of the farmers of Scotland says that, in the sixteenth century, the houses even of the rich and the great were destitute of glass windows. The cottages of the poor were not only without glass, but also without chimneys. They were wretched, dirty hovels, built of stones and mud, or of clay and straw, filled with smoke and black with soot. But within a hundred years all the farm-houses, offices, and cottages of Scotland have been rebuilt, and they are now well-contrived, substantial, and commodious, and of course more healthy.†

These are the accounts of Scotland. But, with some modification, they may be taken as the type of other progres-

sive nations. The dwellings of America are still improving; they are larger, more airy, better warmed and ventilated, more convenient, and give better protection against the causes of disease, than our fathers enjoyed.

#### *Furniture.*

The furniture of mediæval ages corresponded to the dwellings; both were meagre, inconvenient, and uncomfortable, and both insufficient for the purposes of health, according to the notions of the present day. At the end of the thirteenth century the laborers' families had one or more beds that cost from three to five shillings each, and most had a brass pot that cost from one to three shillings, and this was almost their only cooking-utensil.\* Nothing was said of tables and chairs. But two hundred and fifty years later, Markham, in his "Instructions to a Good Housewife," says: "A bare table will do as well as if covered with cloth; wooden and pewter dishes and tin vessels for liquor are best, as being most secure." Markham was one of the cautiously progressive spirits of his age. He halted between the conservatives, who held to old customs and were satisfied with wooden dishes and spoons, and the progressives, who were ambitious of a better style of domestic life, and wanted their table furniture to be made of pewter and tin. His advice is given to good housewives, presumptively to those who were thrifty and prosperous, and could therefore afford the cost of the new luxuries. So he recommends a mixture of these kinds,—wooden in part, and tin and pewter in part.

About the same time Holingshed speaks of the introduction of pewter utensils instead of treen (wooden) ones,—particularly platters,—and silver and tin spoons as substitutes for wooden articles, as remarkable proofs of luxury.

In another place Holingshed says, that in the village where he lived, "there were old men who could remem-

\* Quoted by McCulloch, *Dict. Com.*, p. 603.

† McCulloch, *Stat. Acct. Brit. Empire*, II, 518.

\* Sir Fred. M. Eden, *History of the Laboring Classes*, I.



ber when a man could hardly find four pieces of pewter in a good farmer's house." \*

These new articles of luxury were not within the reach of the poor in those days, for the "pewter platter cost twelve pence and a tynnen quart ten pence, and a square tynnen pot six pence;" † and as the wages of the man haymaker was fourpence, and of the woman haymaker twopence a day, beside their board, ‡ they must hesitate long before venturing upon such extravagance as pewter and tin for their tables.

Their bedchambers were furnished in a manner not more generous and comfortable than the kitchens and dining-rooms. Bishop Latimer was the son of a wealthy farmer of Leicestershire. In a sermon preached before the king, Edward VI., March 8, 1549, he spoke of the manner of life among the people of the middle classes, and said: "My father was a yeoman; he tilled as much as kept six men, and his mother's dairy consisted of thirty milch-kine. He kept hospitality with the neighbors, and gave some alms to the poor. The family laid upon straw pallets or rough mats, covered with a sheet; the under coverlet of dog's wain [very coarse mantle] or hap-harlots, [very rough cloth], and a good round log of wood under the head instead of a bolster or pillow. If within seven years after marriage a master of a family could purchase a mattress or flock-bed and add thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head, he thought himself well lodged." §

This economy was necessary for people commencing housekeeping in those days, from the limited outfit of the bride. The bishop, in the same sermon to the king and the court, says: "My father married my sisters with a dowry of five pounds each." He also spoke of the beginning of the change of treen [wooden] platters for pewter,

and of wooden spoons for tin and silver. But it can hardly be supposed that the bishop's sisters, with their twenty-five dollars' outfit,—still less other young brides, marrying from or into families less wealthy than his father's and with less than five pounds' outfit,—would feel justified in adopting the new fashion of pewter for their table furniture; they were probably content with wood until they became more prosperous or ambitious.

#### *Clothing.*

Among the world's great improvements, those in textile fabrics are the most prominent and beneficial. Cloths of manifold kinds, thick, strong, soft, and warm, are now produced instead of the few thin, coarse, hard, and cold sorts that were used in mediæval times.

McCulloch says: "The luxury of a linen shirt was confined to the higher classes [in the sixteenth century and previously]. The cloth used by the bulk of the people was mostly of home manufacture, and, compared with what they now [1839] make use of, was at once costly, coarse, and comfortless.\* Cotton was then unknown to the rich as well as to the poor.

The introduction of cotton not only produced cloth cheap and within the reach of the poorest, but afforded garments to be worn next to the body that can be and are frequently changed and washed. Queen Elizabeth, some three hundred years ago, with all her wealth and power, with all her ambition and pride in display of dress, and even with the three thousand garments that she left behind, was, in some respects, more poorly and less healthfully dressed than the humblest woman of our day. The new varieties of woollen and cotton goods, their manifold adaptation to the wants of men, women, and children, allow opportunities of health and comfort and of personal cleanliness, that neither peasant nor prince, neither washerwoman nor queen, enjoyed or even conceived of in the ages gone by.

\* Roberts, *Social Condition of Southern Counties*, p. 324.

† *Ibid.*, p. 345.

‡ *Social Hist. Great Britain*, p. 16.

§ *Sermons*, I. 93.

\* *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, II. 512.

*Food.*

The same progress has been made in the means of nutrition. The improvements in agriculture, the better and more extensive cultivation of the earth, the introduction of new grains and vegetables, have greatly increased the quantity and variety of vegetable food, and the improved means of raising and preserving fodder for the winter have increased the amount of fresh animal food for the people throughout the year.

*Potatoes*, which are now on everybody's table, were unknown to the civilized world before the latter part of the sixteenth century. They were a long time in getting into general use, and becoming a common and cheap article of diet for all; and for many years after they were introduced into Europe they were the rarest luxuries, to be bought and eaten only by the nobles and the wealthy. In 1633, in the list of prices established by proclamation of the government, potatoes were ordered to be sold for two shillings (fifty cents) a pound, equal to thirty dollars a bushel. A few years previously the wages of a bailiff of husbandry, head man on the farm, were fixed by the court at fifty-two shillings (about thirteen dollars) a year; and of mechanics, carpenters, masons, etc., at eight pence (about sixteen cents), with board, a day.

Thirty-two years later, in 1665, Muffet, writing on food and diet, says: "Potato-roots are getting to be quite common now; even the husbandman sometimes buys them to please his wife."

*Grains* have improved. More of the richer grains, wheat, etc., are raised, and the people have better bread. Morgan, in an old account of the agriculture of Scotland, 1590 to 1605, said: "They, the Scotch, ate harthcakes of oates, but in cities some have wheaten bread, which, for the most part, is bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens."\*

Sir Frederic M. Eden, in his great

\* Quoted by Eden in Hist. Laboring Classes, I. 515.

and valuable work on the History of the Laboring Classes, quotes the Westmoreland Agricultural Report of 1797, which says that, "in Westmoreland, in 1797, a laboring man will eat sixteen pounds of oatmeal a fortnight." The report adds: "The cost of this is one and a half to two and a half shillings, average two. Then his bread, which was almost his whole food, cost him a shilling [twenty-five cents] a week."\*

Substantiality of diet was the peculiar and exclusive privilege of the higher classes. Eden says: "A maid of honor perhaps breakfasted on roast beef; but the ploughman in those good old times [sixteenth century], as they are called, could, I fear, only banquet on the strength of water-gruel."†

Harrison, in his description of England, says: "The bread throughout the land is made of such graine as the soil yieldeth: neverthelesse the gentilitie commonlie provide themselves sufficientlie of wheat, for their own tables, whilst their household and poore neighbors in some shires, are enforced to content themselves with rie and barlie: yea, in times of dearth, manie with bread made either of bran, or of otes, or of all together, and some acorns among, of which scourge the poore do soonest tast, sith they are least able to provide themselves better."‡

"In the sixteenth century wheat was scarcely used at all, rye but little, mostly oats and barley by the laboring people."§

"'Brown bread' hath little or no floure left therein at all. It is not only the worst and weakest of all, but also appointed in old times for servants, slaves, and inferior people to feed upon. Hereunto likewise, because it is drie and brickle in the working, for it will hardly be made up handsomelie into loaves, some add a portion of rie meale, in our time, whereby the rough drieness or drie roughness thereof is somewhat removed."|| "In champeigne coun-

\* Eden, Hist. Laboring Classes, I. 512.

† Ibid., 116.

‡ Quoted by Eden.

§ Eden, I.

|| Holingshed, Chronicles, p. 168.

tries, much rie and barlie bread is eaten, especially when wheat is scant and gesort.”\*

For three hundred years the laboring people have been gradually getting from oats and barley to rye, and from rye to wheat, and thus improving their nutriment, their capacity for labor, their health, and their longevity.

With the improvements in agriculture, the earth yields more abundantly; the products of the farms of Great Britain have much more than doubled since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and they better sustained the fourteen millions of people in 1820 than they did the six millions in 1550.

In 1691, Sir William Petty, in his elaborate essay on Political Economy, said: “As for the land of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by draining of fens, improving of forests and commons, making heathy and barren grounds bear sain foyne and clover grass, meliorating and multiplying several sorts of fruits and garden stuffe, the land in its present condition is able to bear more provision and commodities than it was forty years ago.”† Improvements in the production of food have gone on more rapidly since Sir William’s day. McCulloch, writing in 1839, said: “Wheaten bread is now universally made use of in towns and villages and almost everywhere in the country. Barley is no longer used except in distilleries and in brewing. Oats are employed only in feeding horses. The consumption of rye bread is comparatively inconsiderable. The produce of the wheat crop has been, at the very least, trebled since 1760.”‡

#### *Animal Food.*

The improvement in the production of animal food is greater than in that of vegetable. “According to the estimate of Dr. Davenant in 1710, the average weight of the *net* carcase of black cattle was only three hundred and sev-

enty pounds, of calves fifty pounds, and of sheep twenty-eight pounds.”\* In 1795, a committee of Parliament, who had the matter of the food supply under investigation, reported that cattle and sheep had at an average increased in size and weight about a fourth since 1732. McCulloch thinks that the increase is much greater than this, and that forty-four years later the average net weight of the cattle after drawing was five hundred and fifty pounds, of calves one hundred and five pounds, and of sheep over fifty pounds, making the increase of food offered to man from these animals from 50 to 100 per cent.\*

In other civilized countries, both of Europe and of America, there has been a similar increase of the supply of vegetable and animal food, and the quality has gained as well as the quantity. These improvements did not stop in 1839, when McCulloch examined the matter and reported; but without doubt they have gone on as rapidly within the last thirty years as in the last century.

#### *Fruits.*

There has been a greater improvement in fruits in respect to abundance, nutritiousness, and healthfulness. Instead of the hard, small, sour crab, we have hundreds of varieties of rich, nutritive, and digestible apples. Instead of the wild and worthless sloe, we have manifold kinds of healthy plums. Pears, peaches, berries, have also been multiplied and made subservient to the sustenance and strengthening of the human race.

So the farm, the garden, the orchard, have all increased their contributions to the diet of man immensely in quantity, and still more in nutritive power.

#### *Famines and Plenty.*

The seasons varied more in former ages than they do now; and agriculture, being imperfect, was less prepared to meet or modify the effects of the unfavorable vicissitudes of the weather. The crops therefore varied, and the

\* Holingshed, *Chronicles*, p. 168.

† Political Arithmetic, pp. 96, 97.

‡ McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 182.

\* McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 261.

people were very unequally supplied with food. In some years they might riot in abundance, and in others suffer from privation. In 1696, 1697, and 1698, the price of wheat in England averaged ninety-two shillings a quarter, and in the next succeeding six years the average price was thirty-three shillings and sixpence.

In those early days, the people had neither the means nor the habit of intercommunication; consequently there was no general knowledge of the condition of agriculture, or of the amount of food produced, in the various nations of the world, or in the various parts of any single country, and not always even in the different parts of a single district.

#### *Roads and Transportation.*

Beside this want of knowledge in the favored countries of the necessities of food in others, and ignorance, among the people whose crops had failed, of the more abundant supply that was offered elsewhere, there was a want of the means of transportation, both by sea and land, from nation to nation and from district to district. There was not then the broad and generous commerce that now, with its comprehensive eye, watches over all the nations of the earth, and, seeing their poverty and their riches, carries the surplus food of those whose crops are abundant to supply the wants of those whose crops have failed or are scanty, and thus equalizes the means of sustenance and compensates for the unequal distribution from the skill of men or nature's bounty.

Roads, as now in our least cultivated territories, were then hardly known; in summer the ways not unfrequently consisted of the bottoms of rivulets, and in winter they were hardly passable. Many roads were impassable for any wheel-carriages, and the transportation was done on horseback. Even in Scotland, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, all the goods, merchandise, and produce, even straw, hay, coal, etc., were conveyed in this way. The freight was usually placed

in sacks, baskets, or panniers, suspended on each side of the horse, or fastened with ropes to the animal's back in such way as the skill of the carrier could devise.

Wagons were then unknown; but when the distances between the places were very great, carts were employed, for the horse could not carry on his back a load sufficient to justify the expense of a long journey. These carts were heavy, clumsy, and difficult to be moved even when empty. At the same time, draught horses and cattle were of low breeds, imperfectly nourished, and weakened by exposure to cold and storm in rude sheds, or perhaps with not even this shelter. They were consequently incapable of great exertion, carried but small burdens, and travelled slowly. The common carrier, from Edinburgh to Selkirk, thirty-eight miles distant, required a fortnight for his journey, going and returning, between the two places.\*

This great labor of transportation added very much to the expense of merchandise when carried from the cities to the country, and to the cost of grain and all agricultural produce in the cities. Bishop Fleetwood says, that sometimes there was a very wide difference in the price of grain in London and in the country districts. One year, 1557, he quotes the market prices of wheat as ten, twelve, and thirteen shillings a quarter in several of the counties, and sixty-four shillings in the metropolis.†

#### *Jealousy of the Merchants.*

Beside these inherent obstacles to equalizing the supply of food by means of trade, — carrying it from places where it was plentiful to places where it was scarce, — there was at that time, among both producers and consumers, a great jealousy of dealers in grain, and several laws were enacted in England to prevent their freedom of action, "especially in the reign of Edward VI., when the engross-

\* McCulloch, Dict. Commerce, p. 995.

† Chronicon Preciosum, p. 99.

ing of corn, or the buying it in one market with the intent to sell it again in another, was made an offence punishable by imprisonment and the pillory; and no one was allowed to carry it from one port to another without a license." \*

#### *Unthriftiness.*

The uncultivated people of early times seem to have had little of that calculating thrift and that discipline and self-denial which, by economy in consumption of food in the autumn and winter, would save enough for at least a meagre support, and prevent destitution in the following spring and summer. When their stores were exhausted, or nearly exhausted, they suffered from privation until the new crop came to their relief. This was manifested in

\* McCulloch, Dict. Commerce, p. 403.

the course of prices of grain through the years succeeding short crops. In 1556, after harvest, the price of wheat in England was eight shillings a quarter, and so continued until the following season. Grain was cheap and apparently abundant, want was out of sight, families lived freely until scarcity was forced upon them in the spring and summer, when the price rose to fifty-three shillings and fourpence a quarter, and so remained until the new harvest reduced it at once to eight shillings,\* and then the people again lived freely.

In 1317, wheat was twenty shillings, — two hundred and forty pence, — a bushel before harvest, and fell to ten pence when the new crop had been gathered.†

\* Fleetwood's *Chronicon Preciosum*, 113, 114.

† Eden, *Hist. Laboring Classes*.

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## A PEDESTRIAN TOUR.

WALKING for walking's sake I do not like. The diversion appears to me one of the most factitious of modern enjoyments; and I cannot help looking upon those who pace their five miles in the teeth of a north wind, and profess to come home all the livelier and better for it, as guilty of a venial hypocrisy. It is in nature that after such an exercise the bones should ache and the flesh tremble; and I suspect that these harmless pretenders are all the while paying a secret penalty for their bravado. With a pleasant end in view, or with cheerful companionship, walking is far from being the worst thing in life; though doubtless a truly candid person would confess that he would rather ride under the same circumstances. Yet it is certain that some sort of recreation is necessary after a day spent within doors; and one is really obliged nowadays to take a little walk instead of

medicine; for one's doctor is sure to have a mania on the subject, and there is no more getting pills or powders out of him for a slight indigestion than if they had all been shot away at the Rebels during the war. For this reason I sometimes go upon a pedestrian tour, which is of no great extent in itself, and which I moreover modify by always keeping within sound of the horse-car bells, or easy reach of some steam-car station.

I fear that I should find these rambles dull, but that their utter lack of interest amuses me. I will be honest with the reader, though, and any Master Pliable is free to forsake me at this point; for I cannot promise to be really livelier than my walk. There is a Slough of Despond in full view, and not a Delectable Mountain to be seen, unless you choose so to call the high lands about Waltham, which we shall behold dark blue against the western

sky presently. As I sally forth upon Benicia Street, the whole suburb of Charlesbridge stretches about me,—a vast space upon which I can embroider any fancy I like as I saunter along. I have no associations with it, or memories of it, and, at some seasons, I might wander for days in the most frequented parts of it, and meet hardly any one I know. It is not, however, to these parts that I commonly turn, but northward, up a street upon which a flight of French-roof houses suddenly settled a year or two since, with families in them, and many outward signs of permanence, though their precipitate arrival might cast some doubt upon this. I have to admire their uniform neatness and prettiness, and I look at their dormer-windows with the envy of one to whose weak sentimentality dormer-windows long appeared the supreme architectural happiness. But, for all my admiration of the houses, I find a variety that is pleasanter in the landscape, when I reach, beyond them, a little bridge which appears to span a small stream. It unites banks lined with a growth of trees and briars nodding their heads above the neighboring levels, and suggesting a quiet water-course; though in fact it is the Minkburg Railroad that purls between them, with rippling freight and passenger trains and evergurgling locomotives. The banks take the earliest green of spring upon their southward slope, and on a Sunday morning of May, when the bells are lamenting the Sabbaths of the past, I find their sunny tranquillity sufficient to give me a slight heartache for I know not what. If I descend them and follow the railroad westward half a mile, I come to vast brick-yards, which are not in themselves exciting to the imagination, and which yet, from an irresistible association of ideas, remind me of Egypt, and are forever newly forsaken of those who made bricks without straw; so that I have no trouble in erecting temples and dynastic tombs out of the kilns; while the mills for grinding the clay serve me very well

for those sad-voiced *sakias* or wheel-pumps which the Howadji Curtis heard wailing at their work of drawing the water from the Nile. A little farther on I come to the boarding-house built at the railroad-side for the French Canadians who have by this time succeeded the Hebrews in the toil of the brick-yards, and who, as they loiter in windy-voiced, good-humored groups about the doors of their lodgings, insist upon bringing before me the town of St. Michel at the mouth of the great Mont-Cenis tunnel, where so many peasant folk like them are always amiably quarrelling before the *cabarets* when the *diligence* comes and goes. Somewhere, there must be a gendarme with a cocked hat and a sword on, standing with folded arms to represent the Empire and Peace among that rural population; if I looked in-doors, I am sure I should see the neatest of landladies and landladies' daughters and nieces in high black silk caps, bearing hither and thither smoking bowls of *bouillon* and *café-au-lait*. Well, it takes as little to make one happy as miserable, thank Heaven! and I derive a cheerfulness from this scene which quite atones to me for the fleeting desolation suffered from the sunny verdure on the railroad-bank. With repaired spirits I take my way up through the brick-yards towards the Irish settlement on the north, passing under the long sheds that shelter the kilns. The ashes lie cold about the mouths of most, and the bricks are burnt to the proper complexion; in others these are freshly arranged over flues in which the fire has not been kindled; but in whatever state I see them I am reminded of brick-kilns of boyhood. They were then such palaces of enchantment as any architect should now vainly attempt to rival with bricks upon the most desirable corner-lot of the Back Bay, and were the homes of men truly to be envied: men privileged to stay up all night; to sleep, as it were, out of doors; to hear the wild geese as they flew over in the darkness; to be waking in time to shoot the early ducks



that visited the neighboring ponds ; to roast corn upon the ends of sticks ; to tell and to listen to stories that never ended, save in some sudden impulse to rise and dance a happy hoe-down in the ruddy light of the kiln-fires. If by day they were seen to have the redness of eyes of men that looked upon the whiskey when it was yellow and gave its color in the flask ; if now and then the fragments of a broken bottle strewed the scene of their vigils, and a head broken to match appeared among those good comrades, the boyish imagination was not shocked by these things, but accepted them merely as the symbols of a free virile life. Some such life no doubt is still to be found in the Dublin to which I am come by the time my repertory of associations with brick-kilns is exhausted ; but, oddly enough, I no longer care to encounter it.

It is perhaps in a pious recognition of our mortality that Dublin is built around the Irish graveyard. Most of its windows look out upon the sepulchral monuments and the pretty constant arrival of the funeral trains with their long lines of carriages bringing to the celebration of the sad ultimate rites those gay companies of Irish mourners. I suppose that the spectacle of such obsequies is not at all depressing to the inhabitants of Dublin ; but that, on the contrary, it must beget in them a feeling which, if not resignation to death, is, at least, a sort of sub-acute cheerfulness in his presence. None but a Dubliner, however, would have been greatly animated by a scene which I witnessed during a stroll through this cemetery one afternoon of early spring. The fact that a marble slab or shaft more or less sculptured, and inscribed with words more or less helpless, is the utmost that we can give to one whom once we could caress with every tenderness of speech and touch ; and that, after all, the memorial we raise is rather to our own grief, and is a decency, a mere conventionality, — this is a dreadful fact on which the heart breaks itself with such a pang, that it

always seems a desolation never recognized, an anguish never felt before. Whilst I stood revolving this thought in my mind, and reading the Irish names upon the stones and the black head-boards, — the latter adorned with pictures of angels, once gilt, but now weather-worn down to the yellow paint, — a wail of intolerable pathos filled the air : “ O my darling, O my darling ! O — O — O ! ” with sobs and groans and sighs ; and, looking about, I saw two women, one standing upright beside another that had cast herself upon a grave and lay clasping it with her comfortless arms, uttering these cries. The grave was a year old at least, but the grief seemed of yesterday or of that morning. At times the friend that stood beside the prostrate woman stooped and spoke a soothing word to her, while she wailed out her woe ; and in the midst some little ribald Irish boys came scuffling and quarrelling up the pathway, singing snatches of an obscene song ; and when both the wailing and the singing had died away, an old woman, decently clad, and with her many-wrinkled face softened by the old-fashioned frill running round the inside of her cap, dropped down upon her knees beside a very old grave, and clasped her hands in a silent prayer above it.

If I had beheld all this in some village *campo santo* in Italy, I should have been much more vividly impressed by it, as an æsthetical observer ; whereas I was now merely touched as a human being, and had little desire to turn the scene to literary account. I could not help feeling that it wanted the atmosphere of sentimental association ; the whole background was a blank or worse than a blank. Yet I have not been able to hide from myself so much as I would like certain points of resemblance between our Irish and the poorer classes of Italians. The likeness is one of the first things that strikes an American in Italy, and I am always reminded of it in Dublin. So much of the local life appears upon the street ; there is so much gossip from house to house, and

the talk is always such a resonant clamoring; the women, bareheaded, or with a shawl folded over the head and caught beneath the chin with the hand, have such a contented down-at-heel aspect, shuffling from door to door, or lounging, arms akimbo, among the cats and poultry at their own thresholds, that one beholding it all might well fancy himself upon some Italian *calle* or *vicolo*. Of course the illusion does not hold good on a Sunday, when the Dubliners are coming home from church in their best, — their extraordinary best bonnets and their prodigious silk hats. It does not hold good in any way or at any time, except upon the surface, for there is beneath all this resemblance the difference that must exist between a race immemorially civilized and one which has lately emerged from barbarism “after six centuries of oppression.” You are likely to find a polite pagan under the mask of the modern Italian; you feel pretty sure that any of his race would with a little washing and skilful manipulation *restore*, like a neglected painting, into something genuinely graceful and pleasing; but if one of these Yankeeified Celts were scraped, it is but too possible that you might find a kern, a Whiteboy, or a Pike-man. The chance of discovering a scholar or a saint of the period when Ireland was the centre of learning, and the favorite seat of the Church, is scarcely one in three.

Among the houses fronting on the main street of Dublin, every other one — I speak in all moderation — is a grocery, if I may judge by a tin case of corn-balls, a jar of candy, and a card of shirt-buttons, with an under layer of primers and ballads, in the windows. You descend from the street by several steps into these haunts, which are contrived to secure the greatest possible dampness and darkness; and if you have made an errand inside, you doubtless find a lady before the counter in the act of putting down a guilty-looking tumbler with one hand, while she neatly wipes her mouth on the back of the other. She has that effect, observable

in all tipling women of low degree, of having no upper garment on but a shawl, which hangs about her in statue-like folds and lines. She slinks out directly, but the lady behind the counter gives you good evening with

“The affectation of a bright-eyed ease,”

intended to deceive if you chance to be a State constable in disguise, and to propitiate if you are a veritable customer: “Who was that woman, lamenting so, over in the graveyard?” “O, I don’t know, sir,” answers the lady, making change for the price of a ballad. “Some Irish folks. They gineraly cries that way.”

In yet earlier spring walks through Dublin, I found a depth of mud appalling even to one who had lived three years in Charlesbridge. The streets were passable only to pedestrians skilled in shifting themselves along the sides of fences and alert to take advantage of every projecting doorstep. There were no dry places, except in front of the groceries, where the ground was beaten hard by the broad feet of loafing geese and the coming and going of admirably small children making purchases there. The number of the little ones was quite as remarkable as their size, and ought to have been even more interesting, if, as sometimes appears probable, such increase shall — together with the well-known ambition of Dubliners to rule the land — one day make an end of us poor Yankees as a dominant plurality.

The town was somewhat tainted with our architectural respectability, unless the newness of some of the buildings gave illusion of this; and, though the streets of Dublin were not at all cared for, and though every house on the main thoroughfare stood upon the brink of a slough, without yard, or any attempt at garden or shrubbery, there were many cottages in the less aristocratic quarters enclosed in palings, and embowered in the usual suburban pear-trees and currant-bushes. These, indeed, were dwellings of an elder sort, and had clearly been inherited from a

population now as extinct in that region as the Pequots, and they were not always carefully cherished. On the border of the hamlet is to be seen an old farm-house of the poorer sort, built about the beginning of this century, and now thickly peopled by Dubliners. Its gate is thrown down, and the great wild-grown lilac hedge, no longer protected by a fence, shows skirts bedabbled by the familiarity of lawless poultry, as little like the steady-habited poultry of other times, as the people of the house are like the former inmates, long since dead or gone West. I offer the poor place a sentiment of regret as I pass, thinking of its better days. I think of its decorous, hard-working, cleanly, school-going, church-attending life, which was full of the pleasure of duty done, and was not without its own quaint beauty and grace. What long Sabbaths were kept in that old house, what scanty holidays! Yet from this and such as this came the dominion of the whole wild continent, the freedom of a race, the greatness of the greatest people. It may be that I regretted a little too exultantly, and that out of this particular house came only peddling of innumerable clocks and multitudinous tinware. But as yet, it is pretty certain that the general character of the population has not gained by the change. What is in the future, let the prophets say; any one can see that something not quite agreeable is in the present; something that takes the wrong side, as by instinct, in politics; something that mainly helps to prop up tottering priestcraft among us; something that one thinks of with dismay as destined to control so largely the civil and religious interests of the country. This, however, is the aggregate aspect. Mrs. Clannahan's kitchen, as it may be seen by the desperate philosopher when he goes to engage her for the spring house-cleaning, is a strong argument against his fears. If Mrs. Clannahan, lately of an Irish cabin, can show a kitchen so capably appointed and so neatly kept as that, the country may

yet be an inch or two from the brink of ruin, and the race which we trust as little as we love may turn out no more spendthrift than most heirs. It is encouraging, moreover, when any people can flatter themselves upon a superior prosperity and virtue, and we may take heart from the fact that the French Canadians, many of whom have lodgings in Dublin, are not well seen by the higher classes of the citizens there. Mrs. Clannahan, whose house stands over against the main gate of the graveyard, and who may, therefore, be considered as moving in the best Dublin society, hints, that though good Catholics, the French are not thought perfectly honest, — "things have been missed" since they came to blight with their crimes and vices the once happy seat of integrity. It is amusing to find Dublin fearful of the encroachment of the French, as we in our turn dread the advance of the Irish. We must make a jest of our own alarms, and even smile — since we cannot help ourselves — at the spiritual desolation occasioned by the settlement of an Irish family in one of our suburban neighborhoods. The householders view with fear and jealousy the erection of any dwelling of less than a stated cost, as portending a possible advent of Irish; and when the calamitous race actually appears, a mortal pang strikes to the bottom of every pocket. Values tremble throughout that neighborhood, to which the new-comers communicate a species of moral dry-rot. None but the Irish will build near the Irish; and the infection of fear spreads to the elder Yankee homes about, and the owners prepare to abandon them, — not always, however, let us hope, without turning, at the expense of the invaders, a Parthian penny in their flight. In my walk from Dublin to North Charlesbridge, I saw more than one token of the encroachment of the Celtic army, which had here and there invested a Yankee house with besieging shanties on every side, and thus given to its essential and otherwise quite hopeless ugliness a touch of the poetry that attends failing

fortunes, and hallows decayed gentility of however poor a sort originally. The fortunes of such a house are, of course, not to be retrieved. Where the Celt sets his foot, there the Yankee (and it is perhaps wholesome if not agreeable to know that the Irish citizen whom we do not always honor as our equal in civilization loves to speak of us scornfully as Yankees) rarely, if ever, returns. The place remains to the intruder and his heirs forever. We gracefully retire before him even in politics, as the metropolis — if it is the metropolis — can witness; and we wait with an anxious curiosity the encounter of the Irish and the Chinese, now rapidly approaching each other from opposite shores of the continent. Shall we be crushed in the collision of these superior races? Every intelligence-office will soon be ringing with the cries of combat, and all our kitchens strewn with pig-tails and bark chignons. As yet we have gay hopes of our Buddhistic brethren; but how will it be when they begin to quarter the Dragon upon the Stars and Stripes, and buy up all the best sites for temples, and burn their joss-sticks, as it were, under our very noses? Our grasp upon the great problem grows a little lax, perhaps? Is it true that, when we look so anxiously for help from others, the virtue has gone out of ourselves? I should hope not.

As I leave Dublin, the houses grow larger and handsomer; and as I draw near the Avenue, the Mansard-roofs look down upon me with their dormer-windows, and welcome me back to the American community. There are fences about all the houses, enclosing ampler and ampler dooryards; the children, which had swarmed in the thrifflless and unenlightened purlieus of Dublin, diminish in number and finally disappear; the chickens have vanished; and I hear — I hear the pensive music of the horse-car bells, which in some alien land, I am sure, would be as pathetic to me as the *Ranz des Vaches* to the Swiss or the bagpipes to the Highlander: in the desert, where the

traveller seems to hear the familiar bells of his far-off church, this tinkle would haunt the absolute silence, and recall the exile's fancy to Charles-bridge; and perhaps in the mocking mirage he would behold an airy horse-car track, and a phantasmagoric horse-car moving slowly along the edge of the horizon, with spectral passengers closely packed inside and overflowing either platform.

But before I reach the Avenue, Dublin calls to me yet again, in the figure of an old, old man, wearing the clothes of other times, and a sort of ancestral round hat. In the act of striking a match he asks me the time of day, and, applying the fire to his pipe, he returns me his thanks in a volume of words and smoke. What a wrinkled and unshorn old man! Can age and neglect do so much for any of us? This ruinous person was associated with a hand-cart as decrepit as himself, but not nearly so cheerful; for though he spoke up briskly with a spirit uttered from far within the wrinkles and the stubble, the cart had preceded him with a very lugubrious creak. It groaned, in fact, under a load of tin cans, and I was to learn from the old man that there was, and had been, in his person, for thirteen years, such a thing in the world as a pedler of buttermilk, and that these cans were now filled with that pleasant drink. They did not invite me to prove their contents, being cans that apparently passed their vacant moments in stables and even manure-heaps, and that looked somehow emulous of that old man's stubble and wrinkles. I bought nothing, but I left the old pedler well content, seated upon a thill of his cart, smoking tranquilly, and filling the keen spring evening air with fumes which it dispersed abroad, and made to itself a pleasant incense of.

I left him a whole epoch behind, as I entered the Avenue and lounged homeward along the stately street. Above the station it is far more picturesque than it is below, and the magnificent elms that shadow it might well have looked, in their saplinghood, upon the

British straggling down the country road from the Concord fight; and there are some ancient houses yet standing that must have been filled with exultation at the same spectacle. Poor old revolutionaries! they would never have believed that their descendants would come to love the English as we do.

The season has advanced rapidly during my progress from Dublin to the Avenue; and by the time I reach the famous old tavern, not far from the station, it is a Sunday morning of early summer, and the yellow sunlight falls upon a body of good comrades who are grooming a marvellous number of piebald steeds about the stable-doors. By token of these beasts — which always look so much more like works of art than of nature — I know that there is to be a circus somewhere very soon; and the gay bills pasted all over the stable-front tell me that there are to be two performances at the Port on the morrow. The grooms talk nothing and joke nothing but horse at their labor; and their life seems such a low, ignorant, happy life, that the secret nomad lurking in every respectable and stationary personality stirs within me and struggles to strike hands of fellowship with them. They lead a sort of pastoral existence in our age of railroads; they wander over the continent with their great caravan, and everywhere pursue the summer from South to North and from North to South again; in the mild forenoons they groom their herds, and in the afternoons they doze under their wagons, indifferent to the tumult of the crowd within and without the mighty canvas near them, — doze face downwards on the bruised, sweet-smelling grass; and in the starry midnight rise and strike their tents and set forth again over the still country roads, to take the next village on the morrow, with the blaze and splendor of their "Grand Entree." The triumphal chariot in which the musicians are borne at the head of the procession is composed, as I perceive by the bills, of four colossal gilt swans, set tail to tail, with lifted wings

and curving necks; but the chariot, as I behold it beside the stable, is mysteriously draped in white canvas, through which its gilding glitters only here and there. And does it move thus shrouded in the company's wanderings from place to place, and is the precious spottiness of the piebalds then hidden under envious drapery? O happy grooms, — not clean as to shirts, nor especially neat in your conversation, but displaying a Wealth of art in India-ink upon your manly chests and the swelling muscles of your arms, and speaking in every movement your freedom from all conventional gyves and shackles, "*seid unschlungen!*" — in spirit; for the rest, you are rather too damp, and seem to have applied your sudsy sponges too impartially to your own trousers and the horses' legs to receive an actual embrace from a *dilettante* vagabond.

The old tavern is old only comparatively; but in our new and changeful life it is already quaint. It is very long, and low-studded in either story, with a row of windows in the roof, and a great porch, furnished with benches, running the whole length of the ground-floor. Perhaps because they take the dust of the street too freely, or because the guests find it more social and comfortable to gather in-doors in the wide, low-ceiled office, the benches are not worn, nor particularly whittled. The room has the desolate air characteristic of offices which have once been bar-rooms; but no doubt, on a winter's night, there is talk worth listening to there, of flocks and herds and horse-trades, from the drovers and cattle-market men who patronize the tavern; and the artistic temperament, at least, could feel no regret if that sepulchrally penitent bar-room then developed a secret capacity for the wickedness that once boldly glittered behind the counter in rows of decanters.

The house was formerly renowned for its suppers, of which all that was learned or gifted in the old college town of Charlesbridge used to partake; and I have heard lips which breathe the loftiest song and the sweetest humor —



let alone being "dewy with the Greek of Plato"—smacked regretfully over the memory of those suppers' roast and broiled. No such suppers, they say, are cooked in the world any more; and I am somehow made to feel that their passing away is connected with the decay of good literature.

I hope it may be very long before the predestined French-roof villa occupies the tavern's site, and turns into lawns and gardens its wide-spreading cattle-pens, and removes the great barn that now shows its broad, low gable to the street. This is yet older and quaint-looking than the tavern itself; it is mighty capacious, and gives a still profounder impression of vastness with its shed, of which the roof slopes southward down almost to a man's height from the ground, and shelters a row of mangers, running back half the length of the stable, and serving in former times for the baiting of such beasts as could not be provided for within. But the halcyon days of the cattle-market are past (though you may still see the white horns tossing above the fences of the pens, when a newly arrived herd lands from the train to be driven afoot to Dimton), and the place looks now so empty and forsaken, spite of the circus baggage-wagons, that it were hard to believe these mangers could ever have been in request, but for the fact that they are all gnawed, down to the quick as it were, by generations of horses—vanished forever on the deserted highways of the past—impatient for their oats or hungering for more.

The day must come, of course, when the mangers will all be taken from the stable-shed, and exposed for sale at that wonderful second-hand shop which stands over against the tavern. I am no more surprised than one in a dream, to find it a week-day afternoon by the time I have crossed thither from the circus-men grooming their piebalds. It is an enchanted place to me, and I am a frequent and unprofitable customer there, buying only just enough to make good my footing with the custodian of its marvels, who is, of course, too true

an American to show any desire to sell. Without, on either side of the doorway, I am pretty sure to find, among other articles of furniture, a mahogany and hair-cloth sofa, a family portrait, a landscape painting, a bath-tub, and a flower-stand, with now and then the variety of a boat and a dog-house; while under an adjoining shed is heaped a mass of miscellaneous movables, of a heavier sort, and fearlessly left there night and day, being on all accounts undesirable to steal. The door of the shop rings a bell in opening, and ushers the customer into a room which Chaos herself might have planned in one of her happier moments. Carpets, blankets, shawls, pictures, mirrors, rocking-chairs, and blue overalls hang from the ceiling, and devious pathways wind amidst piles of ready-made clothing, showcases filled with every sort of knick-knack and half hidden under heaps of hats and boots and shoes, bookcases, secretaries, chests of drawers, mattresses, lounges, and bedsteads, to the stairway of a loft similarly appointed, and to a back room overflowing with glassware and crockery. These things are not all second-hand, but they are all old and equally pathetic. The melancholy of ruinous auction sales, of changing tastes or changing fashions, clings to them, whether they are things that have never had a home and have been on sale ever since they were made, or things that have been associated with every phase of human life.

Among other objects, certain large glass vases, ornamented by the polite art of potichomanie, have long appealed to my fancy, wherein they capriciously allied themselves to the history of aging single women in lonely New England village houses,—pathetic sisters lingering upon the neutral ground between the faded hopes of marriage and the yet unrisen prospects of consumption. The work implies an imperfect yet real love of beauty, the leisure for it a degree of pecuniary ease: the thoughts of the sisters rise above the pickling and preserving that occupied their hear-



tier and happier mother; they are in fact in that æsthetic, social, and intellectual mean, in which single women are thought soonest to wither and decline. With a little more power, and in our later era, they would be writing stories full of ambitious, unintelligible, self-devoted and suddenly collapsing young girls and amazing doctors; but as they are, and in their time, they must do what they can. A sentimentalist may discern on these vases not only the gay designs with which they ornamented them, but their own dim faces looking wan from the windows of some huge old homestead, a world too wide for the shrunken family. All April long the door-yard trees crouch and shudder in the sour east, all June they rain canker-worms upon the roof, and then in autumn choke the eaves with a fall of tattered and hectic foliage. From the window the fading sisters gaze upon the unnatural liveliness of the summer streets through which the summer boarders are driving, or upon the death-white drifts of the intolerable winter. Their father, the captain, is dead; he died with the Calcutta trade, having survived their mother, and left them a hopeless competency and yonder bamboo chairs; their only brother is in California; one, though she loved, had never a lover; her sister's betrothed married West, whither he went to make a home for her,—and ah! is it vases for the desolate parlor mantel they decorate, or funeral urns? And when in time, they being gone, the Californian brother sends to sell out at auction the old place with the household and kitchen furniture, is it withered rose-leaves or ashes that the purchaser finds in these jars?

They are empty now; and I wonder how came they here? How came the show-case of Dr. Merrifield, Surgeon-Chiropodist, here? How came here yon Italian painting?—a poor, silly, little affected Madonna, simpering at me from her dingy gilt frame till I buy her, a great bargain, at a dollar. From what country church or family oratory, in what revolution, or stress of private

fortunes,—then from what various cabinets of antiquities in what dear Vicenza, or Ferrara, or Mantua, camest thou, O Madonna? Whose likeness are you, poor girl, with your every-day prettiness of brows and chin, and your Raphaellesque crick in the neck? I think I know a part of your story. You were once the property of that ruined advocate, whose sensibilities would sometimes consent that a *valet de place* of uncommon delicacy should bring to his ancestral palace some singularly meritorious foreigner desirous of purchasing from his rare collection,—a collection of rubbish scarcely to be equalled elsewhere in Italy. You hung in that family-room, reached after passage through stately vestibules and grand stairways,—and O, I would be cheated to the bone, if only I might look out again from some such windows as were there, upon some such damp, mouldy, broken-statued, ruinous, enchanted garden as lay below! In that room sat the advocate's mother and hunchback sister, with their smoky *scaldini* and their snuffy priest; and there the wife of the foreigner, self-elected the taste of his party, inflicted the pang courted by the advocate, and asked if you were for sale. And then the ruined advocate clasped his hands, rubbed them, set his head heart-brokenly on one side, took you down, heaved a sigh, shrugged his shoulders, and sold you—you!—a family heirloom! Well, at least you are old, and you represent to me acres of dim, religious canvas in that beloved land; and here is the dollar now asked for you: I could not have bought you for so little at home.

The Madonna is neighbored by several paintings of the kind called Grecian, for a reason never revealed by the inventor of an art as old as potichomanie itself. It was an art by which ordinary lithographs were given a ghastly transparency, and a tone as disagreeable as chromos; and I doubt if it could have been known to the Greeks in their best age. But I remember very well when it passed over

whole neighborhoods in some parts of this country, wasting the time of many young women and disfiguring parlor walls with the fruit of their accomplishment. It was always taught by Professors, a class of learned young men who acquired their title by abandoning the plough and anvil, and, in a suit of ready-made clothing, travelling about the country with portfolios under their arms. It was an experience to make loafers for life of them; and I fancy the girls who learnt their art never afterwards made so good butter and cheese.

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

Besides the Grecian paintings there are some mezzotints; full-length pictures of presidents and statesmen, chiefly General Jackson, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, which have hung their day in the offices or parlors of country politicians. They are all statesmanlike and presidential in attitude; and I know that if the mighty Webster's lips had language, he would take his hand out of his waistcoat front, and say to his fellow-mezzotints: "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation, bringing your household furniture and miscellaneous trumpery of all kinds with you."

Some old-fashioned entry-lanterns divide my interest with certain old willow chairs of an hourglass pattern, which never stood upright, probably, and have now all a confirmed droop to one side, as from having been fallen heavily asleep in, upon breezy porches, of hot summer afternoons. In the windows are small vases of alabaster, fly-specked Parian and plaster figures, and dolls with stiff wooden limbs and papier-maché heads,—a sort of dolls no longer to be bought in these days of modish, blue-eyed blondes of biscuit and sturdy india-rubber brunettes. The showcase is full of an incredible variety, as photograph albums, fishing-hooks, socks, suspenders, steel-pens, cutlery of all sorts, and curious old colored prints of Adelaide, and Kate, and Ellen. A rocking-horse is stabled near amid pendent lengths of second-

hand carpeting, hat-racks and mirrors; and standing cheek-by-jowl with painted washstands and bureaux are some plaster statues aptly colored and varnished to represent bronze.

There is nothing here but has a marked character of its own, some distinct yet intangible trait acquired from former circumstances; and doubtless all these things have that lurking likeness to former owners which clothes and furniture are apt to take on from long association, and which we should instantly recognize could they be confronted with their late proprietors. It seems, in very imaginative moments, as if the strange assemblage of incongruities must have a consciousness of these latent resemblances, which the individual pieces betray when their present keeper turns the key upon them and abandons them to themselves at night; and I have sometimes fancied such an effect in the late twilight, when I have wandered into their resting-place, and have beheld them in the unnatural glare of a kerosene-lamp burning before a brightly polished reflector, and casting every manner of grotesque shadow upon the floor and walls. But this may have been an illusion; at any rate I am satisfied that the bargain-driving capacity of the storekeeper is not in the least affected by a weird quality in his wares; though they have not failed to impart to him something of their own desultory character. He sometimes leaves a neighbor in charge when he goes to meals, and then, if I enter, I am watchfully followed about from corner to corner and from room to room, lest I pocket a mattress or slip a book-case under my coat. The storekeeper himself never watches me; perhaps he knows that it is a purely professional interest I take in the collection; that I am in the trade and have a second-hand shop of my own, full of poetical rubbish, and every sort of literary odds and ends, picked up at random, and all cast higgledy-piggledy into the same chaotic receptacle. His customers are as little like ordinary shoppers as he is like common tradesmen.

They are in part the Canadians who work in the brick-yards, and it is surprising to find how much business can be transacted and how many sharp bargains struck without the help of a common language. I am in the belief, which may be erroneous, that nobody is wronged in these trades. The taciturn storekeeper, who regards his customers with a stare of solemn amusement as Critturs born by some extraordinary vicissitude of nature to the use of a language that practically amounts to deafness and dumbness, never suffers his philosophical interest in them to affect his commercial efficiency; he drops them now and then a curt English phrase or expressive Yankee idiom; he knows very well when they mean to buy and when they do not; and they, equally wary and equally silent, unswayed by the glib allurements of a salesman, judge of price and quality for themselves, make their solitary offer, and stand or fall by it.

I am seldom able to conclude a pedestrian tour without a glance at the wonderful interior of this cheap-store, and I know all its contents familiarly. I recognize wares that have now been on sale there for years; I miss at first glance such accustomed objects as have been parted with between my frequent visits, and hail with pleasure the additions to that extraordinary variety. I can hardly, I suppose, expect the reader to sympathize with the joy I felt the other night, in discovering among the latter an adventurous and universally applicable sign-board advertising *This House and Lot for Sale*, and, intertwined with the cast-off suspenders which long garlanded a coffee-mill pendent from the roof, a newly added second-hand india-rubber ear-trumpet. Here and there, however, I hope a finer soul will relish, as I do, the poetry of thus buying and offering for sale the very most recondite, as well as the commonest articles of commerce, in the faith that one day the predestined purchaser will appear and carry off the article appointed him from the beginning of time. This faith is all the more touching because the collector

cannot expect to live until the whole stock is disposed of, and because, in the order of nature, much must at last fall to ruin unbought, unless the reporter's Devouring Element appears and gives a sudden tragical turn to the poem.

It is the whistle of a train drawing up at the neighboring station that calls me away from the second-hand store; for I never find myself able to resist the hackneyed prodigy of such an arrival. It cannot cease to be impressive. I stand beside the track while the familiar monster writhes up to the station and disgorges its passengers, — suburbanly packaged, and bundled, and bagged, and even when empty-handed somehow proclaiming the jaded character of men that hurry their work all day to catch the evening train out, and their dreams all night to catch the morning train in, — and then I climb the station-stairs, and “hang with grooms and porters on the bridge,” that I may not lose my ever-repeated sensation of having the train pass under my feet, and of seeing it rush away westward to the pretty blue hills beyond, — hills not too big for a man born in a plain-country to love. Twisting and trembling along the track, it dwindles rapidly in the perspective, and is presently out of sight. It has left the city and the suburbs behind, and has sought the woods and meadows; but Nature never in the least accepts it, and rarely makes its path a part of her landscape's loveliness. The train passes alien through all her moods and aspects; the wounds made in her face by the road's sharp cuts and excavations are slowest of all wounds to heal, and the iron rails remain to the last as shackles upon her. Yet when the rails are removed, as has happened with a non-paying track in Charlesbridge, the road inspires a real tenderness in her. Then she bids it take on the grace that belongs to all ruin; the grass creeps stealthily over the scarified sides of the embankments; the golden-rod, and the purple-topped iron-weed, and the lady's-slipper, spring up in the hollows on either side, and — I am still think-

ing of that deserted railroad which runs through Charlesbridge — hide with their leafage the empty tomato-cans and broken bottles and old boots on the ash-heaps dumped there; Nature sets her velvety willows a waving near, and lower than their airy tops plans a vista of trees arching above the track, which is as wild and pretty and illusive a vista as the sunset ever cared to look through and gild a board fence beyond.

Most of our people come from Boston on the horse-cars, and it is only the dwellers on the Avenue and the neighboring streets whom hurrying homeward I follow away from the steam-car station. The Avenue is our handsomest street; and if it were in the cosmopolitan citizen of Charlesbridge to feel any local interest, I should be proud of it. As matters are, I perceive its beauty, and I often reflect, with a pardonable satisfaction, that it is not only handsome, but probably the very dullest street in the world. It is magnificently long and broad, and is flanked nearly the whole way from the station to the colleges by pine palaces rising from spacious lawns, or from the green of trees or the brightness of gardens. The splendor is all very new; but newness is not a fault that much affects architectural beauty, while it is the only one that time is certain to repair; and I find an honest and unceasing pleasure in the graceful lines of those palaces, which is not surpassed even by my appreciation of the vast quiet and monotony of the street itself. Commonly, when I emerge upon it from the grassy-bordered, succory-blossomed walks of Benicia Street, I behold, looking northward, a monumental horse-car standing — it appears for ages, if I wish to take it for Boston — at the head of Pliny Street; and looking southward I see that other emblem of suburban life, an express-wagon, fading rapidly in the distance. Haply the top of a buggy nods round the bend under the elms near the station; and, if fortune is so lavish, a lady appears from a side street, and, while tarrying for the car, thrusts the point

of her sun-umbrella into the sandy sidewalk. This is the mid-afternoon effect of the Avenue; but later in the day, and well into the dusk, it remembers its former gayety as a trotting-course, — with here and there a spider-wagon, a twinkling-footed mare, and a guttural driver. On market-days its superb breadth is taken up by flocks of bleating sheep, and a pastoral tone is thus given to its tranquillity; anon a herd of beef-cattle appears under the elms; or a drove of pigs, many-pausing, inquisitive of the gutters, and quarrelsome as if they were the heirs of prosperity instead of doom, is slowly urged on toward the shambles. In the spring or the autumn, the Avenue is exceptionally enlivened by the progress of a brace or so of students who, in training for one of the University Courses of base-ball or boating, trot slowly and earnestly along the sidewalk, fists up, elbows down, mouths shut, and a sense of immense responsibility visible in their faces.

The summer is waning with the day as I turn from the Avenue into Benicia Street. This is the hour when the fly cedes to the mosquito, as the Tuscan poet says, and, as one may add, the frying grasshopper yields to the shrilly cricket in noisiness. The embrowning air rings with the sad music made by these innumerable little violinists, hid in all the gardens round, and the pedestrian feels a sinking of the spirits not to be accounted for upon the theory that the street is duller than the Avenue, for it really is not so.

Quick now, the cheerful lamps of kerosene! — without their light, the cry of those crickets, dominated for an instant, but not stilled, by the bellowing of a near-passing locomotive and the baying of a distant dog, were too much. If it were the last autumn that ever was to be, it could not be heralded with notes of dismaller effect. This is in fact the hour of supreme trial everywhere, and doubtless no one but a newly-accepted lover can be happy at twilight. In the city, even, it is oppressive; in the country it is desolate;

in the suburbs it is a miracle that it is ever lived through. The night-winds have not risen yet to stir the languid foliage of the sidewalk maples; the lamps are not yet lighted to take away the gloom from the blank, staring windows of the houses near; it is too late

for letters, too early for a book. In town your fancy would turn to the theatres; in the country you would occupy yourself with cares of poultry or of stock: in the suburbs you can but sit upon your threshold, and fight the predatory mosquito.

## THE BRICK MOON.

[From the Papers of Colonel Frederic Ingham.]

### II.

#### HOW WE BUILT IT.

THE orange was squeezed dry! And how little any of us knew, — skilful George Orcutt, thoughtful Ben Brannan, loyal Haliburton, ingenious Q, or poor painstaking I, — how little we knew, or any of us, where was another orange, or how we could mix malic acid and tartaric acid, and citric acid and auric acid and sugar and water so as to imitate orange-juice, and fill up the bank-account enough to draw in the conditioned subscriptions, and so begin to build the MOON. How often, as I lay awake at night, have I added up the different subscriptions in some new order, as if that would help the matter: and how steadily they have come out one hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars, or even less, when I must needs, in my sleepiness, forget somebody's name! So Haliburton put into railroad stocks all the money he collected, and the rest of us ground on at our mills, or flew up on our own wings towards Heaven. Thus Orcutt built more tunnels, Q. prepared for more commencements, Haliburton calculated more policies, Ben Brannan created more civilization, and I, as I could, healed the hurt of my people of Naguadavick for the months there were left to me of my stay in that thriving town.

None of us had the wit to see how the problem was to be wrought out further. No. The best things come

to us when we have faithfully and well made all the preparation and done our best; but they come in some way that is none of ours. So was it now, that to build the BRICK MOON it was necessary that I should be turned out of Naguadavick ignominiously, and that Jeff. Davis and some seven or eight other bad men should create the Great Rebellion. Hear how it happened.

Dennis Shea, my Double, — otherwise, indeed, called by my name and legally so, — undid me, as my friends supposed, one evening at a public meeting called by poor Isaacs in Naguadavick. Of that transaction I have no occasion here to tell the story. But of that transaction one consequence is that the BRICK MOON now moves in ether. I stop writing, to rest my eye upon it, through a little telescope of Alvan Clark's here, which is always trained near it. It is moving on as placidly as ever.

It came about thus. The morning after poor Dennis, whom I have long since forgiven, made his extraordinary speeches, without any authority from me, in the Town Hall at Naguadavick, I thought, and my wife agreed with me, that we had better both leave town with the children. Auchmuty, our dear friend, thought so too. We left in the ten-thirty Accommodation for Skowhegan, and so came to Township No. 9 in the 3rd Range, and there for years we resided. That whole range of town-

ships was set off under a provision admirable in its character, that the first settled minister in each town should receive one hundred acres of land as the "minister's grant," and the first settled schoolmaster eighty. To No. 9 therefore I came. I constituted a little Sandemanian church. Auchmuty and Delafield came up and installed me, and with these hands I built the cabin in which, with Polly and the little ones, I have since spent many happy nights and days. This is not the place for me to publish a map, which I have by me, of No. 9, nor an account of its many advantages for settlers. Should I ever print my papers called "Stay-at-Home Robinsons," it will be easy with them to explain its topography and geography. Suffice it now to say, that, with Alice and Bertha and Polly, I took tramps up and down through the lumbermen's roads, and soon knew the general features of the lay of the land. Nor was it long, of course, before we came out one day upon the curious landslides, which have more than once averted the flow of the little Carrotook River, where it has washed the rocks away so far as to let down one section more of the overlying yielding yellow clay.

Think how my eyes flashed, and my wife's, as, struggling through a wilderness of moosewood, we came out one afternoon on this front of yellow clay! Yellow clay, of course, when properly treated by fire, is brick! Here we were surrounded by forests, only waiting to be burned; yonder was clay, only waiting to be baked. Polly looked at me, and I looked at her, and with one voice, we cried out, "The Moon."

For here was this shouting river at our feet, whose power had been running to waste since the day when the Laurentian hills first heaved themselves above the hot Atlantic; and that day, I am informed by Mr. Agassiz, was the first day in the history of this solid world. Here was water-power enough for forty fly-wheels, were it necessary to send heavenward twenty moons. Here was solid timber enough for a

hundred dams, yet only one was necessary to give motion to the fly-wheels. Here was retirement,—freedom from criticism, an escape from the journalists, who would not embarrass us by telling of every cracked brick which had to be rejected from the structure. We had lived in No. 9 now for six weeks, and not an "own correspondent" of them all had yet told what Rev. Mr. Ingham had for dinner.

Of course I wrote to George Orcutt at once of our great discovery, and he came up at once to examine the situation. On the whole, it pleased him. He could not take the site I proposed for the dam, because this very clay there made the channel treacherous, and there was danger that the stream would work out a new career. But lower down we found a stony gorge with which George was satisfied; he traced out a line for a railway by which, of their own weight, the brick-cars could run to the centrings; he showed us where, with some excavations, the fly-wheels could be placed exactly above the great mill-wheels, that no power might be wasted, and explained to us how, when the gigantic structure was finished, the BRICK MOON would gently roll down its ways upon the rapid wheels, to be launched instant into the sky!

Shall I ever forget that happy October day of anticipation?

We spent many of those October days in tentative surveys. Alice and Bertha were our chain-men, intelligent and obedient. I drove for George his stakes, or I cut away his brush, or I raised and lowered the shield at which he sighted; and at noon Polly appeared with her baskets, and we would dine *al fresco*, on a pretty point which, not many months after, was wholly covered by the eastern end of the dam. When the field-work was finished we retired to the cabin for days, and calculated and drew, and drew and calculated. Estimates for feeding Irishmen, estimates of hay for mules,—George was sure he could work mules better than oxen,—estimates for cement, estimates



for the preliminary saw-mills, estimates for rail for the little brick-road, for wheels, for spikes, and for cutting ties; what did we not estimate for — on a basis almost wholly new, you will observe. For here the brick would cost us less than our old conceptions, — our water-power cost us almost nothing, — but our stores and our wages would cost us much more.

These estimates are now to me very curious, — a monument, indeed, to dear George's memory, that in the result they proved so accurate. I would gladly print them here at length, with some illustrative cuts, but that I know the impatience of the public, and its indifference to detail. If we are ever able to print a proper memorial of George, that, perhaps, will be the fitter place for them. Suffice it to say that with the subtractions thus made from the original estimates — even with the additions forced upon us by working in a wilderness — George was satisfied that a money charge of \$ 197,327 would build and start THE MOON. As soon as we had determined the site, we marked off eighty acres, which contained all the essential localities, up and down the little Carrotook River, — I engaged George for the first schoolmaster in No. 9, and he took these eighty acres for the schoolmaster's reservation. Alice and Bertha went to school to him the next day, taking lessons in civil engineering; and I wrote to the Bingham trustees to notify them that I had engaged a teacher, and that he had selected his land.

Of course we remembered, still, that we were near forty thousand dollars short of the new estimates, and also that much of our money would not be paid us but on condition that two hundred and fifty thousand were raised. But George said that his own subscription was wholly unhampered: with that we would go to work on the preliminary work of the dam, and on the flies. Then, if the flies would hold together, — and they should hold if mortise and iron could hold them, — they might be at work summers and winters, days

and nights, storing up Power for us. This would encourage the subscribers, nay, would encourage us; and all this preliminary work would be out of the way when we were really ready to begin upon the MOON.

Brannan, Haliburton, and Q. readily agreed to this when they were consulted. They were the other trustees under an instrument which we had got St. Leger to draw up. George gave up, as soon as he might, his other appointments; and taught me, meanwhile, where and how I was to rig a little saw-mill, to cut some necessary lumber. I engaged a gang of men to cut the timber for the dam, and to have it ready; and, with the next spring, we were well at work on the dam and on the flies! These needed, of course, the most solid foundation. The least irregularity of their movement might send the MOON awry.

Ah me! would I not gladly tell the history of every bar of iron which was bent into the tires of those flies, and of every log which was mortised into its place in the dam, nay, of every curling mass of foam which played in the eddies beneath, when the dam was finished, and the waste water ran so smoothly over? Alas! that one drop should be wasted of water that might move a world, although a small one! I almost dare say that I remember each and all these, — with such hope and happiness did I lend myself, as I could, each day to the great enterprise; lending to dear George, who was here and there and everywhere, and was this and that and everybody, — lending to him, I say, such poor help as I could lend, in whatever way. We waked, in the two cabins, in those happy days, just before the sun came up, when the birds were in their loudest clamor of morning joy. Wrapped each in a blanket, George and I stepped out from our doors, each trying to call the other, and often meeting on the grass between. We ran to the river and plunged in, — O, how cold it was! — laughed and screamed like boys, rubbed ourselves aglow, and ran home to build

Polly's fire beneath the open chimney which stood beside my cabin. The bread had risen in the night. The water soon boiled above the logs. The children came, laughing, out upon the grass, barefoot, and fearless of the dew. Then Polly appeared with her gridiron and bear-steak, or with her griddle and eggs, and, in fewer minutes than this page has cost me, the breakfast was ready for Alice to carry, dish by dish, to the white-clad table on the piazza. Not Raphael and Adam more enjoyed their watermelons, fox-grapes, and late blueberries! And, in the long croon of the breakfast, lingering at the board, we revenged ourselves for the haste with which it had been prepared.

When we were well at table, a horn from the cabins below sounded the reveille for the drowsier workmen. Soon above the larches rose the blue of their smokes; and when we were at last nodding to the children, to say that they might leave the table, and Polly was folding her napkin as to say she wished we were gone, we would see tall Asaph Langdon, then foreman of the carpenters, sauntering up the valley with a roll of paper, or an adze, or a shingle with some calculations on it,—with something on which he wanted Mr. Orcutt's directions for the day.

An hour of nothings set the carnal machinery of the day agoing. We fed the horses, the cows, the pigs, and the hens. We collected the eggs and cleaned the hen-houses and the barns. We brought in wood enough for the day's fire, and water enough for the day's cooking and cleanliness. These heads describe what I and the children did. Polly's life during that hour was more mysterious. That great first hour of the day is devoted with women to the deepest arcana of the Eleusinian mysteries of the divine science of house-keeping. She who can meet the requisitions of that hour wisely and bravely conquers in the Day's Battle. But what she does in it, let no man try to say! It can be named, but not de-

scribed, in the comprehensive formula, "Just stepping round."

That hour well given to chores and to digestion, the children went to Mr. Orcutt's open-air school, and I to my rustic study,—a separate cabin, with a rough square table in it, and some book-boxes equally rude. No man entered it, excepting George and me. Here for two hours I worked undisturbed,—how happy the world, had it neither postman nor door-bell!—worked upon my *Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries*, and then was ready to render such service to the cause and to George as the day might demand. Thus I rode to Lincoln or to Foxcroft to order supplies; I took my gun and lay in wait on Chairback for a bear; I transferred to the hewn lumber the angles or bevels from the careful drawings: as best I could, I filled an apostle's part, and became all things to all these men around me. Happy those days!—and thus the dam was built; in such Arcadian simplicity was reared the mighty wheel; thus grew on each side the towers which were to support the flies; and thus, to our delight not unmixed with wonder, at last we saw those mighty flies begin to turn. Not in one day, nor in ten; but in a year or two of happy life,—full of the joy of joys,—the "joy of eventful living!"

Yet, for all this, \$152,000 was not \$197,000, far less was it \$250,000; and but for Jeff. Davis and his crew the BRICK MOON would not have been born.

But at last Jeff. Davis was ready. "My preparations being completed," wrote General Beauregard, "I opened fire on Fort Sumter." Little did he know it,—but in that explosion the BRICK MOON also was lifted into the sky!

Little did we know it, when, four weeks after, George came up from the settlements, all excited with the news! The wheels had been turning now for four days, faster of course and faster. George had gone down for money to pay

off the men, and he brought us up the news that the Rebellion had begun.

"The last of this happy life," he said; "the last, alas, of our dear MOON." How little he knew and we!

But he paid off the men, and they packed their traps and disappeared, and, before two months were over, were in the lines before the enemy. George packed up, bade us sadly good-by, and before a week had offered his service to Governor Fenton in Albany. For us, it took rather longer; but we were soon packed; Polly took the children to her sister's, and I went on to the Department to offer my service there. No sign of life left in No. 9, but the two gigantic Fly-Wheels, moving faster and faster by day and by night, and accumulating Power till it was needed. If only they would hold together till the moment came!

So we all ground through the first slow year of the war. George in his place, I in mine, Brannan in his,—we lifted as we could. But how heavy the weight seemed! It was in the second year, when the second large loan was placed, that Haliburton wrote to me,—I got the letter, I think, at Hilton Head,—that he had sold out every penny of our railroad stocks, at the high prices which railroad stocks then bore, and had invested the whole fifty-nine thousand in the new Governments. "I could not call a board meeting," said Haliburton, "for I am here only on leave of absence, and the rest are all away. But the case is clear enough. If the government goes up, the MOON will never go up; and, for one, I do not look beyond the veil." So he wrote to us all, and of course we all approved.

So it was that Jeff. Davis also served. Deep must that man go into the Pit who does not serve, though unconscious. For thus it was that, in the fourth year of the war, when gold was at 290, Haliburton was receiving on his fifty-nine thousand dollars seventeen per cent interest in currency; thus was it that, before the war was over, he had piled up, compounding his interest,

more than fifty per cent addition to his capital; thus was it that, as soon as peace came, all his stocks were at a handsome percentage; thus was it that, before I returned from South America, he reported to all the subscribers that the full quarter-million was secured; thus was it that, when I returned after that long cruise of mine in the Florida, I found Polly and the children again at No. 9, George there also, directing a working party of nearly eighty bricklayers and hodmen, the lower centring wellnigh filled to their horizons, and the BRICK MOON, to the eye, seeming almost half completed.

Here it is that I regret most of all that I cannot print the working-drawings with this paper. If you will cut open the seed-vessel of *Spergularia Rubra*, or any other carpel that has a free central placenta, and observe how the circular seeds cling around the circular centre, you will have some idea of the arrangement of a transverse horizontal section of the completed MOON. Lay three croquet-balls on the piazza, and call one or two of the children to help you poise seven in one plane above the three; then let another child place three more above the seven, and you have the *core* of the MOON completely. If you want a more poetical illustration, it was what Mr. Wordsworth calls a mass

"Of conglobated bybbles undissolved."

Any section through any diameter looked like an immense rose-window, of six circles grouped round a seventh. In truth, each of these sections would reveal the existence of seven chambers in the moon,—each a sphere itself,—whose arches gave solidity to the whole; while yet, of the whole moon, the greater part was air. In all there were thirteen of these moonlets, if I am so to call them; though no one section, of course, would reveal so many. Sustained on each side by their groined arches, the surface of the whole moon was built over them and under them,—simply two domes connected at the bases. The chambers themselves were

made lighter by leaving large, round windows or open circles in the parts of their vaults farthest from their points of contact, so that each of them looked not unlike the outer sphere of a Japanese ivory nest of concentric balls. You see the object was to make a moon, which, when left to its own gravity, should be fitly supported or braced within. Dear George was sure that, by this constant repetition of arches, we should with the least weight unite the greatest strength. I believe it still, and experience has proved that there is strength enough.

When I went up to No. 9, on my return from South America, I found the lower centring up, and half full of the working-bees, — who were really Keltic laborers, — all busy in bringing up the lower half-dome of the shell. This lower centring was of wood, in form exactly like a Roman amphitheatre if the seats of it be circular ; on this the lower or inverted brick dome was laid. The whole fabric was on one of the terraces which were heaved up in some old geological cataclysm, when some lake gave way, and the Carrotook River was born. The level was higher than that of the top of the fly-wheels, which, with an awful velocity now, were circling in their wild career in the ravine below. Three of the lowest moonlets, as I have called them, — separate croquet-balls, if you take my other illustration, — had been completed ; their centrings had been taken to pieces and drawn out through the holes, and were now set up again with other new centrings for the second story of cells.

I was received with wonder and delight. I had telegraphed my arrival, but the despatches had never been forwarded from Skowhegan. Of course, we all had a deal to tell ; and, for me, there was no end to inquiries which I had to make in turn. I was never tired of exploring the various spheres, and the nameless spaces between them. I was never tired of talking with the laborers. All of us, indeed, became skilful bricklayers ; and on a pleasant afternoon you might see Alice and Bertha, and George and me, all laying

brick together, — Polly sitting in the shade of some wall which had been built high enough, and reading to us from Jean Ingelow or Monte-Christo or Jane Austen, while little Clara brought to us our mortar. Happily and lightly went by that summer. Haliburton and his wife made us a visit ; Ben Brannan brought up his wife and children ; Mrs. Haliburton herself put in the keystone to the central chamber, which had always been named G. on the plans ; and at her suggestion, it was named Grace now, because her mother's name was Hannah. Before winter we had passed the diameter of I, J, and K, the three uppermost cells of all ; and the surrounding shell was closing in upon them. On the whole, the funds had held out amazingly well. The wages had been rather higher than we meant ; but the men had no chances at liquor or dissipation and had worked faster than we expected ; and, with our new brick-machines, we made brick inconceivably fast, while their quality was so good that dear George said there was never so little waste. We celebrated Thanksgiving of that year together, — my family and his family. We had paid off all the laborers ; and there were left, of that busy village, only Asaph Langdon and his family, Levi Jordan and Levi Ross, Horace Leonard and Seth Whitman with theirs. "Theirs," I say, but Ross had no family. He was a nice young fellow who was there as Haliburton's representative, to take care of the accounts and the pay-roll ; Jordan was the head of the brick-kilns ; Leonard, of the carpenters ; and Whitman, of the commissariat, — and a good commissary Whitman was.

We celebrated Thanksgiving together ! Ah me ! what a cheerful, pleasant time we had ; how happy the children were together ! Polly and I and our bairns were to go to Boston the next day. I was to spend the winter in one final effort to get twenty-five thousand dollars more if I could, with which we might paint the MOON, or put on some ground felspathic granite dust, in a sort of paste, which in its hot flight

through the air might fuse into a white enamel. All of us who saw the MOON were so delighted with its success that we felt sure "the friends" would not pause about this trifle. The rest of them were to stay there to watch the winter, and to be ready to begin work the moment the snow had gone. Thanksgiving afternoon, — how well I remember it, — that good fellow, Whitman, came and asked Polly and me to visit his family in their new quarters. They had moved for the winter into cells B and E, so lofty, spacious, and warm, and so much drier than their log-cabins. Mrs. Whitman, I remember, was very cheerful and jolly; made my children eat another piece of pie, and stuffed their pockets with raisins; and then with great ceremony and fun we christened room B by the name of Bertha, and E, Ellen, which was Mrs. Whitman's name. And the next day we bade them all good by, little thinking what we said, and with endless promises of what we would send and bring them in the spring.

Here are the scraps of letters from Orcutt, dear fellow, which tell what more there is left to tell: —

"December 10th.

"... After you left we were a little blue, and hung round loose for a day or two. Sunday we missed you especially, but Asaph made a good substitute, and Mrs. Leonard led the singing. The next day we moved the Leonards into L and M, which we christened Leonard and Mary (Mary is for your wife). They are pretty dark, but very dry. Leonard has swung hammocks, as Whitman did.

Asaph came to me Tuesday and said he thought they had better turn to and put a shed over the unfinished circle, and so take occasion of warm days for dry work there. This we have done, and the occupation is good for us...."

"December 25th.

"I have had no chance to write for a fortnight. The truth is, that the weather has been so open that I let Asaph go down to No. 7 and to Wilder's, and

engage five-and-twenty of the best of the men, who, we knew, were hanging round there. We have all been at work most of the time since, with very good success. H is now wholly covered in, and the centring is out. The men have named it Haliburton. I is well advanced. J is as you left it. The work has been good for us all, morally."

"February 11th.

"... We got your mail unexpectedly by some lumbermen on their way to the 9th Range. One of them has cut himself, and takes this down.

"You will be amazed to hear that I and K are both done. We have had splendid weather, and have worked half the time. We had a great jollification when K was closed in, — called it Kilpatrick, for Seth's old general. I wish you could just run up and see us. You must be quick, if you want to put in any of the last licks...."

"March 12th.

"DEAR FRED, — I have but an instant. By all means make your preparations to be here by the end of the month or early in next month. The weather has been faultless, you know. Asaph got in a dozen more men, and we have brought up the surface farther than you could dream. The ways are well forward, and I cannot see why, if the freshet hold off a little, we should not launch her by the 10th or 12th. I do not think it worth while to wait for paint or enamel. Telegraph Brannan that he must be here. You will be amused by our quarters. We, who were the last outsiders, move into A and D to-morrow, for a few weeks. It is much warmer there.

"Ever yours,

"G. O."

I telegraphed Brannan, and in reply he came with his wife and his children to Boston. I told him that he could not possibly get up there, as the roads then were; but Ben said he would go to Skowhegan, and take his chance there. He would, of course, communicate with me as soon he got there. Accordingly I got a note from him at

Skowhegan, saying he had hired a sleigh to go over to No. 9; and in four days more I got this letter:—

“March 27th.

“DEAR FRED,—I am most glad I came, and I beg you to bring your wife as soon as possible. The river is very full, the wheels, to which Leonard has added two auxiliaries, are moving as if they could not hold out long, the ways are all but ready, and we think we must not wait. Start with all hands as soon as you can. I had no difficulty in coming over from Skowhegan. We did it in two days.”

This note I sent at once to Haliburton; and we got all the children ready for a winter journey, as the spectacle of the launch of the MOON was one to be remembered their life long. But it was clearly impossible to attempt, at that season, to get the subscribers together. Just as we started, this despatch from Skowhegan was brought me,—the last word I got from them:—

“Stop for nothing. There is a jam below us in the stream, and we fear back-water.

“ORCUTT.”

Of course we could not go faster than we could. We missed no connection. At Skowhegan, Haliburton and I took a cutter, leaving the ladies and children to follow at once in larger sleighs. We drove all night, changed horses at Prospect, and kept on all the next day. At No. 7 we had to wait over night. We started early in the morning, and came down the Spoonwood Hill at four in the afternoon, in full sight of our little village.

It was quiet as the grave! Not a smoke, not a man, not an adze-blow, nor the tick of a trowel. Only the gigantic fly-wheels were whirling as I saw them last.

There was the lower Coliseum-like centring, somewhat as I first saw it.

But where was the Brick Dome of the MOON?

“Good Heavens! has it fallen on them all?” cried I.

Haliburton lashed the beast till he fairly ran down that steep hill. We turned a little point, and came out in front of the centring. There was no MOON there! An empty amphitheatre, with not a brick nor a splinter within!

We were speechless. We left the cutter. We ran up the stairways to the terrace. We ran by the familiar paths into the centring. We came out upon the ways, which we had never seen before. These told the story too well! The ground and crushed surface of the timbers, scorched by the rapidity with which THE MOON had slid down, told that they had done the duty for which they were built.

It was too clear that in some wild rush of the waters the ground had yielded a trifle. We could not find that the foundations had sunk more than six inches, but that was enough. In that fatal six inches' decline of the centring, the MOON had been launched upon the ways just as George had intended that it should be when he was ready. But it had slid, not rolled, down upon these angry fly-wheels, and in an instant, with all our friends, it had been hurled into the sky!

“They have gone up!” said Haliburton; “She has gone up!” said I;—both in one breath. And with a common instinct, we looked up into the blue.

But of course she was not there.

Not a shred of letter or any other tidings could we find in any of the shanties. It was indeed six weeks since George and Fanny and their children had moved into Annie and Diamond,—two unoccupied cells of the MOON,—so much more comfortable had the cells proved than the cabins, for winter life. Returning to No. 7, we found there many of the laborers, who were astonished at what we told them. They had been paid off on the 30th, and told to come up again on the 15th of April, to see the launch. One of them, a man named Rob Shea, told me that George kept his cousin Peter to help



him move back into his house the beginning of the next week.

And that was the last I knew of any of them for more than a year. At first I expected, each hour, to hear that they had fallen somewhere. But time passed by, and of such a fall, where man knows the world's surface, there was no tale. I answered, as best I could, the letters of their friends, by saying I did not know where they were, and had not heard from them. My real thought was, that if this fatal MOON did indeed pass our atmosphere, all in it must have

been burned to death in the transit. But this I whispered to no one save to Polly and Annie and Haliburton. In this terrible doubt I remained, till I noticed one day in the *Astronomical Record* the memorandum, which you perhaps remember, of the observation, by Dr. Zitta, of a new asteroid, with an enormous movement in declination.

[Mr. Ingham's observations on this asteroid will be published in our next number.]

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## MOHAMMED, AND HIS PLACE IN UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON once declared: "There are two objects of curiosity, the Christian world and the Mohammedan world; all the rest may be considered as barbarous." Since Dr. Johnson's time we have learned to be curious about other forms of human thought, and regard the famous line of Terence as expressing more accurately the proper frame of mind for a Christian philosopher. Nevertheless, Mohammedanism still claims a special interest and excites a peculiar curiosity. It is the only religion which has threatened Christianity with a dangerous rivalry. It is the only other religion whose origin is in the broad daylight of history. Its author is the only one among the great men of the world who has at the same time founded a religion, formed a people, and established an empire. The marvellous spread of this religion is a mystery which never ceases to stimulate the mind to new inquiry. How was it that in the short space of a century the Arab tribes, before always at war among themselves, should have been united into an irresistible power, and have conquered Syria, Persia, the whole of Northern Africa, and Spain? And with this religious outbreak, this great

revival of Monotheism in Asia, there came also as remarkable a renaissance of learning, which made the Arabs the teachers of philosophy and art to Europe during a long period. Arab Spain was a focus of light while Christian Europe lay in mediæval darkness. And still more interesting and perplexing is the character of Mohammed himself. What was he,—an impostor, or a prophet? Did his work advance or retard human progress? What is his position in history? Such are some of the questions on which we shall endeavor to throw light in the present article.

Within a few years new materials for this study have been made accessible by the labors of Weil, Caussin de Perceval, Muir, Sprenger, Döllinger, and Arnold. Dr. Gustav Weil published his work\* in 1843. It was drawn from Arabic manuscripts and the Koran. When Weil began his studies on Mohammed, in 1837, he found no book except that of Gagnier, published in 1732, from which he could derive substantial aid. But Gagnier had only collected, without any attempt at criticism, the traditions and statements concerning Mohammed believed by or-

\* Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine Lehre. Stuttgart, 1843.

thodox Moslems. Satisfied that a literary want existed on this point, Dr. Weil devoted himself to such studies as should enable him to supply it; and the result was a work concerning which Milman says that "nothing has escaped" the diligence of its author. But four years after appeared the book of M. Caussin de Perceval,\* a work of which M. Saint-Hilaire says that it marks a new era in these studies, on account of the abundance and novelty of its details, and the light thrown on the period which in Arabia preceded the coming of Mohammed. Dr. A. Sprenger, an eminent German scholar, early determined to devote himself to the study of Oriental literature in the East. He spent a long time in India, and was for twelve years principal of a Mohammedan school in Delhi, where he established, in 1845, an illustrated penny magazine in the Hindoo language. After returning to Europe with a vast number of Oriental manuscripts, he composed his *Life of Mohammed*,† the result of extensive studies. Among the preparations for this work we will cite only one. Dr. Sprenger edited in Calcutta the first volume of the *Icâba*, which contains the names and biographies of *eight thousand* persons who were personally acquainted with Mohammed.‡ But, as if to embarrass us with riches, comes also Mr. Muir§ and presents us with another life of the prophet, likewise drawn from original sources, and written with learning and candor. This work, in four volumes, goes over the whole ground of the history of Arabia before the coming of the prophet, and then, from Arabic sources, narrates the life of Mohammed himself, up to the era of the Hegira. The result of these researches is, a perfect certainty that we know accurately what Mr. Hallam in his time

despaired of, — all the main points of the history of Mohammed. There is no legend, no myth, to trouble us. M. Saint-Hilaire says that the French are far less acquainted with Charlemagne than the Moslems are with their prophet, who came two centuries earlier.

The Arabs are a Semitic people, belonging to the same great ethnologic family with the Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Ethiopians, and Carthaginians. It is a race which has given to civilized man his literature and his religion; for the alphabet came from the Phœnicians, and the Bible from the Jews. In Hannibal, it produced perhaps the greatest military genius the world has seen; and the Tyrian merchants, circumnavigating Africa, discovering Great Britain, and trading with India, ten centuries before Christ, had no equals on the ocean until the time of the Portuguese discoveries, twenty-five centuries after. The Arabs alone, of the seven Semitic families, remained undistinguished and unknown till the days of Mohammed. Their claim of being descended from Abraham is confirmed by the unerring evidence of language. The Arabic roots are, nine tenths of them, identical with the Hebrew; and a similarity of grammatical forms shows a plain glossological relation. But while the Jews have a history from the days of Abraham, the Arabs had none till Mohammed. During twenty centuries these nomads wandered to and fro, engaged in mutual wars, verifying the prediction (Gen. xvi. 12) concerning Ishmael: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Wherever such wandering races exist, whether in Arabia, Turkistan, or Equatorial Africa, "darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." The earth has no geography, and the people no history. During all this long period, from the time of Abraham to that of Mohammed, the Arabs were not a nation, but only a multitude of tribes, either stationary or wandering. But of these two the nomad or Bedouin is the true type of

\* *Essai sur l'histoire des Arabes, avant l'Islamisme, pendant l'époque de Mahomet, et jusqu'à la réduction de toutes les tribus sous la loi musulmane.* Paris. 3 vols. 8vo. 1847-48.

† *Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammed*, etc. Von A. Sprenger. Berlin, 1861.

‡ Sprenger, Vorrede, p. xii.

§ *The Life of Mahomet and History of Islam.* By William Muir, Esq. London, 1858.

the race as it exists in Northern Arabia. The Arab of the South is in many respects different,—in language, in manners, and in character,—confirming the old opinion of a double origin. But the Northern Arab in his tent has remained unchanged since the days of the Bible. Proud of his pure blood, of his freedom, of his tribe, and of his ancient customs, he desires no change. He is, in Asia, what the North American Indian is upon the western continent. As the Indian's, his chief virtues are courage in war, cunning, wild justice, hospitality, and fortitude. He is, however, of a better race,—more reflective, more religious, and with a thirst for knowledge. The pure air and the simple food of the Arabian plains keeps him in perfect health; and the necessity of constant watchfulness against his foes, from whom he has no defence of rock, forest, or fortification, quickens his perceptive faculties. But the Arab has also a sense of spiritual things, which appears to have a root in his organization. The Arabs say: "The children of Shem are prophets, the children of Japhet are kings, and the children of Ham are slaves." Having no temples, no priesthood, no religious forms, their religion is less formal and more instinctive, like that of children. The Koran says: "Every child is born into the religion of nature; its parents make it a Jew, a Christian, or a Magian." But when Mohammed came, the religion of the Arabs was a jumble of Monotheism and Polytheism,—Judaism, Christianity, Idolatry, and Fetichism. At one time there had been a powerful and intolerant Jewish kingdom in one region. In Yemen, at another period, the king of Abyssinia had established Christianity. But neither Judaism nor Christianity had ever been able to conquer the peninsula; and at the end of the sixth century idolatry was the most prevailing form of worship.

At this time Mohammed appeared, and in a few years united in one faith all the warring tribes of Arabia; consolidated them into a single nation, and

then wielded their mighty and enthusiastic forces against Syria, Persia, and North Africa, triumphant wherever they moved. He, certainly, if ever man possessed it, had the rare gift of natural empire. To him, more than to any other whom history records, was given

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,  
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,  
Of welding, moulding, gathering, welding, banding  
The hearts of thousands till they moved as one."

But it was not as a soldier or ambitious conqueror that Mohammed began his career. The first forty years of his life were passed in the quiet pursuits of trade, or taking care of the property of Khadijah. Serious, thoughtful, devout, he made friends of all about him. His youth was unstained by vice, and his honorable character early obtained for him the title given him by common consent, of *Al Amin*, "the faithful." At one time he tended sheep and goats on the hills near Mecca. At Medina, when a distinguished man, he referred to this, saying: "Pick me the blackest of those berries; they are such as I used to gather when I fed the flocks at Mecca. Verily, no prophet has been raised up who has not performed the work of a shepherd." When twenty-five years of age, he entered into the service of Khadijah, a rich widow, as her agent, to take charge of her merchandise and to sell it at Damascus. When the caravan returned, and his adventure had proved successful, Khadijah, then forty years old, became interested in the young man; she was wise, virtuous, and attractive; they were married, and, till her death, Mohammed was a faithful and loving husband. Khadijah sympathized with her husband in his religious tendencies, and was his first convert. His habit was to retire to a cave on Mount Hira to pray and to meditate. Sadness came over him in view of the evils in the world. One of the Suras of the Koran, supposed to belong to this period, is as follows:—

*Sura 103.*

"By the declining day I swear!  
Verily, man is in the way of ruin;

Excepting such as possess faith,  
And do the things which be right,  
And stir up one another to truth and steadfastness."

About this time he began to have his visions of angels, especially of Gabriel. He saw a light, and heard a voice, and had sentences like the above put into his mind. These communications were accompanied by strong convulsions (epilepsy, says Weil), in which he would fall to the ground and foam at the mouth. Sprenger considers it to have been a form of hysteria, with a mental origin, perhaps accompanied with catalepsy. The prophet himself said: "Inspiration descends on me in two ways. Sometimes Gabriel cometh and communicateth the revelation, as one man to another. This is easy. But sometimes it is as the ringing of a bell, which rends me in pieces, and grievously afflicts me." One day, when Abu Bakr and Omar sat in the Mosque at Medina, Mohammed came suddenly upon them, lifting up his beard and looking at it; and Abu Bakr said, "Ah thou, for whom I would sacrifice father and mother; white hairs are hastening upon thee!" "Yes," said the prophet, "Hūd" (Sura 11), "and its sisters have hastened my white hairs." "And who," asked Abu Bakr, "are its sisters?" "The *Inevitable*" (Sura 56) "and the *Striking*" (Sura 101), replied Mohammed. These three are called the "terrific Suras."

But these last Suras came later than the period now referred to. At this time his visions and revelations possessed *him*; he did not possess nor control *them*. In later years, the spirit of the prophet was more subject to the prophet. But the Koran is an unintelligible book unless we can connect it with the biography of its writer. All the incidents of his life took shape in some revelation. A separate revelation was given to encourage or to rebuke him; and in his later years the too subservient inspiration came to appease the jealousy of his wives when a new one was added to their number. But, however it may have been afterward, in the beginning his visions were as much

a surprise to him as to others. A careful distribution of the Suras, according to the events which befell him, would make the Koran the best biography of the prophet. As Horace says of Lucilius:—

"Quo fit ut omnis  
Votiva pateat velut descripta tabella  
Vita senis."

Now, it is impossible to read the detailed accounts of this part of the life of Mohammed, and have any doubt of his profound sincerity. His earliest converts were his bosom-friends and the people of his household, who were intimately acquainted with his private life. Nor does a man easily begin an ambitious course of deception at the age of forty; having lived till that time as a quiet, peaceful, and unobtrusive citizen,\* what was he to gain by this career? Long years passed before he could make more than a handful of converts. During those weary years, he was the object of contumely and hatred to the ruling tribe in Mecca. His life was hardly safe from them. Nothing could be more hopeless than his position during the twelve first years of his public preaching. Only a strong conviction of the reality of his mission could have supported him through this long period of failure, loneliness, and contempt. During all these years the wildest imagination could not have pictured the success which was to come. Here is a Sura in which he finds comfort in God and his promises:—

Sura 93.

"By the rising sunshine!  
By the night when it darkeneth!  
Thy Lord hath not removed from thee, neither hath  
he been displeased.  
And verily the future shall be better than the  
past. . . .  
What! did he not find thee an orphan, and give  
thee a home?  
And found thee astray, and directed thee?"

In this Sura, Mohammed refers to the fact of the death of his mother, Amina, in his seventh year, his father having died a few months before. He visited her tomb many years after, and lifted up his voice and wept. In reply to the

\* The same remark will apply to Cromwell.

questions of his companions, he said : " This is the grave of my mother ; the Lord hath permitted me to visit it, and I asked leave to pray for her, and it was not granted. So I called my mother to remembrance, and the tender memory of her overcame me, and I wept." The child had been taken by his grandfather, Abd al Muttalib, then eighty years old, who treated him with the greatest indulgence. At his death, shortly after, Mohammed was adopted by his uncle, Abu Tâlib, the chief of the tribe. Abu Tâlib brought him up like his own son, making him sleep by his bed, eat by his side, and go with him wherever he went. And when Mohammed, assuming his inspired position, declared himself a prophet, his uncle, then aged and universally respected, protected him from his enemies, though Abu himself never accepted his teaching. Mohammed therefore had good reason to bless the Providence which had provided such protectors for his orphaned infancy.

Among the earliest converts of Mohammed, after Khadijah, were his two adopted children, Ali and Zeid. Ali was the son of his guardian, Abu Tâlib, who had become poor, and found it hard to support his family. Mohammed, "prompted by his usual kindness and consideration," says Mr. Muir, went to his rich uncle Abbas, and proposed that each of them should adopt one of Abu Tâlib's children, which was done. His other adopted son, Zeid, belonged to a Syrian tribe, and had been taken captive by marauders, sold into slavery, and given to Khadijah, who presented him to her husband. After a while, the father of Zeid heard where he was, and, coming to Mecca, offered a large sum as ransom for his son. Mohammed had become very fond of Zeid, but he called him, and gave him his choice to go or stay. Zeid said : " I will not leave thee ; thou art in the place to me of father and mother." Then Mohammed took him to the Kaaba, and touching the Black Stone, said : "Bear witness, all here ! Zeid is my son. I shall be his heir,

and he mine." So the father returned home contented, and Zeid was henceforth known as "Zeid ibu Mohammed," — Zeid, the son of Mohammed.

It is reported that, when Ali was about thirteen years old, Mohammed was one day praying with him in one of the retired glens near Mecca, whither they had gone to avoid the ridicule of their opponents. Abu Tâlib, passing by, said : " My nephew ! what is this new faith I see thee following ? " " O, my uncle ! " replied Mohammed, " it is the religion of God, his angels and prophets, the religion of Abraham. The Lord hath sent me as his apostle ; and thou, uncle, art most worthy to be invited to believe." Abu Tâlib replied : " I am not able, my nephew, to separate from the customs of my forefathers, but I swear that while I live no one shall trouble thee." Then he said to Ali : " My son, he will not invite thee to anything which is not good ; wherefore thou art free to cleave to him."

Another early and important convert was Abu Bakr, father of Mohammed's favorite wife, Ayesha, and afterward the prophet's successor. Ayesha said she "could not remember the time when both her parents were not true believers." Of Abu Bakr, the prophet said : " I never invited any to the faith who did not show hesitation, except Abu Bakr. When I proposed Islam to him, he at once accepted it." He was thoughtful, calm, tender, and firm. He is still known as "Al Sadich," the true one. Another of his titles is "the Second of the Two," — from having been the only companion of Mohammed in his flight from Mecca. Hassan, the poet of Medina, thus says of him : —

"And the second of the two in the glorious cave,  
while the foes were searching around, and they  
two were in the mountain, —

And the prophet of the Lord, they well knew,  
loved him more than all the world ; he held no  
one equal unto him." \*

Abu Bakr was at this time a suc-

\* " Mohammed once asked Hassan if he had made any poetry about Abu Bakr, and the poet repeated these lines : whereupon Mohammed laughed so heartily as to show his back teeth, and said : 'Thou hast spoken truly, O Hassan ! It is just as thou hast said.' " — *Muir*, II. 236.

cessful merchant, and possessed some forty thousand dirhems. But he spent most of it in purchasing and giving freedom to Moslem slaves, who were persecuted by their masters for their religion. He was an influential man among the Koreish. This powerful tribe, the rulers of Mecca, who from the first treated Mohammed with contempt, gradually became violent persecutors of him and his followers. Their main wrath fell on the unprotected slaves, whom they exposed to the scorching sun, and who, in their intolerable thirst, would sometimes recant, and acknowledge the idols. Some of them remained firm, and afterward showed with triumph their scars. Mohammed, Abu Bakr, Ali, and all who were connected with powerful families, were for a long time safe. For the principal protection in such a disorganized society was the principle that each tribe must defend every one of its members, at all hazards. Of course, Mohammed was very desirous to gain over members of the great families, but he felt bound to take equal pains with the poor and helpless, as appears from the following anecdote: "The prophet was engaged in deep converse with the chief Walid, for he greatly desired his conversion. Then a blind man passed that way, and asked to hear the Koran. But Mohammed was displeased with the interruption, and turned from him roughly."\* But he was afterward grieved to think he had slighted one whom God had perhaps chosen, and paid court to a reprobate. So his remorse took the form of a divine message and embodied itself as follows:—

"The prophet frowned and turned aside  
Because the blind man came to him.  
Who shall tell thee if he may not be purified?  
Or whether thy admonition might not profit him?  
The rich man  
Thou receivest graciously,  
Although he be not inwardly pure.  
But him who cometh earnestly inquiring,  
And trembling with anxiety,  
Him thou dost neglect."†

Mohammed did not encourage his followers to martyrdom. On the contrary,

he allowed them to dissemble to save themselves. He found one of his disciples sobbing bitterly, because he had been compelled by ill-treatment to abuse his master and worship the idols. "But how dost thou find thy heart?" said the prophet. "Steadfast in the faith," said he. "Then," answered Mohammed, "if they repeat their cruelty, thou mayest repeat thy words." He also had, himself, an hour of vacillation. Tired of the severe and seemingly hopeless struggle with the Koreish, and seeing no way of overcoming their bitter hostility, he bethought himself of the method of compromise, more than seven centuries before America was discovered. He had been preaching Islam five years, and had only forty or fifty converts. Those among them who had no protectors he had advised to fly to the Christian kingdom of Abyssinia. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the west, "lies a land wherein no one is wronged. Go there and remain until the Lord shall open a way for you." Some fifteen or twenty had gone, and met with a kind reception. This was the first "Hegira," and showed the strength of faith in these exiles, who gave up their country rather than Islam. But they heard, before long, that the Koreish had been converted by Mohammed, and they returned to Mecca. The facts were these.

One day, when the chief citizens were sitting near the Kaaba, Mohammed came, and began to recite in their hearing one of the Suras of the Koran. In this Sura three of the goddesses worshipped by the Koreish were mentioned. When he came to their names, he added two lines in which he conceded that their intercession might avail with God. The Koreish were so delighted at this acknowledgment of their deities, that when he added another line calling on them to worship Allah, they all prostrated themselves on the ground and adored God. Then they rose, and expressed their satisfaction, and agreed to be his followers, and receive Islam, with this slight alteration, that their

\* Muir, II. 123.

† Koran, Sura 80.



goddesses and favorite idols were to be respected. Mohammed went home and began to be unhappy in his mind. The compromise, it seems, lasted long enough for the Abyssinian exiles to hear of it and to come home. But at last the prophet recovered himself, and took back his concession. The verse of the Sura was cancelled, and another inserted, declaring that these goddesses were only names, invented by the idolaters. Ever after, the intercession of idols was condemned with scorn. But Mohammed records his lapse thus in the seventeenth Sura of the Koran:—

“And truly, they were near tempting thee from what we taught thee, that thou shouldst invent a different revelation; and then they would have inclined unto thee.

And if we had not strengthened thee, verily thou hadst inclined to them a little.

Then thou shouldst not have found against us any helper.”

After this, naturally, the persecution became hotter than ever. A second body of exiles went to Abyssinia. Had not the venerable Abu Tâlib protected Mohammed, his life might have been lost. As it was the persecutors threatened the old man with deadly enmity unless he gave up Mohammed. But Abu Tâlib, though agreeing with them in their religion, and worshipping their gods, refused to surrender his nephew to them. Once, when Mohammed had disappeared, and his uncle suspected that the Koreish had seized him, he armed a party of Hâshimite youths with dirks, and went to the Kaaba, to the Koreish. But, on the way, he heard that Mohammed was found. Then, in the presence of the Koreish, he told his young men to draw their dirks, and said, “By the Lord! had ye killed him, not one of you had remained alive.” This boldness cowed their violence for a time. But as the unpopularity of Mohammed increased, he and all his party were obliged to take refuge with the Hâshimites in a secluded quarter of the city belonging to Abu Tâlib. The conversion of Omar, about this time, only increased their rage. They formed an alliance against the Hâshimites, agree-

ing that they would neither buy nor sell, marry, nor have any dealings with them. This oath was committed to writing, sealed, and hung up in the Kaaba. For two or three years the Hâshimites remained shut up in their fortress, and often deprived of the necessities of life. Their friends would sometimes secretly supply them with provisions; but the cries of the hungry children would often be heard by those outside. They were blockaded in their entrenchments. But many of the chief people in Mecca began to be moved by pity, and at last it was suggested to Abu Tâlib that the bond, hung up in the Kaaba, had been eaten by the ants, so as to be no longer valid. This being found to be the case, it was decided that the league was at an end, and the Hâshimites returned to their homes. But other misfortunes were in store for Mohammed. The good Abu Tâlib soon died, and not long after Khadijah. His protector gone, what could Mohammed do? He left the city, and went with only Zeid for a companion on a mission to Tayif, sixty or seventy miles east of Mecca, in hopes of converting the inhabitants. Who can think of the prophet, in this lonely journey, without sympathy? He was going to preach the doctrine of One God to idolaters. But he made no impression on them, and, as he left the town, was followed by a mob, hooting, and pelting him with stones. At last they left him, and in the shadow of some trees he betook himself to prayer. His words have been preserved, it is believed by the Moslems, and are as follows: “O Lord! I make my complaint unto thee of the feebleness of my strength, and the weakness of my plans. I am insignificant in the sight of men. O thou most merciful! Lord of the weak! Thou art my Lord! Do not abandon me. Leave me not a prey to these strangers, nor to my foes. If thou art not offended, I am safe. I seek refuge in the light of thy countenance, by which all darkness is dispersed, and peace comes. There is no power, no help, but in thee.” In that

hour of prayer, the faith of Mohammed was the same as that of Luther praying for protection against the Pope. It was a part of the universal religion of human nature. Certainly this man was no impostor. A man, going alone to summon an idolatrous city to repentance, must at least have believed in his own doctrine.

But the hour of success was at hand. No amount of error, no bitterness of prejudice, no vested interest in falsehood, can resist the determined conviction of a single soul. Only believe a truth strongly enough to hold it through good report and ill report, and at last the great world of half-believers comes round to you. And usually the success comes suddenly at last, after weary years of disappointment. The great tree, which seems so solid and firm, has been secretly decaying within, and is hollow at heart; at last it falls in a moment, filling the forest with the echoes of its ruin. The dam, which seems strong enough to resist a torrent, has been slowly undermined by a thousand minute threads of water; at last it is suddenly swept away, and opens a yawning breach for the tumbling cataract. And almost as suddenly came the triumph of Mohammed.

At Medina and in its neighborhood there had long been numerous and powerful tribes of Jewish proselytes. In their conflicts with the idolaters, they had often predicted the speedy coming of a prophet like Moses. The Jewish influence was great at Medina, and that of the idolaters was divided by bitter quarrels. Now it must be remembered that at this time Mohammed taught a kind of modified Judaism. He came to revive the religion of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He continually referred to the Old Testament and the Talmud for authority. He was a prophet and inspired, but not to teach anything new. He was to restore the universal religion which God had taught to man in the beginning, — the religion of all true patriarchs and prophets. Its essential doctrine was the unity of God and his supremacy and providence. Its

one duty was Islam, or submission to the Divine will. Its worship was prayer and almsgiving. At this time he did not make belief in himself the main point; it was to profess the unity of God, and to submit wholly to God. So that the semi-Judaized pilgrims from Medina to Mecca were quite prepared to accept his teachings. Mohammed, at the time of the pilgrimage, met with many of them, and they promised to become his disciples. The pledge they took was as follows: "We will not worship any but the one God; we will not steal, nor commit adultery, nor kill our children (female); we will not slander at all, nor disobey the prophet in anything that is right." This was afterward called the "Pledge of Women," because it did not require them to fight for Islam. This faith spread rapidly among the idolaters at Medina, — much more so than the Jewish system. The Jews required too much of their proselytes; they insisted on their becoming Jews. They demanded a change of all their customs. But Mohammed only asked for submission.

About this time Mohammed had his famous dream or vision, in which he was carried by Gabriel on a winged steed to Jerusalem, to meet all the prophets of God and be welcomed by them to their number, and then to the seventh heaven into the presence of God. It was so vivid that he deemed it a reality, and maintained that he had been to Jerusalem and to heaven. This, and the Koran itself, were the only miracles he ever claimed.

The Medina Moslems having entered into a second pledge, to receive Mohammed and his friends, and to protect them, the prophet gave orders to his followers to leave Mecca secretly in small parties, and repair to Medina. As the stout sea-captain remains the last on a sinking vessel, Mohammed stayed quietly at Mecca till all the others had gone. Only Abu Bakr's family and his own remained. The rest of the believers, to the number of about two hundred, had disappeared.

The Koreish, amazed at these events,

knew not what to do. Why had the Moslems gone? and why had Mohammed remained? How dared he to stay, unprotected, in their midst? They might kill him;—but then his tribe would take a bloody vengeance on his murderers. At last they proposed to seize and bind him, when a number of men, one from each tribe and family, should at the same moment drive their dirks into him. Or perhaps it might be better to send an assassin to waylay him on his way to Medina. While they were discussing these alternatives, news was brought to them that Mohammed also had disappeared, and Abu Bakr with him. They immediately went to their houses. In that of Mohammed they found the young Ali, who, being asked where his father was, replied: "I do not know. I am not his keeper. Did you not order him to go from the city? I suppose he is gone." Getting no more information at the house of Abu Bakr, they sent out parties of armed men, mounted on swift horses and camels, to search the whole route to Medina, and bring the fugitives back. After a few days the pursuers returned, saying that there were no signs of any persons having gone in that direction. If they had gone that way, they would certainly have overtaken them.

Meantime, where were the fugitives? Instead of going north to Medina, they had hidden in a cave on a mountain about five or six miles to the south of Mecca. Here they remained concealed three days and nights, in imminent danger from their pursuers, who once, it is said, came to the mouth of the cave, but, seeing spiders' webs spun across the opening, concluded no one could have gone in recently. There was a crevice in the roof through which the morning light entered, and Abu Bakr said: "If one of them were to look down, he would see us." "Think not so, Abu Bakr," said the prophet. "We are two, but God is in the midst, a third."

The next day, satisfied that the heat of the pursuit had abated, they took

the camels which had privately been brought to them from the city by the son of Abu Bakr, and set off for Medina, leaving Mecca on the right. By the calculations of M. Caussin de Perceval, it was on the 20th of June, A. D. 622. From that day the Mohammedan era begins; and from that point of the prophet's history, his fortunes rise but his character degenerates. He has borne adversity and opposition with a faith and a patience almost sublime; but prosperity he will not bear so well. Down to that time he had been a prophet, teaching God's truth to those who would receive it, and by the manifestation of that truth commending himself to every man's conscience. Now he was to become a politician, the head of a party, contriving expedients for its success. Before, his only weapon was truth; now, his chief means was force. Instead of convincing his opponents, he now compelled them to submit by the terror of his power. His revelations changed their tone; they adapted themselves to his needs, and on all occasions, even when he wanted to take an extra wife, inspiration came to his aid.

What sadder tragedy is there than to see a great soul thus conquered by success? "All these things," says Satan, "I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." When Jesus related his temptation to his disciples, he put it in the form of a parable. How could they, how can we, understand the temptations of a nature like that of Christ! He saw that he could have a great apparent success by the use of worldly means. He could bring the Jew and the Gentile to acknowledge and receive his truth. Some slight concession to worldly wisdom, some little compromise with existing errors, some hardly perceptible variation from perfect truthfulness, and lo! the kingdom of God would come in that very hour, instead of lingering through long centuries. What evils might not be spared to the race, what woes to the world, if the divine gospel of love to God and man were inaugurated by

Christ himself! This, perhaps, was one of the temptations. But Jesus said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He would use only good means for good ends. He would take God's way to do God's work. He would die on the cross, but not vary from the perfect truth. The same temptation came to Mohammed, and he yielded. Up to the Hegira, Mohammed might also have said, "My kingdom is not of this world." But now, the sword and falsehood were to serve him, as his most faithful servants, in building up Islam. His *ends* were the same as before. His object was still to establish the service of the one living and true God. But his *means*, henceforth, are of the earth, earthy.

What a noble religion would Islam have been, if Mohammed could have gone on as he began! He accepted all the essential truths of Judaism, he recognized Moses and Christ as true teachers. He taught that there was one universal religion, the substance of which was faith in one Supreme Being, submission to his will, trust in his providence, and good-will to his creatures. Prayer and alms were the only worship which God required. A marvellous and mighty work, says Mr. Muir, had been wrought by these few precepts. From time beyond memory Mecca and the whole peninsula had been steeped in spiritual torpor. The influences of Judaism, Christianity, and philosophy had been feeble and transient. Dark superstitions prevailed, the mothers of dark vices. And now, in thirteen years of preaching, a body of men and women had risen, who rejected idolatry; worshipped the one great God; lived lives of prayer; practised chastity, benevolence, and justice; and were ready to do and to bear everything for the truth. All this came from the depth of conviction in the soul of this one man.

To the great qualities which Mohammed had shown as a prophet and religious teacher were now added those of the captain and statesman. He had at last obtained a position at Medina

whence he could act on the Arabs with other forces than those of eloquence and feeling. And now the man who for forty years had been a simple citizen and led a quiet family life, — who, afterward, for thirteen years had been a patient but despised teacher of the unity of God, — passed the last ten years of his strange career in building up a fanatical army of warriors, destined to conquer half the civilized world. From this period, the old solution of the Mohammedan miracle is in order; from this time the sword leads, and the Koran follows. To this familiar explanation of Mohammedan success, Mr. Carlyle replies with the question: "Mohammedanism triumphed with the sword? But where did it get its sword?" We can now answer that pithy inquiry. The simple, earnest zeal of the original believers built up a power, which then took the sword, and conquered with it. The reward of patient, long-enduring faith is influence; with this influence ambition serves itself for its own purpose. Such is, more or less, the history of every religion, and, indeed, of every political party. Sects are founded, not by politicians, but by men of faith, by men to whom ideas are realities, by men who are willing to die for them. Such faith always triumphs at last; it makes a multitude of converts; it becomes a great power. The deep and strong convictions thus created are used by worldly men for their own purposes. That the Mohammedan impulse was thus taken possession of by worldly men is the judgment of M. Renan.\* "From all sides," says he, "we come to this singular result: that the Mussulman movement was started almost without religious faith; that, setting aside a small number of faithful disciples, Mahomet really wrought very little conviction in Arabia." "The party of true Mussulmans had all their strength in Omar; but, after his assassination, that is to say, twelve years after the death of the

\* Mahomet and the Origin of Islam. Studies of Religious History. Translated by O. B. Frothingham.

prophet, the opposite party triumphed by the election of Othman." "The first generation of the Hegyra was completely occupied in exterminating the primitive Mussulmans, the true fathers of Islamism." Perhaps it is bold to question the opinions of a Semitic scholar of the force of M. Renan, but it seems to us that he goes too far in supposing that such a movement as that of Islam could be *started* without a tremendous depth of conviction. At all events, supported by such writers as Weil, Sprenger, and Muir, we will say that it was a powerful religious movement founded on sincerest conviction, but gradually turned aside, and used for worldly purposes and temporal triumphs. And, in thus diverting it from divine objects to purely human ones, Mohammed himself led the way. He adds another, and perhaps the greatest, illustration to the long list of noble souls whose natures have become subdued to that which they worked in; who have sought high ends by low means; who, talking of the noblest truths, descend into the meanest prevarications, and so throw a doubt on all sincerity, faith, and honor. Such was the judgment of a great thinker — Goethe — concerning Mohammed. He believes him to have been at first profoundly sincere, but, afterward, he says of him: "What in his character is earthly increases and develops itself; the divine retires and is obscured: his doctrine becomes a means rather than an end. All kinds of practices are employed, nor are horrors wanting." Goethe intended to write a drama upon Mohammed, to illustrate the sad fact that every man who attempts to realize a great idea comes in contact with the lower world, must place himself on its level in order to influence it, and thus often compromises his higher aims, and at last forfeits them.\* Such a man, in modern times, was Lord Bacon in the political world; such a man, among conquerors, was Cromwell; and among Christian sects how often do we see the young enthusiast and saint end as

the ambitious self-seeker and Jesuit! Then we call him a hypocrite, because he continues to use the familiar language of the time when his heart was true and simple, though indulging himself in sensuality and sin. It is curious, when we are all so inconsistent, that we should find it so hard to understand inconsistency. We, all of us, often say what is right and do what is wrong, but are we deliberate hypocrites? No! we know that we are weak; we admit that we are inconsistent; we say amen to the "*video meliora, proboque, — deteriora sequor,*" but we also know that we are not deliberate and intentional hypocrites. Let us use the same large judgment, in speaking of the faults of Cromwell, Bacon, and Mohammed.

No one could have foreseen the cruelty of which Mohammed, hitherto always a kind-hearted and affectionate man, was capable toward those who resisted his purpose. This first showed itself in his treatment of the Jews. He hoped to form an alliance with them, against the idolaters. He had admitted the divine authority of their religion, and appealed to their Scriptures as evidence of the truth of his own mission. He conformed to their ritual and customs, and made Jerusalem his Kibla, toward which he turned in prayer five times a day. In return for this he expected them to receive him as a prophet; but this they refused to do. So he departed by degrees from their customs, changed his Kibla to Mecca, and at last denounced the Jews as stiff-necked unbelievers. The old quarrel between Esau and Jacob could not be appeased, nor an alliance formed between them.

M. Saint-Hilaire\* does not think that the character of Mohammed changed when he became the founder of a state and head of a conquering party. He thinks "that he only yielded to the political necessities of his position." Granted; but yielding to those necessities was the cause of this gradual change in his character. The man who lies and murders from the necessity of

\* Lewes, *Life of Goethe*, Vol. I. p. 207.

\* Mahomet et le Coran, par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Paris, 1865, p. 114.



his political position can hardly remain a saint. Plunder, cold-blooded execution of prisoners, self-indulgence, became the habit of the prophet henceforth, as we shall presently see.

The first battle against the Koreish, that of Badr, took place in January, A. D. 624. When Mohammed had drawn up his army, he prayed earnestly for the victory. After a desperate struggle, the Koreish fled. Mohammed claimed, by a special revelation, the fifth part of the booty. As the bodies of his old opponents were cast into a pit, he spoke to them bitterly. When the prisoners were brought before him, he looked fiercely at one of them. "There is death in that glance," said the unhappy man, and presently the prophet ordered him to be beheaded. Two days after, another was ordered for execution. "Who will take care of my little girl?" said he. "Hell-fire," replied Mohammed, and ordered him to be cut down. Shortly after the battle, a Jewess, who had written verses against Mohammed, was assassinated by one of his followers; and the prophet praised him for the deed in the public mosque. Another aged Jew, for the same offence, was murdered by his express command. A quarrel between some Jews and Moslems brought on an attack by Mohammed upon the Jewish tribe. They surrendered after a siege of fifteen days, and Mohammed ordered all the prisoners to be killed; but at last, at the urgent request of a powerful chief in Medina, allowed them to go into exile, cursing them and their intercessor. Mr. Muir mentions other cases of assassination of the Jews by the command of the prophet. All these facts are derived from contemporaneous Moslem historians, who glorify their prophet for this conduct. The worst action perhaps of this kind was the deliberate execution of seven or eight hundred Jewish prisoners, who had surrendered at discretion, and the sale of their wives and children into slavery. Mohammed selected from among these women one more beautiful than the rest, for his concubine.

Whether M. Saint-Hilaire considers all this as "yielding to the political necessities of his position," we do not know. But this man, who could stand by and see hundreds of captives slaughtered in cold blood, and then retire to solace himself with the widow of one of his victims, seems to us to have retained little of his early purity of soul.

About this time Mohammed began to multiply wives, and to receive revelations allowing him to do so beyond the usual limit of his law. He added one after another to his harem, until he had ten wives, besides his slaves. His views on such subjects are illustrated by his presenting three beautiful female slaves, taken in war, one to his father-in-law, and the others to his two sons-in-law.

So, in a series of battles, with the Jewish tribes, the Koreish, the Syrians, passed the stormy and triumphant years of the Pontiff King. Mecca was conquered, and the Koreish submitted in A. D. 630. The tribes throughout Arabia acquiesced, one by one, in the prophet's authority. All paid tribute, or accepted Islam. His enemies were all under his feet; his doctrines accepted; the rival prophets, Aswad and Museilama, overcome. Then, in the sixty-third year of his age, death drew near. On the last day of his life, he went into the mosque to attend morning prayer, then back to the room of his favorite wife, Ayesha, and died, in her arms. Wild with grief, Omar declared he was not dead, but in a trance. The grave Abu Bakr composed the excited multitude, and was chosen caliph, or successor to the prophet. Mohammed died on June 8, A. D. 632, and was buried the next day, amid the grief of his followers. Abu Bakr and Omar offered the prayer: "Peace be unto thee, O prophet of God; and the mercy of the Lord, and his blessing! We bear testimony that the prophet of God hath delivered the message revealed to him; hath fought in the ways of the Lord until God crowned his religion with victory; hath fulfilled His words commanding that He alone is to be worshipped in unity;



hath drawn us to himself, and been kind and tender-hearted to believers ; hath sought no recompense for delivering to us the faith, neither hath sold it for a price at any time." And all the people said, "Amen ! Amen !"

Concerning the character of Mohammed, enough has been already said. He was a great man, one of the greatest ever sent upon earth. He was a man of the deepest convictions, and for many years of the purest purposes, and was only drawn down at last by using low means for a good end. Of his visions and revelations, the same explanation is to be given as of those received by Joan of Arc, and other seers of that order. How far they had an objective basis in reality, and how far they were the result of some abnormal activity of the imagination, it is difficult with our present knowledge to decide. But that these visionaries fully believed in their own inspiration, there can be little doubt.

As to the religion of Mohammed, and its effects on the world, it is easier to come to an opinion. Its essential doctrine, as before indicated, is the absolute unity and supremacy of God, as opposed to the old Arab Polytheism on the one hand and the Christian Trinity on the other. It however admits of angels and genii. Gabriel and Michael are the angels of power ; Azriel, angel of death ; Israfeel, angel of the resurrection. Eblis, or Satan, also plays an important part in this mythology. The Koran also teaches the doctrine of Eternal Decrees, or absolute Predestination ; of prophets before Mohammed, of whom he is the successor, — as Adam, Noah, Moses, and Jesus ; of sacred books, of which all that remain are the Pentateuch, Psalms, Gospels, and Koran ; of an intermediate state after death ; of the resurrection and judgment. All non-believers in Islam go into eternal fire. There are separate hells for Christians, Jews, Sabians, Magians, idolaters, and the hypocrites of all religions. The Moslem is judged by his actions. A balance is held by Gabriel, one scale

hanging over heaven and another over hell, and his good deeds are placed in one and his bad ones in the other. According as his scale inclines, he goes to heaven or hell. If he goes to heaven, he finds there seventy-two Hours, more beautiful than angels, waiting him, with gardens, groves, marble palaces, and music. If women are true believers and righteous, they will also go to heaven, but nothing is said about husbands being provided for them. Stress is laid on prayer, ablution, fasting, almsgiving, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Wine and gaming are forbidden. There is no recognition, in the Koran, of human brotherhood. It is a prime duty to hate infidels and make war on them. Mohammed made it a duty for Moslems to betray and kill their own brothers when they were infidels ; and he was obeyed in more cases than one. The Moslem sects are as numerous as those of Christians. The Dabistan mentions seventy-three. The two main divisions are into Sunnites and Shyites. The Persians are mostly Shyites, and refuse to receive the Sunnite traditions. They accept Ali, and denounce Omar. Terrible wars and cruelties have taken place between these sects. Only a few of the Sunnite doctors acknowledge the Shyites to be Moslems. They have a saying, "To destroy a Shyite is more acceptable than to kill seventy other infidels of whatever sort."

The Turks are the most zealous of the Moslems. On Friday, which is the Sabbath of Islam, all business is suspended. Prayers are read and sermons preached in the mosques. No one is allowed to be absent. The Ramadan fast is universally kept. Any one who breaks it twice is considered worthy of death. The fast lasts from sunrise to sunset. But the rich feast in the night, and sleep during the day. The Turks have no desire to make proselytes, but have an intolerant hatred for all outside of Islam. The Kalif is the Chief Pontiff. The Oulema, or Parliament, is composed of the Imans, or religious teachers, the Muftis, or doctors of law, and Kadis, or ministers of justice. The

priests in Turkey are subordinate to the civil magistrate, who is their diocesan, and can remove them at pleasure. The priests in daily life are like the laity, engage in the same business, and are no more austere than they.

Mr. Forster says, in regard to their devotion: "When I contrast the silence of a Turkish mosque, at the hour of public prayer, with the noise and tumult so frequent in Christian temples, I stand astonished at the strange inversion, in the two religions, of the order of things which might naturally be expected." "I have seen," says another, "a congregation of at least two thousand souls assembled in the mosque of St. Sophia, with silence so profound, that until I entered the body of the building, I was unaware that it contained a single worshipper."

Bishop Southgate, long a missionary bishop of the Episcopal Church of the United States, says: "I have often met with Mussulmans who seem to possess deep religious feeling, and with whom I could exercise something of a religious communion. I have sometimes had my own mind quickened and benefited by the reverence with which they spoke of the Deity, and have sometimes mingled in harmonious converse with them on holy things. I have heard them insist with much earnestness on the duty of prayer, when they appeared to have some spiritual sense of its nature and importance. I have sometimes found them entertaining elevated views of moral duty, and looking with contempt on the pleasures of this world. These are indeed rare characters, but I should do injustice to my own conviction if I did not confess that I had found them. In these instances I have been uniformly struck with a strong resemblance to patriarchal piety." He continues: "When we sat down to eat, the old Turkish Bey implored a blessing with great solemnity, and rendered his thanks when we arose. Before he left us, he spread his carpet, and offered his evening devotions with apparent meekness and humility; and I could not but feel how impressive

are the Oriental forms of worship when I saw his aged head bowed to the earth in religious homage."

Bishop Southgate adds further: "I have never known a Mussulman, sincere in his faith and devout and punctilious in his religious duties, in whom moral rectitude did not seem an active quality and a living principle."

In seasons of plague, "the Turks appear perfectly fearless. They do not avoid customary intercourse and contact with friends. They remain with and minister to the sick, with unshrinking assiduity. . . . In truth, there is something imposing in the unaffected calmness of the Turks at such times. It is a spirit of resignation which becomes truly noble when exercised upon calamities which have already befallen them. The fidelity with which they remain by the bedside of a friend is at least as commendable as the almost universal readiness among the Franks to forsake it."

Five times a day the Mezzuin proclaims the hour of prayer from the minaret in these words: "There is no God but God. Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer." In the morning call he adds, "Prayer is better than sleep." Immediately every Mussulman leaves his occupation, and prostrates himself on the floor or ground, wherever he may be. It is very disreputable to omit this.

An interesting account is given of the domestic life of Moslem women in Syria, by Miss Rogers, in her little book called "*Domestic Life in Palestine*," published in 1862.

Miss Rogers travelled in Palestine with her brother, who was British consul at Damascus. The following passage illustrates the character of the women (Miss Rogers was obliged to sleep in the same room with the wives of the governor of Arrabeh, near Naplous): —

"When I began to undress, the women watched me with curiosity; and when I put on my night-gown, they were exceedingly astonished, and exclaimed, 'Where are you going? Why is your dress white?' They made no

change for sleeping, and there they were, in their bright-colored clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood round me till I said 'Good night,' and then all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, got into bed, and turned my face to the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself to sleep, though I heard the women whispering together. When my head had rested about five minutes on the soft red silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying, very gently, 'Ya Habibi,' i. e. 'O beloved.' But I would not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited a little while, and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and a voice said, 'Miriam, speak to us; speak, Miriam, darling.' I could not resist any longer; so I turned round and saw Helweh, Saleh Bek's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, 'What is it, sweetness, what can I do for you?' She answered, 'What did you do just now, when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?' I sat up, and said very solemnly, 'I spoke to God, Helweh.' 'What did you say to him?' said Helweh. I replied, 'I wish to sleep. God never sleeps. I have asked him to watch over me, and that I may fall asleep, remembering that he never sleeps, and wake up remembering his presence. I am very weak. God is all-powerful. I have asked him to strengthen me with his strength.' By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on the bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But as I had learned the Lord's Prayer, by heart, in Arabic, I repeated it to them, sentence by sentence, slowly. When I began, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' Helweh directly said, 'You told me your father was in London.' I replied, 'I have two fathers, Helweh; one in London, who does not know that I am here, and cannot know till I write and tell him;

and a heavenly Father, who is here now, who is with me always, and sees and hears us. He is your Father also. He teaches us to know good from evil, if we listen to him and obey him.'

"For a moment there was perfect silence. They all looked startled, and as if they felt that they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, 'What more did you say?' I continued the Lord's Prayer, and when I came to the words, 'Give us day by day our daily bread,' they said, 'Cannot you make bread yourself?' The passage, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' is particularly forcible in the Arabic language; and one of the elder women, who was particularly severe and relentless-looking, said, 'Are you obliged to say that every day?' as if she thought that sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, 'Are you a Moslem?' I said, 'I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister, made by the same God, who is the one only God, the God of all, my Father and your Father.' They asked me if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a rosary to me, saying, 'Do you know that?' I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. They then cried out, 'Mashallah, the English girl is a true believer'; and the impressionable, sensitive-looking Abyssinian slave-girls said, with one accord, 'She is indeed an angel.'

"Moslems, men and women, have the name of Allah constantly on their lips, but it seems to have become a mere form. This may explain why they were so startled when I said, 'I was speaking to God.'" She adds that if she had only said, "I was saying my prayers," or, "I was at my devotions," it would not have impressed them.

Next morning, on awaking, Miss Rogers found the women from the neighborhood had come in "to hear the English girl speak to God," and Helweh said: "Now, Miriam, darling, will you speak to God?" At the conclusion she asked

them if they could say Amen, and after a moment of hesitation they cried out, "Amèn, amèn !" Then one said, "Speak again, my daughter, speak about *the bread*." So she repeated the Lord's Prayer with explanations. When she left, they crowded around affectionately, saying, "Return again, O Miriam, beloved !"

After this pleasant little picture, we may hear something on the other side. Two recent travellers, Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Vambéry, have described the present state of Mohammedanism in Central Arabia and Turkistan, or Central Asia. Barth has described it as existing among the negroes in North Africa. Count Gobineau has told us of Islam as it is in Persia at the present day.\* Mr. MacFarlane, in his book "Kismet, or the Doom of Turkey," has pointed out the gradual decay of that power, and the utter corruption of its administration. After reading such works as these, — and among them let us not forget Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians," — the conclusion we must inevitably come to is, that the worst Christian government, be it that of the Pope or the Czar, is infinitely better than the best Mohammedan government. Everywhere we find arbitrary will taking the place of law. In most places, the people have no protection for life or property, and know the government only as its tax-gatherers find them out. And all this is necessarily and logically derived from the fundamental principle of Mohammedan theology. God is pure will, not justice, not reason, not love. Christianity says, "God is love"; Mohammedanism says, "God is will." Christianity says, "Trust in God"; Mohammedanism says, "Submit to God." Hence the hardness, coldness, and cruelty of the system; hence its utter inability to establish any good government. According to Mr. MacFarlane, it would be a blessing to mankind to have the Turks driven out of Europe and Asia Minor, and Constantinople become the capital of Russia.

\* Les Religions et les Philosophies dans L'Asie Centrale, par M. le Comte Gobineau. Paris.

The religion of Islam is an outward form, a hard shell of authority, hollow at heart. It constantly tends to the two antagonistic but related vices of luxury and cruelty. Under the profession of Islam, Polytheism and idolatry have always prevailed in Arabia. In Turkistan, where slavery is an extremely cruel system, they make slaves of Moslems, in defiance of the Koran. One chief, being appealed to by Vambéry (who travelled as a Dervish), replied, "We buy and sell the Koran itself, which is the holiest thing of all; why not buy and sell Mussulmans, who are less holy?"

Mr. Palgrave, who has given the latest and best account of the condition of Central and Southern Arabia, under the great Wahabee revival, sums up all Mohammedan theology as teaching a divine unity of pure will. God is the only force in the universe. Man is wholly passive and impotent. He calls the system "A Pantheism of force." God has no rule but arbitrary will. He is a tremendous unsympathizing autocrat; but is yet jealous of his creatures, lest they should attribute to themselves something which belongs to him. He delights in making all creatures feel that they are his slaves. This, Mr. Palgrave asserts, is the main idea of Mohammedanism, and of the Koran, and this was what lay in the mind of Mohammed. "Of this," says he, "we have many authentic samples: the Saheeh, the Commentaries of Beydāwee, the Mishkat-el-Mesabeeh, and fifty similar works, afford ample testimony on this point. But for the benefit of my readers in general, all of whom may not have drunk equally deep at the fountain-heads of Islamic dogma, I will subjoin a specimen, known perhaps to many Orientalists, yet too characteristic to be here omitted, a repetition of which I have endured times out of number from admiring and approving Wahabees in Nejed.

"Accordingly, when God — so runs the tradition, — I had better said, the blasphemy — resolved to create the human race, he took into his hands a

mass of earth, the same whence all mankind were to be formed, and in which they after a manner pre-existed ; and, having then divided the clod into two equal portions, he threw the one half into hell, saying, 'These to eternal fire, and I care not'; and projected the other half into heaven, adding, 'And these to paradise, and I care not.'

"Commentary would here be superfluous. But in this we have before us the adequate idea of predestination, or, to give it a truer name, pre-damnation, held and taught in the school of the Koran. Paradise and hell are at once totally independent of love and hatred on the part of the Deity, and of merits and demerits, of good or evil conduct, on the part of the creature ; and, in the corresponding theory, rightly so, since the very actions which we call good or ill deserving, right or wrong, wicked or virtuous, are in their essence all one and of one, and accordingly merit neither praise nor blame, punishment or recompense, except and simply after the arbitrary value which the all-regulating will of the great despot may choose to assign or impute to them. In a word, he burns one individual through all eternity amid red-hot chains and seas of molten fire, and seats another in the plenary enjoyment of an everlasting brothel, between forty celestial concubines, just and equally for his own good pleasure, and because he wills it.

"Men are thus all on one common level, here and hereafter, in their physical, social, and moral light, — the level of slaves to one sole master, of tools to one universal agent. But the equalizing process does not stop here : beasts, birds, fishes, insects, all participate of the same honor or debasement ; all are, like man, the slaves of God, the tools and automata of his will ; and hence Mahomet is simply logical and self-consistent when in the Koran he informs his followers that birds, beasts, and the rest are 'nations' like themselves, nor does any intrinsic distinction exist between them and the human

species, except what accidental diversity the 'King,' the 'Proud One,' the 'Mighty,' the 'Giant,' etc., as he styles his God, may have been pleased to make, just as he willed it, and so long as he may will it."

"The Wahhabee reformer," continues Mr. Palgrave, "formed the design of putting back the hour-hand of Islam to its starting-point ; and so far he did well, for that hand was from the first meant to be fixed. Islam is in its essence stationary, and was framed thus to remain. Sterile like its God, lifeless like its First Principle and Supreme Original, in all that constitutes true life, — for life is love, participation, and progress, and of these the Koranic Deity has none, — it justly repudiates all change, all advance, all development. To borrow the forcible words of Lord Houghton, the 'written book' is the 'dead man's hand,' stiff and motionless ; whatever savors of vitality is by that alone convicted of heresy and defection.

"But Christianity, with its living and loving God, begetter and begotten, spirit and movement ; nay more, — a Creator made creature, the Maker and the made existing in one ; a Divinity communicating itself by uninterrupted gradation and degree, from the most intimate union far off to the faintest irradiation, through all that it has made for love and governs in love ; one who calls his creatures not slaves, not servants, but friends, — nay sons, — nay gods : to sum up, a religion in whose seal and secret 'God in man is one with man in God,' must also be necessarily a religion of vitality, of progress, of advancement. The contrast between it and Islam is that of movement with fixedness, of participation with sterility, of development with barrenness, of life with petrification. The first vital principle and the animating spirit of its birth must, indeed, abide ever the same, but the outer form must change with the changing days, and new offshoots of fresh sap and greenness be continually thrown out as witnesses to the vitality within ; else were the vine with-

ered and the branches dead. I have no intention here — it would be extremely out of place — of entering on the maze of controversy, or discussing whether any dogmatic attempt to reproduce the religious phase of a former age is likely to succeed. I only say, that life supposes movement and growth, and both imply change; that to censure a living thing for growing and changing is absurd; and that to attempt to hinder it from so doing by pinning it down on a written label, or nailing it to a Procrustean framework, is tantamount to killing it altogether. Now Christianity is living, and, because living, must grow, must advance, must change, and was meant to do so: onwards and forwards is a condition of its very existence; and I cannot but think that those who do not recognize this show themselves so far ignorant of its true nature and essence. On the other hand, Islam is lifeless, and, because lifeless, cannot grow, cannot advance, cannot change, and was never intended so to do: stand-still is its motto and its most essential condition; and therefore the son of Abd-el-Wahhâb, in doing his best to bring it back to its primal simplicity, and making its goal of its starting-point, was so far in the right, and showed himself well acquainted with the nature and first principles of his religion."

According to this view, which is no doubt correct, the Monotheism of Mohammed is that which makes of God pure will, that is, which exaggerates personality (since personality is in will), making the Divine One an Infinite Free Will, or an Infinite I. But will divorced from reason and love is wilfulness, or a purely arbitrary will.

Now the Monotheism of the Jews differed from this, in that it combined with the idea of will the idea of justice. God not only does what he chooses, but he chooses to do only what is right. Righteousness is an attribute of God with which the Jewish books are saturated.

Still, both of these systems leave God outside of the world; *above all* as its

creator and ruler, *above all* as its Judge; but not *through all* and *in all*. The idea of an Infinite Love must be added and made supreme, in order to give us a Being who is not only above all, but also through all and in all. This is the Christian Monotheism.

Mohammed teaches not only the unity but also the spirituality of God, but his idea of the divine Unity is of a numeric unity, not a moral unity; and so his idea of divine spirituality is that of an abstract spirituality, — God abstracted from matter, and so not to be represented by pictures and images; God withdrawn out of the world, and above all, — in a total separation.

Judaism also opposed idolatry and idol-worship, and taught that God was above all, and the maker of the world; but it conceived of God as *with* man, by his repeated miraculous coming down in prophets, judges, kings; also *with* his people, the Jews, mysteriously present in their tabernacle and temple. Their spirituality was not quite as abstract, then, as that of the Mohammedans.

But Christianity, as soon as it became the religion of a non-Semitic race, as soon as it became the religion of the Greeks and Romans, not only imparted to them its Monotheism, but received from them their strong tendencies to Pantheism. They added to the God "above all," and the God "with all," the God "in us all." True, this is also to be found in original Christianity as proceeding from the life of Jesus. The New Testament is full of this kind of Pantheism, — God *in* man, as well as God *with* man. Jesus made the step forward from God with man to God in man, — "I in them, thou in me." The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is this idea, of God who is not only will and power, not only wisdom and law, but also love; and so a God who desires communion and intercourse with his children, so coming and dwelling in them. Mohammed teaches a God above us; Moses teaches a God above us, and yet with us; Jesus teaches God above, God with us, and God in us.



According to this view, Mohammedanism is a relapse. It is a going back to a lower level. It is a returning from the complex idea to the simple idea. But the complex is higher than the simple. The seed-germ, and the germ-cell, out of which organic life comes, is lower than the organizations which are developed out of it. The Mollusks are more complex and so are higher than the Radiata, the Vertebrata are more complex than the Mollusks. Man is the most complex of all, in soul, as well as body. The complex idea of God, including will, thought, and love, in the perfect unity, is higher than the simplistic unity of will which Mohammed teaches. But the higher ought to come out of and conquer the lower. How then did Mohammedanism come out of Christianity and Judaism?

The explanation is to be found in the law of reaction and relapse. Reaction is a going back to a lower ground, to pick up something which has been dropped, forgotten, left behind, in the progress of man. The condition of progress is that nothing shall be lost. The lower truth must be preserved in the higher truth; the lower life taken up into the higher life. Now Christianity, in going forward, had accepted from the Indo-Germanic races that sense of God in nature, as well as God above nature, which has always been

native with those races. It took up Natural Religion into Monotheism. But in taking it up, it went so far as to lose something of the true unity of God. Its doctrine of the Trinity, at least in its Oriental forms, lost the pure personal Monotheism of Judaism. No doubt the doctrine of the Trinity embodies a great truth, but it was carried too far. So Mohammedanism came, as a protest against this tendency to plurality in the godhead, as a demand for a purely personal God. It is the Unitarianism of the East. It was a new assertion of the simple unity of God, against Polytheism and against idolatry.

The merits and demerits, the good and evil, of Mohammedanism are to be found in this, its central idea concerning God. It has taught submission, obedience, patience; but it has fostered a wilful individualism. It has made social life lower. Its governments are not governments. Its virtues are stocial. It makes life barren and empty. It encourages a savage pride and cruelty. It makes men tyrants or slaves, women puppets, religion the submission to an infinite despotism. Time is, that it came to an end. Its work is done. It is a hard, cold, cruel, empty faith, which should give way to the purer forms of a higher civilization.

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## THE OLD BANKERS OF FLORENCE.\*

WE are so accustomed to trace the cultured prosperity of mediæval Florence to the tasteful, though unscrupulous despotism of Lorenzo de Medici, that we are apt to forget the real source of that wondrous development, civic and artistic; we lose sight of the

germ in contemplating the flower, and neglect the auspicious source of intelligent labor, whence springs all that is original and memorable in the life of the old Republic. It was reserved for a lineal descendant of one of those enterprising Florentine families through whom the commercial influence and wealth of the city were achieved, to draw from her archives and his own ancestral documents the material proofs

\* *Storia del Commercio e dei Banchieri di Firenze* in tutto il mondo conosciuto, dal anno 1200 al 1345, compilato su documenti in gran parte inediti. Dal Comm. S. L. Peruzzi. Firenze: 1868.

of that unique prosperity, and the details of the processes and principles whereby it was attained. Not only is the record curious and interesting, as one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of the Middle Ages, and as suggestive of the essential facts which initiated modern civilization, but the chronicle illustrates with peculiar and fresh emphasis many laws of political economy and throws new light upon social and civic problems which the best thinkers of our day are earnestly seeking to solve. As the philosophic insight of Niebuhr gave a new aspect to Roman history in its relation to later civilization, as Ritter made geography interpret national development, and as the precedents and instincts of political life in free communities have been shown by Grote to be identical with those that swayed parties and inspired policies among the ancient Greeks, so the facts of the dawn of commerce on the banks of the Arno in the thirteenth century convey the same lesson which may be drawn from the actual life of this Republic to-day; for we therein behold the first grand demonstration of the vital truth that labor is the true basis of citizenship, and that liberty is born of self-reliance in the economical not less than in the moral resources of society. That ancient and fierce controversy between the adherents of Emperor and Pope, — the German and Latin element, — the aristocracy and the people, — whence sprung the mediæval Republics, and which, under the names of Guelf and Ghibelline, rent the community and moulded the destiny of Florence, culminated in the Guelf ascendancy for eighty years, — the heroic period of the state, — by and through the victory of labor over caste. It was an industrial triumph; the mercantile element was the normal life of the Republic; the essential principle was established that only those enlisted in the Guilds or Arts, only those who worked, should rule; the nobles could have no share in the government unless they became merchants or artisans; patriotism and

ambition were thus brought to an economical test; it was a civic privilege to be engaged in a practical and profitable vocation; it was a civic disability to be an idler of rank. Nor was this all. The merchant, manufacturer, and artist by virtue of his occupation became not only a magistrate, but a soldier; not only received a political education by the performance of municipal duties, but was trained to arms by the militia system, that organized and kept in drill the busy citizens, in anticipation of any exigency requiring the defence of life, property, or honor. Thus all principles that have proved efficient in later times, as equipments and distinctions of free citizenship, are found combined in the laws and customs of those sagacious and energetic Florentines, six centuries ago: municipal privileges based on and identified with labor; official honor confined to an industrial class; and patriotic discipline in camp and forum associated with mercantile enterprise as the material source of state and individual prosperity. From this union of work and honor, of private and civic duty, sprang the fame and fortune of mediæval Florence; and the study of the origin and influence thereof will reveal every germ of modern civilization: co-operative societies originated then and there; citizens associated for the sake of religion, of art, of trade, and of family welfare; the bankers of Florence were the indispensable auxiliaries of popes, emperors, and kings. The system of exchange; book-keeping by double-entry; the consular system of national representatives in foreign lands to protect home interests; the barter of the raw material for its skillful reproduction in forms of use and luxury; a recognized and universal circulating medium in the shape of coinage; laws and usages of credit; the patriotic devotion of private fortunes to the national defence or aggrandizement, whether by art or arms; unity of public spirit with indomitable private enterprise; and, above all, the identification of material, political, and social interests under a government

of the people;—these and such as these fundamental principles of national growth and civic virtue were practised and proved for the first time in their entire scope and significance in Florence, during that memorable thirteenth century, when, as Taine says, “a shoemaker gave his money in order that the church of his city might be beautiful, and a weaver polished his sword in the evening, determined he would not be the subject, but one of the lords, of the rival city.”

The history of the maritime commerce of Italy in the Middle Ages,—induced by the auspicious geographical position of the peninsula, washed by two seas, and with a coast-line affording frequent and facile access,—is a familiar chapter in the annals of civilization; by that early intercourse and exchange of products with both the Orient and the Occident, Venice, Pisa, and Genoa drew unto themselves the resources of wealth and culture which enterprise disseminated and republican valor enlarged; but we are less familiar with the causes of the prosperity and prestige of Florence,—an inland community surrounded by feudal castles and having to develop from within before seeking abroad the means of growth and grandeur. Her family documents afford the clew to her civic history and industrial expansion; and although many of these have perished, enough remain, to serve, in connection with the state archives and local relics, as a satisfactory revelation of the mediæval economies and mercantile enterprise of the old Republic. These, indeed, were so exceptional that they are part of the political history of Europe. From the time of the Crusades, when the scarcity of money induced such extensive Papal contributions, which were collected and transmitted by Italian bankers, the financiers of Florence were a recognized power in Europe; and one of their posterity, a genial, accomplished septuagenarian, having retired from a long and honorable diplomatic career to his beautiful ancestral city, has beguiled his leisure

by weaving, from family records, the complete history of the commerce and bankers of Florence between 1200 and 1345. The work is most appropriately dedicated to his fellow-citizens, whom he patriotically invites to examine the admirable industrial and civic energies of the Middle Ages, and to profit by the example, now that their long-oppressed country is united and free.

The principal merchants of Florence, in the thirteenth century, were the Acciaiuoli, the Alberti, the Bardi, the Bonaparti, the Frescobaldi, the Pergolatti, the Sassetti, the Scali, Amieri and Petri, the Villani Stoldi, and the Peruzzi. The latter are one of the most ancient Guelf families of Florence; they resided near the Porta della Pera, at the limit of the second wall, and their windows and *loggia* overlooked a piazza which bore their name; they had a cloth-factory near the church of St. Cecilia,—one of the twenty original woollen establishments; in one of their mansions was entertained Robert of Naples—the protector of the Guelfs—the princess of Taranto, and the emperor of the Greeks, Paleologus, when he visited Florence, in 1438, to attend the council convened by Pope Eugenio IV. to unite the Latin and Greek Churches. The Peruzzi erected many palaces and dwellings from the *débris* of the old city wall, which they purchased of the municipality when it decreed the enlargement of Florence, in 1282; they figure honorably in the local magistracy of the Middle Ages; despoiled by their royal creditor Edward the Third, of England, and persecuted by the Medici, they sought refuge from the fallen fortunes and lost liberties of their beloved commune and settled at Avignon in 1438. A branch of the old family still exists there in the person of Rinaldo Peruzzi, recently governor of the fortress of Vincennes. Among the many curious documents cited by the author of this early financial history of Florence are two posthumous manuscripts of his progenitor, Simon Peruzzi, which are characteristic, at once, of the family patriotism, and of the ex-

agencies of the period when the glories of the Republic waned beneath the ban of anarchy and despotism. The first is what he calls his Protest of Political Innocence, in which he explains his conduct as an official and vindicates his course as a loyal citizen, when compelled to yield to circumstances which eventually led to the eclipse of freedom in Florence; the other document is an act of disinheritance or malediction consigned to Fra Simon of Montepulciano against his son Benedetto in favor of Niccolò, the former having proved an unfilial traitor. The scope, style, and intent of these writings, which are dated 1378 and 1380, are noteworthy illustrations of the political crises, and of family as well as civic life and customs, of that era and country.

The manufacture of and traffic in silk and woollen were prosperously established in Florence early in the year 1200. Documents of four years' later date show there were then consuls of the art of silk. This industry was introduced into Italy by Roger of Sicily, who imported a few silk-weavers from the East into Palermo, whence their vocation spread through the peninsula. A band of Lombards confined in Germany by Arrigo the Second founded a religious society called the *Umiliati* in the eleventh century, adopting the rules of St. Benedict, and, as a means of subsistence, practised the art of cloth-making, and enlisted laymen in the work, who subsequently carried the art to Florence, where the convent of San Donato, near the Prato gate, was ceded to them in 1239. Both industries flourished and attained a perfection before unknown. In 1472 there were fifty silk-establishments in the city. In 1252 the golden florin, with the Florentine lily for its device, had become the standard coin of Europe; in 1495 the Republic had established the Monte di Pietà,—the germ of modern savings-institutions; the system of exchange had also been successfully initiated; the great commercial houses of the Bardi, Alberti, Peruzzi, and others had furnished eminent magistrates,

— Priors, Gonfalonieri, and Knights of the People; their correspondence extended to the northern extremity of Britain and the farthest East, and included every important city and mart in Western Europe. The evidence of the extent and magnitude of their financial transactions is historical. There are recorded, for instance, twenty-five reimbursing decrees from the royal treasury of England between 1327 and 1348 to the Bardi, and eleven to the Peruzzi. Treaties, invasions, and defences of dynasties and cities were dependent on the "sinews of war" furnished by the bankers of Florence; heavy loans and large interest were the means of rapid enrichment. One year it is Philip of Valois, and another the Pope, and then Edward the First, whose name figures in the ledger of the Tuscan merchant-princes. In a single year the list of Florence bankers to whom the last-named ruler ordered payments numbered twenty-four. In 1298 was recorded an order on the Dublin treasury to pay the Frescobaldi eleven thousand sterling; and the accounts of the different leading houses show large transactions with the house of Savoy, the Duke of Calabria, the Order of St. John, the Tolommei of Sienna, and other great families and sovereigns. In 1310 the Peruzzi, with a capital of one hundred and thirty thousand florins, in two years gained forty per cent.

The process of this trade and the method of this prosperous activity form a curious illustration of the birth of those civilizing agencies,—intercourse, exchange of products, credit, and accumulation,—whereby we have reached our present social condition. Under the *loggia* of the Florentine banker's palace, in the thirteenth century, gathered the workmen, agents and factors, to hear the news and receive orders. By a system of primitive post-stations, some of them dating from the days of Charlemagne, the couriers crossed the mountains to purchase wool from the convents of Britain, or embarked at Genoa for the Levant, carrying their *tessera*,—a medallion of silver, ivory, or

bronze, which served as an authority from their employers, — as a passport. Long journeys on horseback and tedious voyages to the Orient gradually built up a wide and lucrative trade; foreign merchants who came to the famous Fair at Florence, in October and November, brought millions to pay for their purchases; while the Florentine agents abroad remitted large sums. Although an inland city, Florence, by a treaty with Genoa, secured the privileges of a seaport, and it was by her wealth that much of the navigation of that age was supported; and the navigator who gave a name to our continent was a native citizen of the old Republic. In France they were too busy fighting, and in England the monks owned the largest flocks, and both priest and warrior often preferred to have their work done by subsidy; and so the wool was bought up by the Florentine commercial travellers, and turned into fine cloth by their workmen, and then re-distributed at an immense profit. Meantime commercial law was strictly enforced, that the credit of the free city might be secure; manuals of trade were published and observed; the bankers opened their accounts with a religious invocation, as if they were a last will and testament, — “In the name of God, Amen.” Their dry entries, made six hundred years ago, have now an historical significance. It is marvellous to consider how patience and energy overcame the difficulties of communication before the days, not only of telegraphs and steam, but of post-roads. Among the items of expense noticed in the Peruzzi books, we find the cost of an armed bark sent from Barletta to Rodi, in 1338, “to inform our correspondents of the news of war between England and France.” Their descendant gives us a list of the agents of his ancestral Bank between 1335 and 1338, with the amounts of salary, indicative at once of the exigencies and the primitive system of commerce in its first palmy days. The great fairs, held annually in London, Paris, Flanders, and minor towns of Britain and Italy, were the

grand resource of the banker and trader of those days; but the centres of capital were the Italian republics, and especially Florence; not only because of the sagacity and diligence of her citizens, but because they had united the material with the civic interests, the pecuniary with the patriotic aspirations, and so had reared a community where industry was not only an economical resource, and capital a private distinction, but both were elevated and concentrated by public spirit and local loyalty. It is curious to remark the directions given in one of the best accredited trade-manuals of the time in regard to the transportation of money; it is easy at Pisa, we are informed, during Easter, because the soldiers are then paid; dearer in Venice from May to September, because the galleys then go to the Levant; while the fair of Salerno makes it dear at Naples from September to March. Cathay and Armenia were as familiar in the correspondence of the old bankers as London and Paris.

These ancient commercial data throw specific light on the domestic economies of the thirteenth century. Count Peruzzi has collected from his ancestral financial record the household as well as the business expenses; so that we learn what it cost to live then and there: and what were the viands, the dresses, the *fêtes*, and the civic dues, — a valuable chapter for the student of political economy. In her best days, as Dante memorably testifies, Florence was frugal; indeed, we learn from Peruzzi’s reference to the code that sumptuary laws were stringently enforced; the amount expended on gems and gold ornaments for a married woman was limited by law, as were the expenses of *fêtes* given by individual citizens, for which, in the case of illustrious strangers entitled to a grander hospitality, a special license was issued. These arbitrary laws (as we should regard them) were then cheerfully adopted to prevent the encroachments of luxury; but they became a dead letter when the large influx of the precious metals in-

cident to the discovery of America induced extravagance with which it was useless to contend.

Meantime the goldsmiths, whose quaint shops on the Ponte Vecchio so long after constituted a characteristic feature of the old city, were attaining the perfection still attested by the chalices, salt-cellar, and coinage of that far-away time; the festive luxury of Florence was again and again made manifest in honor of Papal, imperial, or royal visitors; the rich bankers were vibrating between their counting-houses and the Palazzo della Signoria, from mercantile to civic functions, and the people, by the skilful discipline of the factory, and the shrewd bargains of the mart, and through the performance of their frequent duties as counsellors of the state, were receiving that industrial and political education which raised their inland community to such pre-eminent influence and wealth. The statistics of this experience are given in detail and with authenticity by Chevalier Peruzzi. A mediæval physician's bill reveals the medical practice of the time, the drugs and perfumery of the *spezieria* then in vogue; the bust of the organist in the cathedral and the tributary verses to the harpist suggest how early music became a national economy and popular pastime; dowries, bridal outfits, church fees, and funeral expenses are carefully noted; rates of money values, the history of the sequin and florin, and the cost of commodities, give us a clear and correct idea of the public and private economies of Florence in the thirteenth century; and, associated therewith, we have brief memoirs of the leading bankers and merchants, a list of those established in England in 1228, and an account of the great fairs held at stated times, which served as the links and the arena of commercial intercourse and activity. We might imagine ourselves peering over the shoulders of the confidential clerk of the great house of Peruzzi, and learning the secret of their balances from 1331 to 1333; how much the family spent for dinner and wedding-feast, real estate

and masses, in charity and in journeys. We trace the course of mediæval trade by the locality of their agencies and regular correspondence, which included Avignon, Barletta, Bruges, Chiarenza, Cyprus, Genoa, London, Majorca, Naples, Paris, Pisa, Rodi, Castel di Castro in Sardinia, Sicily, Tunis, and Venice. Political events are interwoven with this programme of mercantile activity, and more or less modify it; not only a greater share in the political destinies of other states belonged to Florence, in her palmy days, because of her financial resources, but a larger meed of independence and a rare civic virtue were born of her freedom and self-reliance; the reforms of Giano della Bella, the measures to restrain clerical power, and the sagacious moderation of Michele di Lando during the memorable Revolution of the Ciompi, are among the fruits of popular civic training. It is amusing to mark the contrast between the costumes and physiognomy of those times and this record of hard work and social transitions. The illustrations of this volume indicate how the men and women of the thirteenth century, with all their republican pride and industry, delighted in fine fabrics and gay colors; and how far they had gone in reaching the luxury of tint and quality which is to-day the boast of French looms. A dyer of crimson looks, in doublet, hose, and mantle, like an operatic hero, a *gonfaloniere di giustizia* as if he had walked out of Titian's canvas, a silk-winder as if she were a modern lady amusing herself with crochet-work and arrayed for a tryst; the Florentine noble gentleman of that day, perhaps as a satire, is portrayed with a face of amiable vacuity, but a rare dignity and taste distinguish the mien and toilet of the lady of rank. The mercantile traveller's pouch and girdle, the fac-similes of coins, chirography, and of the marks (*tessere*) or the talismans of financial agents, are all given, and bring singularly near to us the life of the time.

This period of Florentine grandeur, and its sources, are chronicled, not only



in her renowned architectural trophies, but on her by-ways and in minor buildings: although the edifices devoted to cloth-weaving in the streets of Prato, Alfani, Pinta, Pergola, etc., have long since given way to dwelling-houses, at some palace windows may yet be seen the iron rails of the weavers. An inscription in the Via Boccano, now Porta Rossa, attests its ancient industrial occupancy; the Corso dei Tintori and the Via Caldare are still suggestive of the days when labor won the palm of civic distinction; Florence had her streets Velluti and Vellutini, named for the family who gave their patronymic to the superior quality of cloth there first manufactured in the Middle Ages, — names afterwards changed to Maggiore and Maggio, on account of their great houses; coinage of the old Republic is preserved in her Galleries, records of her mercantile prowess in the archives of her public libraries; and the Via Bardi identifies the scenes of the mediæval sway of prosperous bankers of that name. Not many years since, there still remained one of the original dyeing-houses in the Borg' Ognissanti; while the old portraits and elaborate sepulchral monuments commemorate the aspect and chronicle the departure of the illustrious merchant citizens. If the distinctive architectural signs of mortal feud which marked the towers of Guelf and Ghibelline have disappeared with their faded banners, in the massive walls and gateways and iron-grated windows of the palaces we can yet trace the defensive precautions of civil war; and that old republican process of enlargement, wherein the growth of Florence was signalized by a new and wider circuit of walls, has, in our day, been repeated by the levelling of the venerable barrier and the spread of the old city far into its suburban vicinage.

The most remarkable chapter of Chevalier Peruzzi's work, in an historical point of view, is that which records the loans to Edward the Third of England by the Florentine bankers, especially the house of Bardi and his own, and the failure of their royal debtor to pay

his just debts. To this misfortune our author refers not only the downfall of his family fortunes, but the civic ruin of his native city. Edward's debts were the exigencies of a war which is described as the unjustifiable attempt of "English ambition to triumph over French patriotism," in other words, to unite the crowns of the two kingdoms in the person of the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, who already held John of Valois and Bruce of Scotland prisoners, and had laid the foundation of his country's greatness by his law reforms, concession of Parliamentary privileges, and resistance to Papal encroachments. Dependent for financial support on the appropriations made by the representative assembly, whose authority he had thus been obliged to propitiate and therefore increase, when failing to obtain the requisite funds he had recourse to the bankers of Florence, and borrowed one hundred and eighty thousand sterling of the Bardi, and one hundred and thirty-five of the Peruzzi. A royal decree in 1339 ordered the suspension of payments to the creditors of the state; hence the failure of the two leading and hitherto marvellously prosperous houses, involving numerous citizens in the downfall of these "pillars of Christian commerce and credit." The financial ruin thus initiated led to anarchy and thence to despotism: between that fatal year and 1346, the Republic vainly struggled against these subversive elements. The Duke of Athens, called by the factious citizens to temporary rule, by a *coup d'état*, usurped the civil authority, and, though soon displaced by popular revolution, his brief success and the consequent political divisions opened the way for that absolute rule of families which destroyed republican freedom in Italy: their wealth bought the sympathy of the people and maintained the sway thus basely obtained, through those dark and degraded eras when Lucca and Pisa so constantly changed their lords; when the Visconti were all-powerful at Milan, and allied to the royal families of France and England; when the house of Della Scala ruled in

Verona, that of Carrara in Padua, of Gonzaga in Mantua, of Malatesta in Rimini, and of Este in Ferrara; and when Florence fell under the epicurean and intellectual, but none the less absolute, rule of the Medici. In tracing these political transitions in the Republic to the bad faith of Edward the Third of England, Peruzzi dwells indignantly upon the silence of the British historians in regard to a catastrophe which, according to Philip de Commines, French ambassador to Edward the Fourth, was fresh in the minds of the English people a century later. The immediate personal and public consequences thereof are cited by documentary evidence concerning the details of sales of the Peruzzi estate to meet their obligations; the decree that certain duties paid to English custom-houses "shall *not* be conceded to the king's creditors"; feuds with the Medici and Albizzi, with the Strozzi for allies; imprisonment for debt in the dungeons of the Badia and Stinche; and, above all, the blindness and madness of the people despite the episode of the revolution of the *popolo minore* and the patriotic but brief ascendancy of Michele di Lando,—the shame of degenerate republicans who, from cupidity, lost their independence and ushered in the long unhappy history of the little principalities into which Italy was miserably divided. If thenceforth, in Florence, "there were intervals of prosperity and acts of wisdom, they were the last fruits of past greatness."

In the old *sala*, which corresponds to the Guildhall of London and our Chamber of Commerce, at Perugia, the decorations by Perugino include a symbolic delineation of pagan literature and Christian faith; Mars and the Madonna, Socrates and St. John, the adoration of the Magi and the Sibyls. Here the merchants used to meet, unite to hear mass, and rise from their knees to engage in the discussion of the exchange and the arrangement of commercial enterprises; and the apparently incongruous but really coincident agencies thus typified suggest how inti-

mately, in mediæval times, trade, art, and religion were associated in their pristine and simultaneous development. The thirteenth century has been truly called the "flower of living Christianity"; and the age of Guelf ascendancy not only crowned Florence with material prosperity, but was the era of her greatest intellectual benefactions; for then and there Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, while initiating the standard verse and prose of their native literature, also revived the learning which gave birth to modern European culture; while art's pioneers in Italy appeared in Cimabue and Giotto. The original vigor and beauty of these intellectual triumphs owe their purity and power to the civic freedom and the industrial activity which gave vital scope to the social development of the time. The victory of Campaldino had confirmed and concentrated the sway of the Guelf party; the strife of families and factions was appeased by a truce based on mutual interests and emphasized by intermarriages. The adjacent feudal strongholds were gradually absorbed into the enlarged circle of the city's walls; beautiful churches—Santa Maria de' Fiori, Santa Maria Novella, Santa Croce and San Spirito—arose; the matchless Campanile was uplifted in graceful aspiration beside the grand Cathedral and the Baptistery; the Palazzo della Signoria, where free Italy now convenes her representatives, was reared on the site of the razed abode of the obnoxious Uberti; the Arti Maggiori and Minori were sagaciously organized under their respective banners; and a commission of five citizens belonging to the former guild compiled a commercial code, to preserve the discipline and good faith essential to the credit of the Republic. Allied to the Church, but more independent of her than any other state; with many of the European sovereigns under financial obligations to her merchants or looking to them for the means of conquest and self-preservation; the encroachments of her own nobility effectually checked by the supremacy

of industry over rank; and freed from immediate danger by the opportune demise of the most powerful enemies of the Republic, — circumstances and character at that memorable epoch had placed her fortunes on a firm basis of civic independence and external influence, which at once preserved her freedom and fostered her resources.

The great practical lesson we derive from this unique local chronicle is that social like individual prosperity is the

fruit of that equilibrium of moral instincts we call character, industry being exalted by patriotism and refined by culture in the recognized interest of faith and freedom; and that when this benign harmony of the elemental forces of a state is vitally disturbed by the supremacy of selfish ambition or the encroachments of material luxury, civic virtue wanes, and republican integrity ceases to inspire and uphold national life.

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BONAPARTE, AUG. 15, 1769. — HUMBOLDT, SEPT. 14, 1769.

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight sound,  
Set back the flaming index of the year,  
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their round  
Through fivescore circles of the swinging sphere.

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea  
That cleaves the storm-cloud with its snowy crest,  
The embryo heir of empires yet to be,  
A month-old babe upon his mother's breast.

Those little hands, that soon shall grow so strong  
In their rude grasp great thrones shall rock and fall,  
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song  
Holds the world's master in its slender thrall.

Look! a new crescent bends its silver bow;  
A new-lit star has fired the eastern sky;  
Hark! by the river where the lindens blow  
A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror! His the vast domain,  
Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed lands:  
Earth and the weltering kingdom of the main  
Laid their broad charters in his royal hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,  
Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or porch;  
He read the record of the planet's page  
By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods ;  
On the salt steppes he saw the starlight shine ;  
He scaled the mountain's windy solitudes,  
And trod the galleries of the breathless mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung lyre,  
No problem vague, by torturing schoolmen vexed ;  
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,  
Nor skulked and scowled behind a Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly robe  
That priestly shoulders counted all their own,  
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe,  
And led young Science to her empty throne.

While the round planet on its axle spins  
One fruitful year shall boast its double birth,  
And show the cradles of its mighty twins,  
Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never fade,  
Sweet with fair memories that can never die ?  
Ask not the marbles where their bones are laid,  
But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers' cry : —

“Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,  
Like mandrakes shrieking as they quit the soil !  
Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit  
That sucks its crimson from the heart of Toil !

“We claim the food that fixed our mortal fate :  
Bend to our reach the long-forbidden tree !  
The angel frowned at Eden's eastern gate, —  
Its western portal is forever free !

“Bring the white blossoms of the waning year,  
Heap with full hands the peaceful conqueror's shrine  
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's tear !  
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute thine !”

*September 14, 1869.*

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, M. A. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A FACULTY hardly less delightful than Montaigne's, for presenting curious and interesting facts of history, is the power which would attract the reader to these volumes even if they wanted all philosophical character; and it is probable that if Mr. Lecky's theory of morals should some time go the way of the other philosophies the charming discursiveness of his work will keep it in lasting request and favor. It is written in a style as far as may be from what we call, in modern studies of the past, picturesque; there is no effort to be vivid in the statement or grouping of facts, and no straining for novelty in the relation given to events. The fruits of singularly wide research are offered with the same simplicity and modesty as the common stock of historical knowledge is shown; and a perfect moderation of assertion consists with perfect firmness throughout the work.

We imagine that wrong to Mr. Lecky and injustice to his book may come from the misgiving and caprice of readers. In a world full of cares and books, it will not seem probable to every one that he will be able to read Mr. Lecky's two volumes through, and the doubter will turn to that division of it which treats of the subject most interesting to him. Probably the average unphilosophical reader will peruse the last chapter (on "The Position of Women") first, and leave the introductory chapter (on "The Natural History of Morals") for the last; and the disadvantages of this indirect approach will afterwards be felt throughout. Yet no error on the reader's part can rob the book of its fascination, — the delight of its prodigal and varied knowledge, — or prevent him from feeling the nobility and beauty of philosophy that finds the source of all morality in humanity's consciousness of the existence of right and wrong, however men may temporarily err as to what is right and what is wrong; and teaches that virtue is to be desired wholly for its own sake, and not because those who have loved it best have always

or even generally been the happiest. There is a prevailing tone of sadness in the book, the pensiveness of the disillusion of vast inquiry; but this melancholy never touches its conclusions with doubt, or leaves the reader in question whether truth and goodness are themselves or no, — or, being what they are, are other than eternally and supremely desirable.

The lofty spirit, the belief that humanity can know the right and will naturally prefer it, are, with the widest tolerance, often the only characteristics of Mr. Lecky of which we feel certain; and the peculiarly unprophectic quality of his faith increases the doubt which the reader sometimes feels, whether the author regards Christianity as the final means of advancing morals and regenerating the world, or whether he considers it as only one of several systems to promote such an end. The entire preparation for his survey of the effects of Christianity upon morals throughout the ancient world recognizes so fully and cordially the existence among good pagans of love for those virtues which we call the Christian virtues, that the chapter on "The Pagan Empire" might almost appear an expression of regret for the substitution of its philosophies by the new religion, if the author did not distinctly admit their insufficiency to affect the mass of mankind; and in the ensuing chapter, on "The Conversion of Rome," the horrors attending the propagation of Christianity, the truculence, fanaticism, and superstition of the early Christians, are so effectively painted that it might well seem the work of an unfriendly hand, if Mr. Lecky did not so clearly and candidly represent the necessity of uniting religion and morality, and so strongly portray the heroism, self-devotion, and philanthropy springing from mere impulse toward a profound and living religion. A mind like Mr. Lecky's, so judicial and just, is won with that catholic toleration of every form of intellectual inquiry which characterized the pagan empire; and the doubtful balance is turned in favor of Christian times chiefly by the superior force in humanizing mankind which Christianity has shown. Mr. Lecky does not love liberality less, but he loves philanthropy more.

We should, however, do him injustice if

we represented him as in any degree a sentimentalist. There is here and there a touch of mournful poetry in his work, but he always "means business," and the elevation of his philosophy is an effort of strong common sense. He seldom looks forward; he looks back and to the right and left about him; he confesses the evil often done by men's good-will, and the good done by their errors and crimes, yet does not doubt that benevolence is the usefulest as it is the first impulse of human nature. On the whole the effect is to strengthen the reader somewhat, and to sadden him a good deal. Every man must take hope from the spectacle of his race struggling in every time and age towards the light, and striving to subdue its evils as soon as it discovered them; but while marking the slow progress from epoch to epoch and religion to religion, and contemplating the fact that some evils which have always existed exist to-day in full vigor, he must be sobered in his speculations and inclined to postpone the millennium yet several years. We do not know of any passage in the book which assumes so nearly a complexion of despair as that treating of the relations of the sexes; yet even here the effect may be almost wholly in the exceptional reader. The chapter is at any rate the most interesting of all, and that destined to be the most generally and carefully studied. We think it must also be admired for the delicacy and purity of its thought, its reverence and tenderness for the ideal of womanhood, its compassion for those lapses which more than all other vices have filled the world with shame and sorrow. In this chapter Mr. Lecky diverges more frequently from the strictly historical line than in the others, yet it is the one in which his careful and wide research appears to the greatest advantage. The first chapter, on "The Natural History of Morals," is mainly a discussion of the points of difference between the Utilitarian and Intuitive Schools of Moralists (with powerful, and, as we think, perfectly convincing, reasons for adhering to the latter), and a consideration of the order in which the moral feelings are developed. The second chapter, on "The Pagan Empire," is a study of the principles of stoicism, epicureanism, eclecticism, and Neoplatonism, in their relation to the corrupt political and social life of the Empire. "The Conversion of Rome" depicts Christianity in the same attitude; denies the theory that miracles had any con-

siderable influence in converting the pagans, and shows the insufficiency of persecutions to check the advance of any religion; and the fourth chapter, on the state of morals from Constantine to Charlemagne, notices the gradual extinction of slavery, the growth of charity, or, rather, almsgiving, and of asceticism, the decline of the civic virtues, the rise of monkish learning and the military and aristocratic spirit, and of the final consecration of secular rank. All these chapters are more historical than the last; but they are all less interesting to mankind at large; though it may be questioned whether we Americans may not derive as much instruction from contemplation of the analogies between our own civilization and condition and those of the pagan and Christian empire, which suggest themselves throughout the second and third chapters, as from reading yet once more of the much-vexed woman problem. But the whole work is one to be cordially welcomed and thoroughly read.

*The History and Philosophy of Marriage; or, Polygamy and Monogamy compared.* By a Christian Philanthropist. "There shall be no widows in the land, for I will marry them all; there shall be no orphans, for I will father them all."—*Old Play*. Boston: James Campbell.

THERE is a mingling of gayety and seriousness in this title which at once fixes the attention. As if it were not sufficiently surprising that a Christian Philanthropist should call himself so flattering a name, our author chooses for the motto of a book commending polygamy to the public favor a light-minded sentiment from an Old Play, which, one's heart misgives one, can have no very improving context. It is, in fact, quite all that we can do to accept him at his own valuation; even with the indorsement of the courageous literary gentlemen who have read the proof-sheets of his book, and who, while dissenting from his conclusions, declare his work written with "knowledge, candor, and evident honesty of purpose," and entitled to "attention, respect, and refutation by those competent to meet the arguments presented with other arguments." But for this testimony of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Sanborn, we should have had no hesitation in pronouncing this Christian Philanthropist a Silly Quack; and as it is, we feel almost sure his book



is as trivial in point of study and research as it is mediocre and vulgar in manner.

As for the arguments in favor of polygamy presented by our author, we must refuse to consider them in the "presence of ladies," for reasons hinted at by Mr. Wegg as lying in the way of a full explanation of the difference between the Russian and the Roman Empires. We must own that there is Scripture for polygamy, and that if sufficiently extended it would put an end to the existing form of the social evil, and would restore the lost numerical balance of the sexes by giving every lady a husband, — more or less. But polygamy is a boon which, like the ballot, ought not to be bestowed unsought by the sex supposed to be blest in receiving it, — though whether they ever were thus blest might well be doubted by the faithful reader of the Old Testament, and of the contemporary "interviews" with Brigham Young and other Mormon saints. It may be true that old maids and unfortunates do not abound in polygamous society, but neither do happy wives; and, if it were necessary to treat our author seriously, it would seem a sufficient answer to call his notice to the fact that while monogamy leaves some women to die unwed, and many to be ruined, it does here and there create a home and make women happy; while polygamy degrades and disgraces all women, and, satisfying no desire of the heart, while glutting the lust of the flesh, unutterably deforms the relation of marriage, and founds a harem or a brothel under every roof.

But fortunately there is nothing in the whole book that calls for serious treatment, unless it is the author's failure to suggest some way out of the difficulties of courtship, which would at once indefinitely multiply themselves if polygamy were introduced. It is all very well for your Mormon, who can confer glory in the world to come, along with the honor of a share of his hand in this; but in our less religious communities no honest man could pretend to do such a thing; and what prospect or advantage the polygamously-minded celibate, or the already twice or thrice wedded wooer could offer instead of it, our author neglects to say. We should have to fall back upon the patriarchal and Mohammedan method of acquiring the ladies from their parents; or the ladies must act upon Doctor Bushnell's notion, and become themselves the wooers. In this, as in everything else, it is the first step that costs, and we think it is not the

part of a true Christian Philanthropist to leave us in the dark as to how this first step is to be made. At present we can see only one way in which the great reform could be proposed, and we do not feel very confident in regard to this. Some people — we will allow that they are not the wisest people, though it may be worth while, once for all, to silence them — hold that nothing is required to put an end to all the pother about woman's right to vote and to be paid a man's wages for a man's work, but to give a husband to each of the agitators. Why then should not the Christian Philanthropist, — if he *is* a Christian Philanthropist, and not a Pagan Misanthrope in disguise, — appear in person at the next convention, and try (on his principle that half a loaf is better than none) if the offer of *part* of a husband would not suffice to hush the clamor? He himself is in a position to become an unimpeded sacrifice to the truth, being, as he tells us, a bachelor; and though we by no means think it just always to hold the preacher to the practice of his own precepts, we are really almost persuaded that it is a duty in the present case.

COL. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK's *Sketch of his Campaign in the Illinois in 1778-9*. With an Introduction by HON. HENRY PIRTLE, of Louisville, and an Appendix containing the Public and Private Instructions to Col. Clark, and Major Bowman's Journal of the Taking of Post St. Vincents. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

THE publishers of the Ohio Valley Historical Series here follow the narrative of Colonel Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians (already noticed in these pages), with another volume possessing the same curious interest for the student of history, and the same fascination for the lover of exquisitely printed books; for the series, so far, is luxurious in paper and binding, and in typographical execution is surpassed by few productions of the American press.

Colonel Clark's campaign was a very brief one, and in fighting not particularly arduous, as would appear from his own showing; but it was full of daring, and heroic endurance; it resulted immediately in the reduction of the British military posts between the Ohio and Mississippi, thus giving tranquillity to all the frontier

settlements, and it finally secured to us all that vast territory. But for this conquest, planned by a young Virginian of twenty-five, and promptly and secretly effected with the aid of a few hundred Kentucky backwoodsmen, the Paris treaty of 1782 would probably have fixed the western boundary of the United States at the Alleghanies instead of the Mississippi River; for England, France, and Spain, all laid claim to the domain which was decided ours in virtue of Clark's reduction of the British forts and establishment of American posts in the wilderness.

A little of the romance which belongs to all French colonial history hangs about Colonel Clark's unconscious page, and his sketch affords here and there a glimpse of the life of the *habitans* in the old seventeenth-century settlements of the French at Kaskaskias, Cahokia, and St. Vincents; but for the most part it is a plain and summary account of the military operations, and depends for its chief interest upon the view it affords of the character of as brave and shrewd a soldier and as bad a speller as ever lived. Some of his strokes in orthography are unrivalled by the studied grotesqueness of Artemus Ward or Mr. Yellowplush; he declares with perfect good faith that on a certain occasion he was very much "adjutated"; and it is quite indifferent to him whether he write privilege, happiness, coming, attacked, adjutation, suckcess, leathergy, intilgence, silicit, acoutriments, refutial, and anctious, or the more accepted forms of the same words, as, like a *bona fide* bad speller, he is quite as apt to do. The account of his campaign is in the form of a letter to the Hon. George Mason, of Gunston Hall, Virginia, and it is given with the most familiar frankness and with the greatest spirit. You perceive that he understands all the importance of his achievements, and is profoundly glad and proud of his success,—or suckcess, as he prefers to call it,—yet there is nothing that is the least offensive in his pride and self-satisfaction. He reproduces in full all the harangues he made to the Indians; and no man, he thinks, know how to manage your savage better.

"I sent letters and speeches by Capt. Helms to the chief of the Kickebues and Peankeshaws residing at Post St. Vincents desiring them to lay down their Tomahawk, and if they did not chuse it, to behave like Men and fight for the English as they had done, but they would see their great father as they called him given to the Dogs to eat.

(gave Harsh language to supply the want of Men; well knowing that it was a mistaken notion in many that soft speeches was best for Indians.)"

During the siege of St. Vincents, a party of warriors returning from a raid upon the white settlements fell into Clark's hands.

"I had now a fair opportunity of making an impression on the Indians that I could have wished for; that of convincing them that Governour Hamilton could not give them that protection that he had made them to believe he could, and in some measure to insence the Indians against him for not Exerting himself to save that Friends: Ordered the Prisoners to be Tomahawked in the face of the Garrison. It had the effect that I expected: insted of making their friends inveterate against us, they upbraided the English Parties in not trying to save their friends and gave them to understand that they believed them to be liers and no Warriors."

But our soldier could show mercy when it was advisable to do so, and he tells how upon an occasion, after he had "given harsh language" to certain offending Indians until he had driven them to despair, and after "they had tried their Elloquence to no purpose, they pitched on two Young Men for to be put to death as an attone-ment for the rest hoping that would passify me; It would have surprised You to have seen how submissively those two Young Men presented themselves for Death, advancing into the middle of the floor, setting down by each other and covering their heads with their Blankets to receive the Tomahawk (Peace was what I wanted with them, if I got it on my own terms.) but this stroke Prejudiced me in their favour, and for a few moments (*I*) was so adjutated that I dont doubt but that I should without reflection (*have*) killed the first man that would have offered to have offered to have hurt them."

Colonel Clark was no less severe and mighty in language with the English than with the Indians, and to Hamilton, Governor of St. Vincents, a man execrated throughout the border as the inciter of Indian raids and massacres, he sent as soon as he appeared before the fort, "a flag with a hand Bill; Commanded Mr. Hamilton to surrender his Garrison, & severe threats if he destroyed any Letters, &c." "I at first," he adds, concerning certain terms asked, "had no notion of listning to anything he had to say as I could only consider

himself & Officers as Murderers, And intended to treat them as such; but, after some deliberation I sent Mr. Hamilton my Compliments, and begged leave to inform him that I should agree to no other terms than his surrendering himself and Garrison Prisoners at discretion; but if he was desirous of a conference with me I would meet him at the Church. We accordingly met, he Offered to surrender but we could not agree upon terms. He received such treatment on this Conference as a Man of his known Barbarity deserv'd. I would not come upon terms with him, and recommend'd to him to defend himself with spirit and Bravery, that it was the only thing that would induce me to treat him and his Garrison with Lenity in case I stormed it which he might expect."

Among the French *habitans* and "Spaniards," Clark had only agreeable experiences. The French were everywhere glad to change their allegiance from the King to the Congress, when they found the Americans were not the murderous savages they had been taught to believe them. At Kaskaskias, the friendly priest asked if Clark would "give him liberty to perform his duty in his Church. I told him," says the young colonel, "I had nothing to do with Churches more than to defend them from Insult. That by the laws of the State his Religion had as great Privileges as any other: This seem'd to compleat their happiness. They returned to their families, and in a few minutes the scene of mourning and distress, was turned to an excess of Joy, nothing else seen nor heard. Adorning the streets with flowers & Pavilions of different colours, compleating their happiness by singing, &c."

When he left Kaskaskias to attack St. Vincents, he says: "We were Conducted out of the Town by the Inhabitants and Mr. Jaboth the Priest, who after a very suitable Discourse to the purpose, gave us all Absolution,"—a favor which many of that backwoods crew must have been at a loss to appreciate. We must indulge ourselves in one more quotation from this quaint and racy piece of history; it is the postscript of the letter:—

"As for the description of the Illinois Country which you seem so anxious for you may expect to have by the ensuing fall as I expect by that Period to be able to give you a more Gen'l Idea of it. this You may take for granted that its more Beautiful than any Idea I could have formed

of a Country almost in a state of Nature, every thing you behold is an Additional Beauty; On the River You'll find the finest Lands the Sun ever shone on; In the high Country You will find a Variety of Poor & Rich Lands with large Meadows extending beyond the reach of Your Eyes Varigated with groves of Trees appearing like Islands in the Seas, covered with Buffloes and other Game; in many Places with a good Glass You may see all those that is on their feet in half a Million of Acres; so level is the Country, which some future day will excell in Cattle. The Settlements of the Illinois commenced about one hundred Years ago by a few Traders from Canada. my Reflections on that head its situation the probability of a flourishing Trade the state of the Country at Present what its capable of Producing, My opinion Respecting the cause of those extensive Plains &c, the Advantages arising by strong fortifications and Settlements at the mouth of Ohio. The different Nations of Indians, their Traditions, Numbers, &c., you may expect in my next."

This seems to us less pleasant as it concerns a region now so utterly changed by civilization, than it is delicious in its literary character. The brave colonel has here heaped all his most amusing peculiarities, and it is a *résumé* of his own educational defects as well as of the Illinois country's natural advantages.

The letter is now printed for the first time. We heartily commend it to all who love to taste history at its sources, or who enjoy character. It is a curious contrast to the polite narrative of Colonel Bouquet; but it is quite as interesting, and the deeds it records have turned out of vastly greater consequence than those which the brave Swiss performed.

*Army Life in a Black Regiment.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE lively national mind is dwelling upon the Chinese rather than the negro at present, and, if the whole truth must be told, is doubtless a little jaded by the thought of a race with which it was really occupied a long time, — for such a *very* lively national mind. At the best it is a good deal like a woman's mind: a thing pleases and interests again and again, and there is no reason to believe that it will not do so forever: repeat it yet once more, and *presto!* it is of all

things the most disgusting, and was always, *always* hated. This fatal pass has been almost attained with the negro; and we should not therefore venture to commend Colonel Higginson's book if it were a celebration of the negro in any of his familiar aspects of martyr or hero, or his present "transition state" of bore, however we might praise it as excellent and charming literature. As our readers know, who have already made acquaintance with much of it in these pages, it is a series of carefully wrought studies of negro character as a phase of humanity, and of graphically recounted episodes of regimental or personal adventure, all full of the peculiar life and color of Southern scenery. A man who took command of the first negro regiment formed during the war, who led it throughout the struggle, and who, having fought the Rebels, turned and fought the more disgraceful government for the pay of its true and faithful soldiers, might be expected to write in a spirit of extravagance and even exaggeration; but there is nothing of this kind in Colonel Higginson's records, and nothing is more taking in him than his perfect temperance and reserve. As to the different parts of the book, it has its better and worse; and we suppose the "Camp-Diary" is the best; it came first and freshest, and is certainly easiest in manner. In some other chapters, as "A Night in the Water," the premeditation of effect and the literary purpose are plainer; and generally we should say that we like our author most when he does not remember that he is an essayist as well as an officer.

A very delightful quality in many of his reminiscences is their familiar and kindly, not to say domestic tone. He is not only proud of those picturesque, brave black soldiers, but he has an affection for his simple

childlike warriors that is almost paternal; and in this feeling toward his regiment all its circumstances are given a home-like air. It would be hard to find anywhere a prettier bit of *genre* than that account of "The Baby of the Regiment": the various contrasts of the whole situation are most delicately and artfully suggested; the softness and sweetness of the Quartermaster's baby, and the accommodation of the camp-life's rudeness to its lovely helplessness and innocence, are shown with the happiest touches. "Out on Picket" pleases us almost as well, in a quite different way; and we have no need to recall to our readers the charm of its pictures, and its agreeable humor. It has attractions common to all the sketches, with not so much of the analytical tendency as some. A faculty to which we are indebted for such faithful and accurate work as this, however, is one that is scarcely to be blamed even when it wearies; we are not certain that it quite does this, and are not prepared to say more than that sometimes we could wish a little more pencil and a little less scalpel.

The beauty of Colonel Higginson's style is something that one is so apt to enjoy unconsciously, that we must make a point of speaking of it. The nature of his subject has relieved him in this book of the care which he sometimes, however seldom, feels, to write finely, and he has throughout written delightfully. The diction is always clear and bright, with just sufficient movement to have the graces that distinguish good prose from bad rhythm; and that excellent taste and moderation with which the papers are written is thoroughly imparted to it. As we remember, it never oversteps the modesty of the best English, and even in its negative qualities is full of comfort and enjoyment in these days of verbal attitudinizing.